The Saturday Evening
POST
October 18, 1958 – 15¢

OCT 14 '58

The Great California Political Drama
By STEWART ALSOP

With the Russians in Antarctica By GORDON CARTWRIGHT

Drugs That Shape Men's Minds By ALDOUS HUXLEY

Is College Football Worth Saving? By DON FAUROT of Missouri

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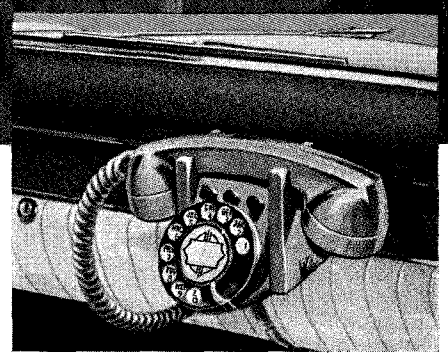

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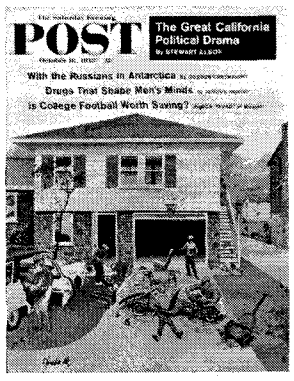
POST
The Great California Political Drama
With the Russians in Antarctica
Drugs That Shape Men's Minds
Is College Football Worth Saving?

THE COVER

Let's call this a typical scene in the yard of Mr. U. S. Knowhow and family. (Mrs. K. may not know how to decapitate a lawn mower and toss together a three-wheel suspension, but in her fair head is other constructive savvy, such as how to build edible miracles in a kitchen.) To get down to the case of artist Thornton Utz: he and Mr. Wimpy Stevens, an old-pro mechanic of Sarasota, Fla., built Utz's son David a mower-motor scooter for Christmas; the car was finished at two o'clock Christmas morning and David arose at four, leaving papa short on sleep and son long on joy. The Utz Tornado *could* be geared up to do 35 m.p.h., but Mrs. Utz says NO, so it does 12. Wouldn't you think a gift like this would start neighborhood boys nagging their fathers to give likewise? "It did," sighs Utz.

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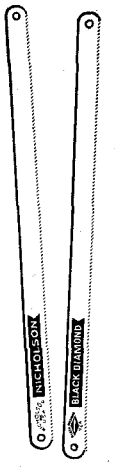

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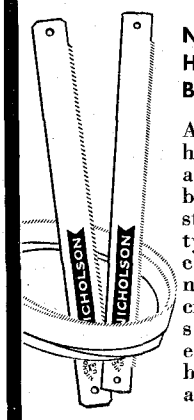

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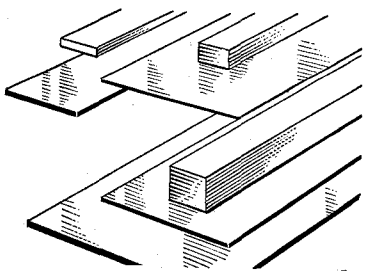

Carefully annealed, precisely machined—in over 1000 sizes. In oil hardening and low carbon analyses.

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An evening at your favorite restaurant is good fun for everyone. Sexton's family of fine foods will continue to add extra enjoyment to America's dining pleasure—as it has for seventy-five years.

Sexton *Quality Foods*

DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY • 1883-1958

America's greatest food service for restaurants, hotels, clubs, motels, resorts, coffee shops and fountains . . . hospitals and nursing homes . . . schools, colleges and camps . . . railroads, airlines, steamships . . . industrial dining rooms.

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Crowds mark the spots where Sexton Foods are served. Appetizing fountain dishes prepared with Sexton Quality Foods always assure you dine in good taste.

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There's no finer traveling companion than Sexton Quality Foods. Whether on rails, water or riding in the clouds, Sexton Foods on the menu make certain the enjoyment of any trip.

Sexton sauces for special savor!
Steaks, salads or soups—chops, cold cuts or gravies—Sexton sauces are expertly blended of fine aromatic spices for the rich, full flavor of true dining enjoyment.

Letters

Bored

Dear Sirs:

I'm about 9 years old. I would wish that you would have an article that tells things for children to do, outside and in. After going to school 3 years I run out of things to do. I know things to do, but I did them so often that I am tired of them. I would like to do something new.

MARY KRAFT
Corydon, Ind.

● *Would readers help this perplexed child?* —*ED.*

Uncle, Can You Spare a Handout?

Dear Sirs:

Re editorial in September 6 issue, HOOSIERS WANT NO PART OF FEDERAL HANDOUTS: The entire script is refreshingly truthful and reasonable. . . .

Never have I heard one word of truth or reason offered in defense of the myth called "Federal Aid." One journalist, writing in its favor, said, "The Federal Government handles most of the money now—we might as well give them the rest of it." Insane or idiotic as this remark was, it apparently sums up the common American viewpoint. Working people whose income taxes run to $500 or $600 a year seem content to say, "Well, the gov'ment needs the money for defense."

CHARLES B. POOL
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Come on now! This is 1958. . . . You, Governor Handley and Bill Jenner are living in the past. . . .

The idea of the welfare state is not that the government takes care of you but that you identify with the government and use it as a means by which you take care of yourself.

JAMES L. BECKER
San Francisco, Calif.

Lament for the Old Days

Dear Sirs:

You know sump'n? There's still a lot of us "old folks" around who can appreciate such a wonderful article as MY MOTHER NEVER GAVE UP by Jerome Ellison [Sept. 6]. God bless her, and him for turning back a page or two of really gay times, when men were gentlemen, and women were ladies.

DONNELL WITHINGTON
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

My hat is off to Jerome Ellison for . . . giving your readers a glimpse into a way of living that we will never have again.

FRED DANIEL
Sandoval, Ill.

Anti-Nasser

Dear Sirs:

In his article CAN NASSER TAKE IT ALL? in your August 23 issue, James P. O'Donnell twice quotes Nasser as claiming that it was an Israeli action in the Gaza Strip in February, 1955, which led to the Soviet-Egyptian arms deal. . . .

To choose an arbitrary date of February, 1955, as the start of armed action across the borders between Israel and

(Continued on Page 6)

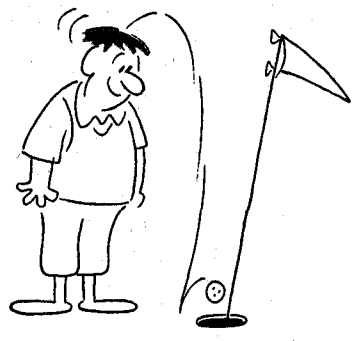
. . . PLUNK!

"You're in trouble."

Dear Sirs:

After seeing this very funny cartoon of John Gallagher's [above] in the July 19 issue of the Post, I have been waiting for this to happen to me. So far it hasn't. But I thought if it did, and I used my head, I would have a chance to make a hole-in-one [right]. I don't think this is as far-fetched as my making a hole-in-one the usual way.

BOB SCHROETER
Yonkers, N.Y.



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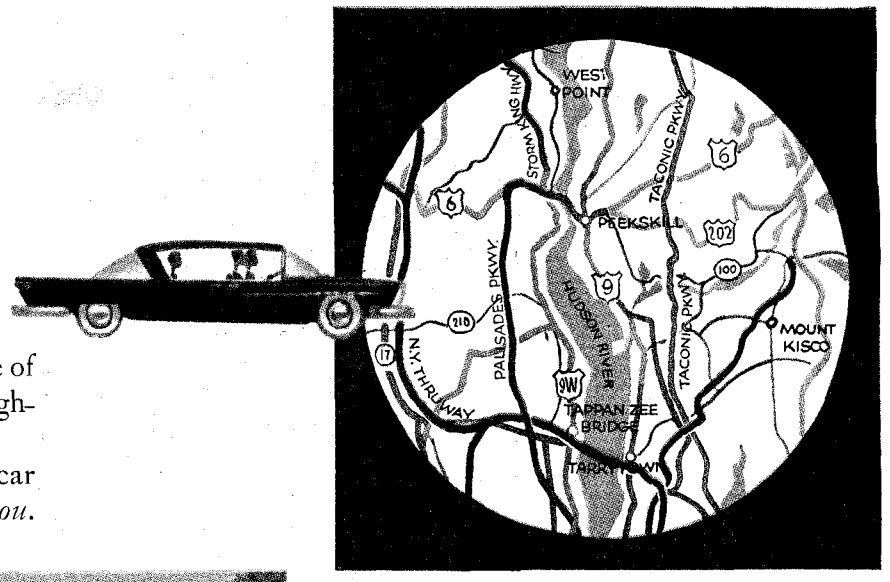
Your car makes any map a Magic Circle



TAKE THE MAP AT THE RIGHT, showing the Magic Circle of the lower Hudson Valley. It's full of free-wheeling, high-spirited fun along any road you drive.

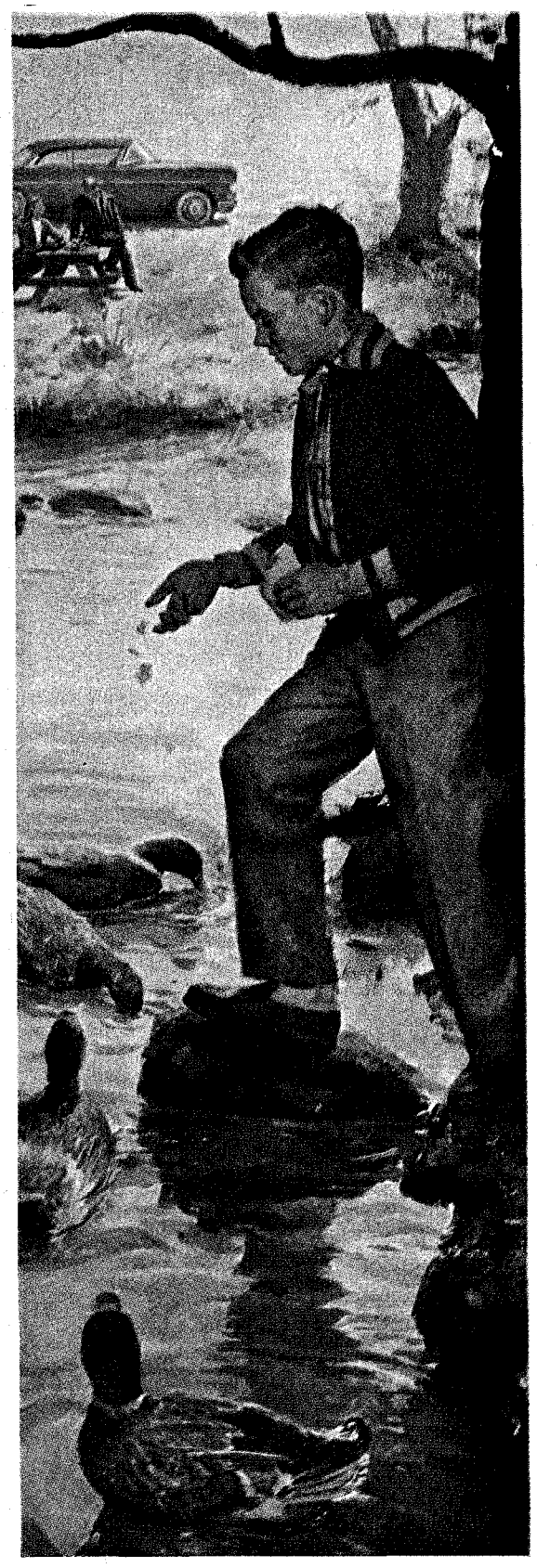
And take *your* area. Starting with a map and your car keys, you'll find the same kind of fun surrounding *you*.

2. Viewing the valley from Monument Walk at West Point, you see the sheer magnificence of the countryside. This is why New Yorkers make the drive again and again, and why any place on your map is a place to go—whether you've "already been there" or not.

3. Family history lessons are another reward of exploring. On any map you'll find bits of history like this—the 17th century kitchen at Philipse Castle, in North Tarrytown.

4. The new Tappan Zee Bridge near Nyack is fairly typical of the new road-building programs everywhere—making it ever easier to find the fun in your Magic Circle.

1. What can beat a family picnic? . . . This secluded spot is one of hundreds along the Hudson, and there's one just as relaxing anywhere you happen to be driving.



Take a pencil and map out your own Magic Circle. When you explore it, you take advantage of the best investment in fun you ever made—your car. So start driving—start really *living*—next chance you get.

IT'S FUN TO EXPLORE YOUR MAGIC CIRCLE

ETHYL CORPORATION
New York 17, New York

"ETHYL" TRADE MARK
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

Manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compounds . . . used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure

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NEW from KitchenAid... Portable Dishwasher

Just think! Here is a dishwasher you can put to work the very day you buy it...take with you on the day you move. Ideal for apartment, rented home or seasonal dwelling. No *installation expense* to think about...no *kitchen* or *counter* alterations. We've listed some of the reasons why—but ask your dealer to demonstrate *all* the good things about this new KitchenAid portable.

KITCHENAID PORTABLE CONTEST!
"*Dishwashing Can Be a Delight*"
Win a new KitchenAid Portable Dishwasher... see your KitchenAid dealer for *free* entry blank. Contest closes midnight November 15, 1958. Subject to Federal, State and Local Regulations.

KitchenAid offers you a complete choice of models for permanent dishwasher installation:

LOOK INSIDE! LOOK OUTSIDE!
- Porcelain—inside and out
- Service for ten and more
- Exclusive start control
- No hand rinsing
- Dual Fill—Drain hose
- Revolving power wash and rinses
- Self-cleaning dual strainers
- Sanitized hot-air dry
- Cool, quiet operation
- Guide Bar for easy movability
- Rolls easily, over carpets too
- Toe space all around
- Sectional top racks
- Costs less to operate
- No installation or plumbing expense

built-in style | free-standing cabinet type | dishwasher-sink units | waist-high installation

KitchenAid dishwashers, the finest made...by The Hobart Manufacturing Company, Troy, Ohio, the world's largest manufacturer of food, kitchen and dishwashing machines.
DEPT. KQ-P

NOW a KitchenAid for every kitchen!

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Egypt, and to claim that prior to that date "he (Nasser) was not a fanatic on the topic of Israel," is to overlook the historical record. During the five months between September, 1954, and February, 1955, Egypt was condemned by the U. N. Armistice Commission on no fewer than 27 occasions for armed attack, murder, sabotage and other violations of the Israel-Egyptian Armistice Agreement....

On November 16, 1954, Nasser's official Cairo radio stated: "Egypt sees Israel as a cancer endangering the Arab people. Egypt is the physician who can uproot this cancer. Egypt does not forget that it is its obligation to take revenge, and it is mobilizing all its forces in anticipation of the hoped-for day."

HUGH Y. ORGEL, *Press Attaché*
Embassy of Israel
Washington, D.C.

Pro-Nasser

Dear Sirs:

It seems to me that Mr. O'Donnell failed to see or feel what is going on in the UAR. . . .

The reforms of the present government in agriculture, land distribution, industry and social welfare are worthy of serious investigation, to say the least. . . .

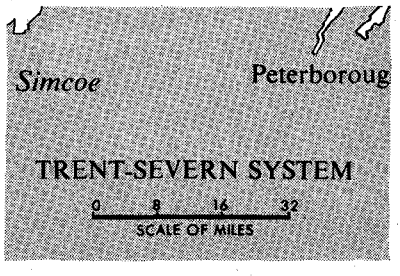
Of course the UAR has unsolved problems. But they are being faced with courage, honesty and industry. A prime example is the successful operation of the Suez Canal. Only two years ago there were widespread cries of doom at the prospect of UAR management. Today... the waterway operates efficiently and traffic is greater than ever.

MOHAMED HABIB, *Press Attaché*
Embassy of the UAR
Washington, D.C.

3 x 8 = 32

Dear Sirs:

Shades of Amerigo Vespucci and all the other cartographers who attempted to map the New World and produced weird distortions. Perhaps they were using the same scale of miles [below] appearing on the map of the Trent-Severn System on page 75 of your Sept. 6 issue [WONDERFUL WATERWAY, by Bill Wolf]....



You have made 3 times 8 result in 32. Maybe it's because the first half of the [canal system] is upstream and the last part downstream and therefore faster.

PAUL E. OTEY, JR.
Oakland, Calif.

● *We blush.* —*ED.*

Zsa Zsa

Dear Sirs:

Although I liked the story . . . about me [I CALL ON ZSA ZSA GABOR, by Pete Martin, Sept. 13] my feminine ego suffered a shock when I saw the [old] photograph of me. Not only is the picture dreadful, the caption also is wrong. I was runner-up in the 1938 "Miss Hungary" contest, not the 1933 contest. I would very much appreciate your printing the picture I am sending [below, right] because too many of my "good friends" are eager to believe that I really look like that horrible photograph [above, left].

Prewar Zsa Zsa: Press photograph.

Prewar Zsa Zsa: From her scrapbook.

ZSA ZSA GABOR
Beverly Hills, Calif.

● *Thus far we have been informed that Miss Gabor was a runner-up in the Miss Hungary contest of 1931, 1933, 1936 and 1938. Mama Gabor has said 1936, insisting her daughter was the winner. We hold up our right hand and swear we believe Zsa Zsa when she says she was runner-up in 1938, and we won't even check her statement when the Hungarian curtain has been parted.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

My apron is off to her for her spunkiness.

MRS. BETTY RICHNER
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Everything about Gabor shouts "phony." I am reminded of a mud pie topped with a meringue.

MRS. W. A. GAINER
Lakeland, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Shouldn't it be Z$a Z$a Gabor?

JOAN M. MIERAS
Sturgis, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I find one line of truth. Referring to Trujillo, she says, "He sinks the way I sink."

THOMAS MC GUIGAN, JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I sink I should cancel subscription.

PAUL BEAUDREAU
Oak Lawn, Ill.

● *Pete Martin derives cheer from the verdict of the dignified Washington Post and Times Herald: "At least she makes some sense, even if it is nonsense, for the first time in The Saturday Evening Post. Giving meaning to Zsa Zsa takes some doing."—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages then down:
6–Wide World; Anonymous. • 23–Gordon D. Cartwright (National Academy of Sciences). • 24–Four by Gordon D. Cartwright (National Academy of Sciences); Map from Center Studio. • 25–Gordon D. Cartwright (National Academy of Sciences). • 26, 27–Bernard D'Andrea. • 29–Philippe Halsman. • 30–Fred Otnes. 32, 33–Farrell Grehan. • 34–Sid Avery. • 35–United Press International; Wide World. • 36–Bill Shrout. • 37–George Hughes. • 38, 39–William Vandivert. 40, 41–R. G. Harris. • 42–Ormond Gigli. • 43–Ormond Gigli; Columbia Records; Ormond Gigli. • 44, 45–Fred Ludekens. • 49–Stan Galli. • 92–Gordon D. Cartwright (National Academy of Sciences). • 106–Ormond Gigli. • 134–Kranzten Studio, Inc.; Anonymous; Frank Ross.

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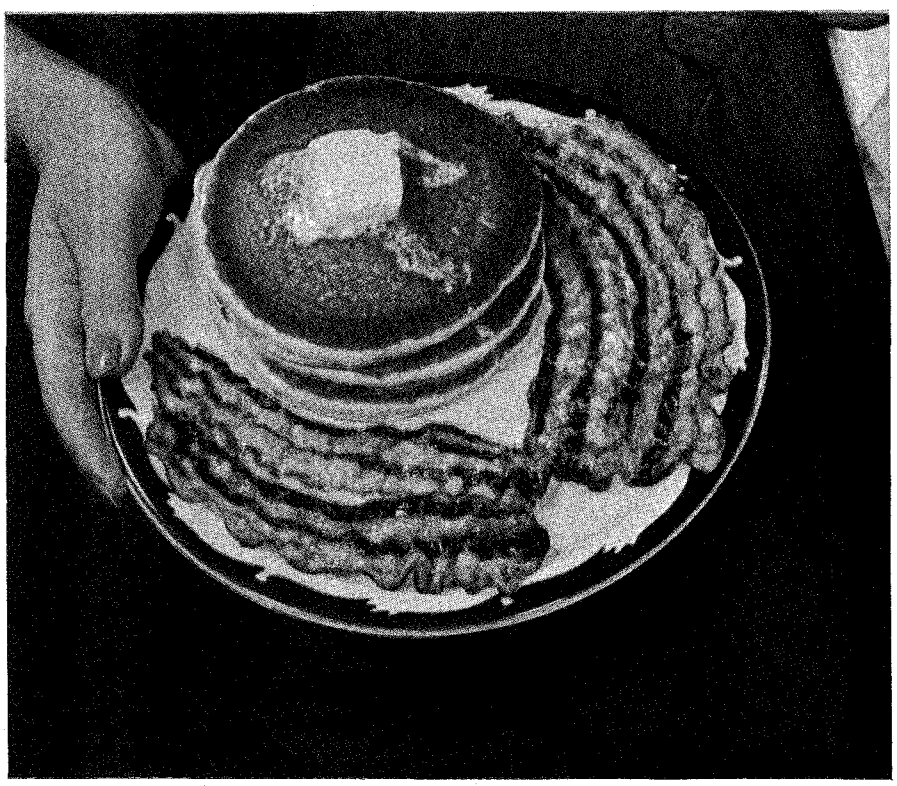
Breakfasting out gives life a lift!

Relax and be served! A delicious breakfast at your favorite restaurant is a perfect way to start a pleasant weekend day with your family!

French toast and bacon? Youngsters love it, especially *Swift's Premium Bacon*... brown sugar cured to put the "sweet" in the sweet smoke taste!

Lean as bacon can be and still be bacon! That's why Mother prefers *Swift's Premium Bacon*—with Swift's Brookfield Eggs any style!



Tempting and hearty, to satisfy man-sized appetites! Pancakes and plenty of lean *Swift's Premium Bacon*. It's meat that makes the meal!

Next weekend, why don't you and your folks take it easy? Forget about breakfast fixing and fuss at home. Treat yourselves to a wonderful morning meal at a popular restaurant where there's always a wide array of expertly prepared foods to please everybody's taste! *Eating out gives life a lift.*

FOOD COMES FIRST

In cooperation with National Restaurant Association

This is National Restaurant Month... and Eating out together is always fun!

One of a series of advertisements prepared by Swift & Company in cooperation with the National Restaurant Association.

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Good eating places put quality first...so does

Swift

103RD YEAR

To Serve Your Family Better

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Firestone's launching '59 models

A spectacular new cord material, TYREX, gives you the greatest combination for safety,

NEW TYREX CORD DELIVERS THESE EXTRAS!

1. *Longer Mileage*
2. *Easier Rolling*
3. *Saves Gasoline*
4. *Smoother Ride*
5. *Greater Safety*
6. *Quieter Operation*

The spectacular new Firestone De Luxe Champion, with both TYREX cord and Firestone Rubber-X, earned its rave notices the hard way. Months of laboratory and test-track punishment proved it. World-famous automotive engineers and research scientists proved it again. Millions of test miles on back road and turnpike made it official.

New Firestone Rubber-X is tough, rugged and longer wearing. New TYREX is the strongest cord material ever used in regular original equipment tires.

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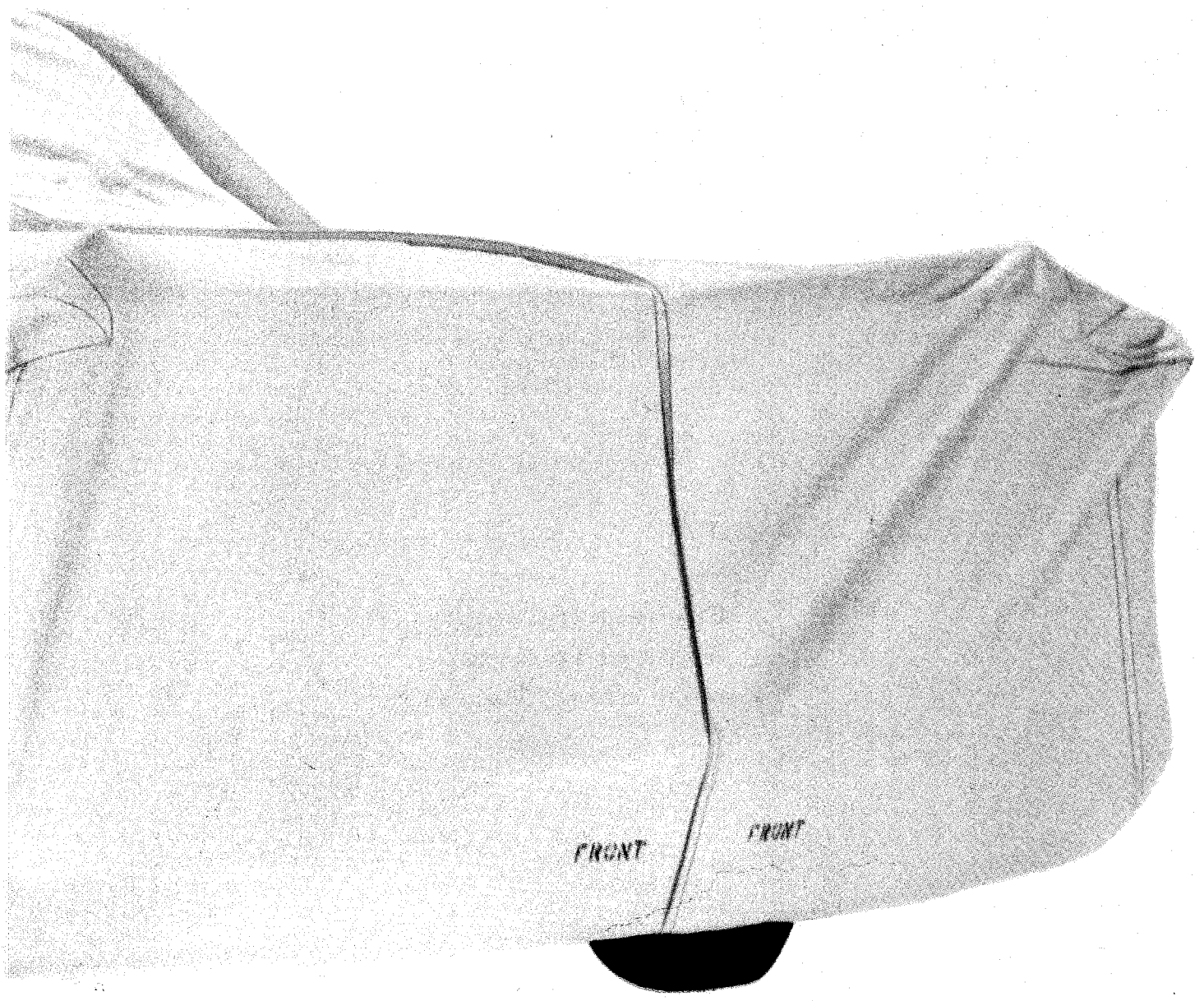
ɔn a great new kind of tire!



together with FIRESTONE RUBBER-X, strength and long mileage you've ever known!

Exhaustive tests prove TYREX cord offers added safety at high speeds, helps hush road noise and gives a new smoother ride. Tests prove this new kind of Firestone tire, with Firestone Rubber-X and TYREX cord, stands up, performs, and protects you and your family, year after year, mile after mile.

These new Firestone De Luxe Champion tires are standard equipment on leading new 1959 models. You can get them for your present car, at regular prices and on convenient terms, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

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Enjoy the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening on ABC television

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Editorials

The Stake is a Free Pacific—Not Two Little Islands

The attacks on the Administration's effort to hold the line in the Formosa Strait center on these principal points:

1. The islands of Quemoy and Matsu are so close to the Red Chinese mainland as to be as much a "part of China as Staten Island is of the U.S.A."

2. Although we are committed to the defense of Formosa, that does not mean that Mr. Dulles should push us to the brink of atomic war by aiding Chiang Kai-shek to hang onto two "small rocks."

The Baltimore Sun took care of the Staten Island argument in a recent editorial. "Since when," asked the Sun, "has mere contiguity been a justification for seizure of small territories?" Red China has never "owned" Formosa or these islands. The editorial pointed out that British Hong Kong is closer to the Chinese mainland than Quemoy is, "but the Red Chinese have not pressed a claim based on contiguity" for it. If the Reds win Quemoy, Hong Kong could be next.

As to the "brink of war" argument, Mr. Dulles' critics appear almost unanimous in believing that he and not the Communists is responsible for these brinks and that, if he would only do something different, the threat of war would disappear. The critics are vague as to what Mr. Dulles should do. Do they advocate retreat from the brink under Communist pressure, in the hope that the Communists will not prod us along to the next brink too precipitately? Experience with Communist strategy indicates the folly of retreat.

The classic historical example of an "insignificant offshore island impossible to defend" is Fort Sumter. The attack on that small pile in Charleston Harbor precipitated the Civil War, following a protracted argument in Washington as to whether Sumter should be defended. But nobody, Confederate or Unionist, imagined that the issue in that tragic conflict was a few acres of real estate close to the South Carolina coast! The fort was just the "wrong place" where the war happened to start.

In his press conference on September ninth, Mr. Dulles said that the issue concerned "the entire position of the United States and that of its free-world allies in the Western Pacific." He also said this: "We do not consider that the Chinese Communists' hold upon the mainland is to be accepted as a permanent fact of life and one of these inevitable things which we all have to accept and give way to."

Perhaps some of the sharp attacks on Mr. Dulles, as well as newspaper editorials and snide questions at press conferences, might have been stifled at birth if more people shared the secretary's faith, supported by reason, that Communism has not come to stay forever, in China or anywhere else.

Republicans Can't Afford the Luxury of Playing it Cool

The way things have been going in recent elections, it ought to be apparent to all shades of Republicans that they are going to have a hard time winning if they continue to nurse their intraparty grudges in public. In California, for example, Senator Knowland is handicapped in his campaign for the governorship not only by his obvious differences with Governor Knight, who is running for the Senate, but also, reportedly, by a certain disposition among admirers of Vice President Nixon to play it cool. The Vice President is backing Senator Knowland to the hilt, but some of his partisans cannot forget that the two men have been rivals in the past.

Now appears a new reason why California Republicans should bury the hatchet. The Vice President, who has been regarded as a shoo-in for the G.O.P. presidential nomination in 1960, faces a potential threat from "Eastern Republicans," who have never been entirely sold on Mr. Nixon despite his triumph over the Stassenistas in 1956.

The Eastern threat, if there is one, consists of the nomination of Nelson Rockefeller as Republican candidate for governor of New York. Mr. Rockefeller is regarded by conservative Republicans as about as near to a New Dealer as a Republican can get. Some even suspect that his election would presage a *Putsch* by Eastern (or modern) Republicans—with New York's king-size delegation in their pockets—to oust Mr. Nixon at the G.O.P. convention and put in a safer modernist in his place.

The defeat of Senator Knowland in November, plus the quite possible election of Mr. Rockefeller in New York, would undoubtedly weaken the middle-of-the-road wing of the Republican Party to which Mr. Nixon belongs. The Vice President has become a symbol throughout the world of American resistance to Communism, and his retirement would be good news to Communists everywhere. He is the special target of Democratic strategists. Anyway, Republicans as closely linked ideologically as Nixon and Knowland can afford to pull no punches.

Senator Knowland's entourage resists advice from cautious Republicans that the senator should soft-pedal references to "right-to-work" laws and union excesses. Senator Knowland doubtless has his faults, but the desire to appear to be somebody else is not among them. He is unlikely to get the Hoffa-Reuther vote anyway, and, by sticking to his guns, he may conceivably succeed in convincing California's large middle-class population that unchallenged political domination by labor's "leaders" is not just what the doctor ordered.

In any event, it is time for California Republicans, as for those in other states, to get in and pitch, leaving disunity to the opposition.

Eighteenth-Century England Tolerated No "Enemy" Ballets

When the Moscow Arts Theater visited London last spring, it turned out to be one of the theater season's great events. The Russian actors, performing a cycle of Chekhov plays in their native language, played to enthusiastic capacity audiences at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. The management even hung the Soviet flag above the stage, opposite the Union Jack.

Eighteenth-century London theater audiences were less broad-minded. When they went to the theater, they didn't forget the sixty-odd years of intermittent warfare with the French. In 1755, David Garrick, director-actor of the Drury Lane Theatre, invited Jean Georges Noverre, of the Paris Opéra-Comique, to perform with his ballet company at the Drury Lane. The reactions of the London audience were heated: although the lords wanted to see the ballet company, politics or no politics, the commoners were emphatically anti-French.

At the first performance of Noverre's Les Fêtes Chinoises in London on November 8, 1755, the King and his court attended and applauded, but the gallery shouted, "No French dancers!"

When the ballet was repeated four days later, the dancers were hissed, a man was thrown from the gallery into the pit and, according to an account of the day, "the Nobles lost patience and struck at all without distinction; they broke arms and heads, blood flowed on every side; the ballet came to a stop; finally the Nobles drove the disabled rioters out of the theater."

On November fourteenth and fifteenth, the nobles were busy attending the openings of Parliament and the Opera. The gallery therefore had the French ballet troupe to themselves; they proceeded to wreck the Drury Lane Theatre. A newspaper reported: "They tore up the seats and threw them into the pit, broke all the glasses, the chandeliers and tried to get on stage and kill the troupe, but the stage manager had opened the trap doors on the stage, and the great fire tank behind the stage was ready to be set running so as to drown those who might fall into the cellars."

On November eighteenth the lords, back in force, chased the rioters out of the theater. The mob rushed to Garrick's house and tried to set fire to it. The military prevented that; the crowd then went to look for Noverre, who was now in hiding. Rumors flew around London, declaring that the French dancers were actually army officers in disguise. Finally, Noverre and his company packed up and went home.

Obviously, British audiences have learned since *l'affaire Noverre* that art and politics don't have to be mixed and that nations can communicate in the universal language of art with their political opponents.

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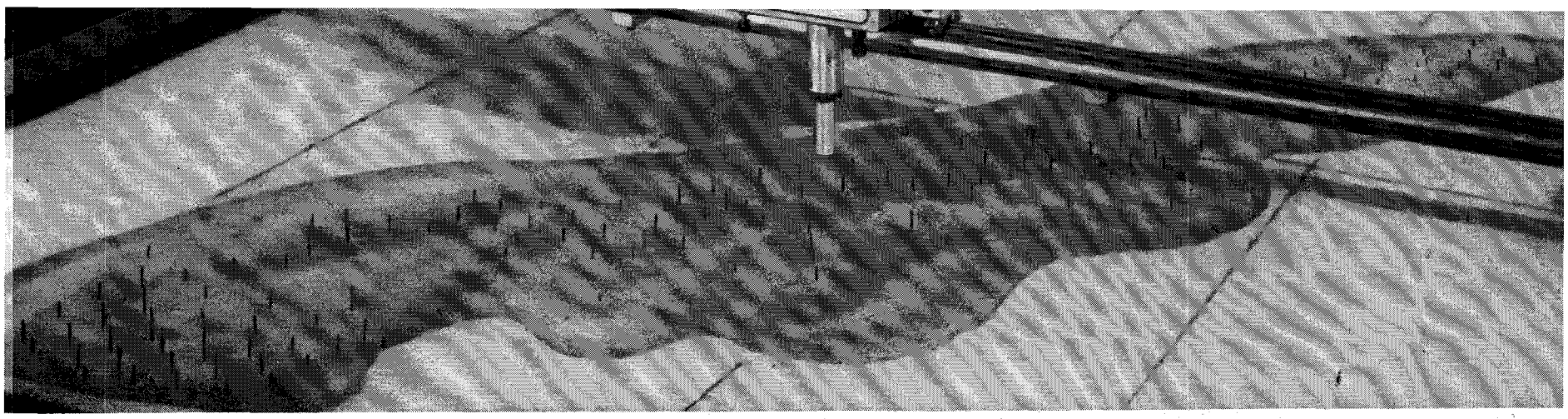


The new electronic "oilfield" at PURE's Research Center

PURE's "indoor oilfield" helps keep the real fields producing

Electronic model helps us increase recovery of oil from older fields

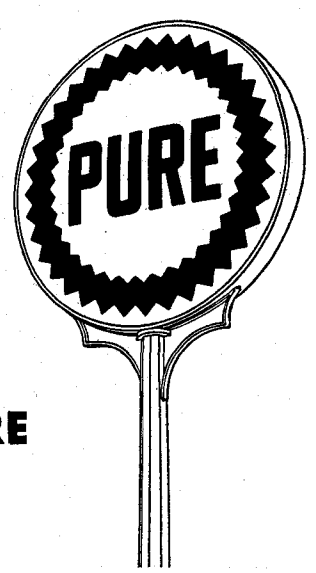
At the Pure Oil Research Center at Crystal Lake, Illinois, there's a new device that would puzzle any observer at first. It looks like a combination of the instrument panel from a DC-3, a hi-fi set and a model railroad layout.

It's an apparatus for planning "secondary recovery" operations, ways to get more oil out of a field after underground pressures have stopped pushing the oil out. Secondary recovery is accomplished by pumping gas, solvents, water, or a combination of these, into the reservoir to drive the oil toward the producing wells.

For maximum recovery, the positions of the injection and producing wells and the rate of injection must be very carefully planned. That's where our miniature "oilfield" comes in. By using electric currents to simulate the movement of fluids underground, PURE's scientists can pretest their plans for secondary recovery before beginning the actual field operations.

Ingenuity like this helps us conserve natural resources and bring you more and better petroleum products. It's another reason why you can feel *sure* with PURE—at nearly 16,000 Pure Oil stations in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr. Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

"TODAY—OIL BUILDS FOR YOUR TOMORROW"/Oil Progress Week—October 12-18.

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Newest guide for home buyers—th

You'll get more news to help you Live Better Electrically on these popular TV shows:

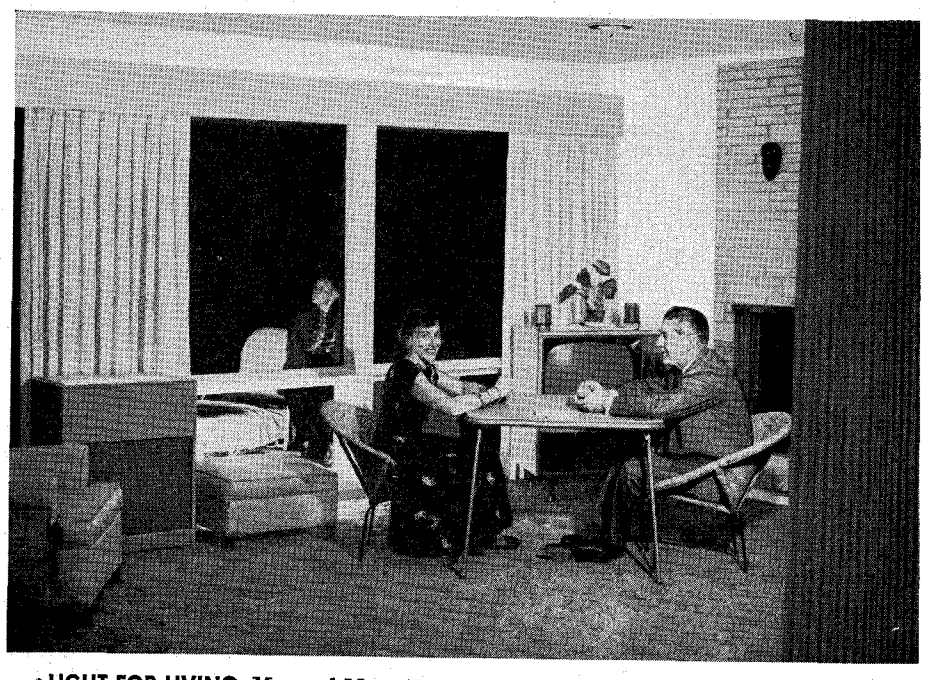
Westinghouse-Desilu Playhouse (beginning Oct. 6)—CBS Network—Monday—10 P.M. (N.Y.T.).

General Electric Theater —CBS Network— Sunday—9 P.M. (N.Y.T.).

Whirlpool—Perry Como, Bob Crosby, The Investigator and Today Is Ours—NBC Network

YOU GET WONDERFUL FEATURE

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES. Mrs. Stanley Johnson, Arlington Heights, Ill.: "I just love our Medallion home – especially the kitchen. All these electric appliances that came with it – like this wall oven – sure make my job much easier. And my husband says they're easier to buy this way, because we pay for them on the mortgage."



LIGHT FOR LIVING. Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. McCarty, Greensboro, N. C.: "We never knew you could do so many beautiful things with lighting until we bought a Medallion home. Valance lighting, for example, makes our furniture and drapes look wonderful – and at the same time gives our son a well-lighted place to practice the piano."

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.ive Better Electrically MEDALLION

This new Medallion assures you a home has been inspected by the local electric utility...meets modern standards for wiring, appliances and lighting. Look for the Medallion. It means a wonderful new way of life for you and your family!

What Sterling is to silver...that's what this Medallion is to a new house! It's the new national symbol of the finest in electrical living. Let these three top TV stars, speaking here for the electrical industry, tell how you save trouble, time, and money by choosing a home that wears the new Live Better Electrically Medallion.

BETTY: In a Medallion home, you start right off with a modern electric range, plus at least 3 additional major appliances, maybe more. They're installed, ready to go to work the day you move in! Appliances are easier to pay for this way.

RONNIE: The lighting in every Medallion home is specially planned, too. It provides better light for better sight, plus new beauty for your home. You also get full Housepower. This means enough power, wiring, circuits, switches, and outlets to handle all the appliances you want to use.

FRAN: You'll be glad all your life you bought a Medallion home. Read below what a few of the thousands of new Medallion home owners think of them. Then go see the Medallion homes in your neighborhood. Your electric utility will tell you where they are.

New Ideas for Better Living

The new Medallion is backed up by home builders, electric utilities, and electrical manufacturers (Frigidaire, General Electric, Hotpoint, Kelvinator, Thermador, Westinghouse, Whirlpool, and others). This year, utilities will award Medallions to 100,000 new homes — in every style and price range across the country. You can see lots of new ideas for better living in the Medallion homes on display now!

.IKE THESE IN MEDALLION HOMES!

FULL HOUSEPOWER. Mrs. Nick Piscopiello, Meriden, Conn.: "One of the things I like most in my Medallion home is all the handy outlets. I can plug in my portable cooking appliances wherever I want and use them – even with the washer going – without ever blowing a fuse. And I can cook a meal anywhere in the house – and outdoors, too."

ELECTRIC HEATING. Many Medallion homes feature electric heating, too. These are awarded a special Gold Medallion. The all-electric heat pump, shown here in the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Isaac of Beverly Hills, California, provides year-round comfort from a single unit which automatically heats or cools as the weather requires.

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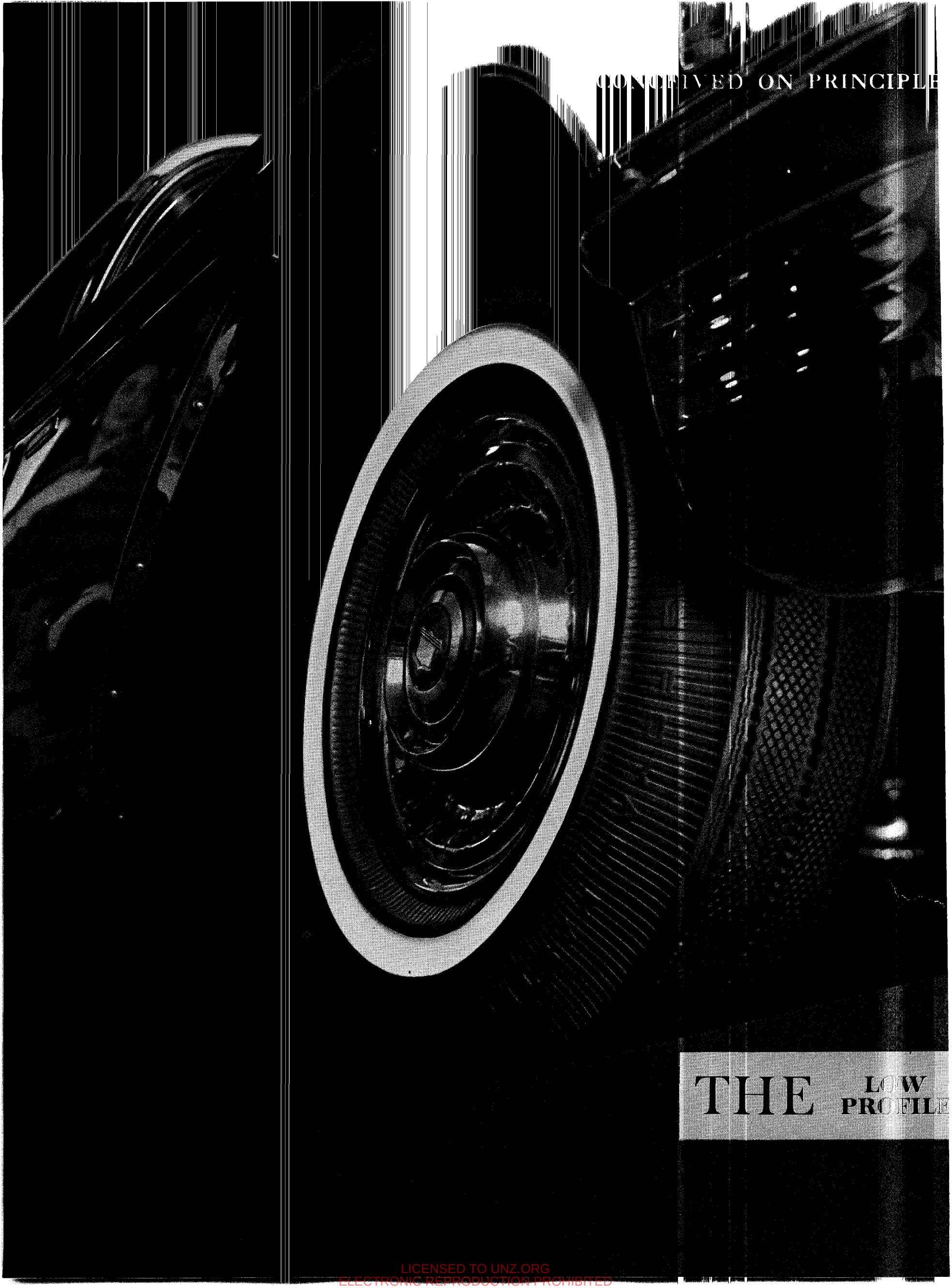

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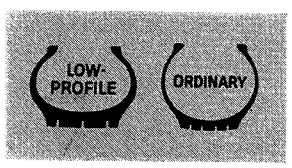
HAT HAVE NO PRECEDENT IN TIRE STYLING AND ENGINEERING

The First Great Tire Advance

IN MORE THAN TEN YEARS

U. S. Royal pioneers the LOW-PROFILE tire...delivering up to 60% more miles...the safest tire you can put on your car today!



Here is the most dramatic breakthrough in 12 years of tire technology . . . first tire exceeding every challenge of today's power cars and super-highways . . . the Low-Profile U. S. Royal Master!

To bring it to you, U. S. Royal scientists broke with tradition. They pioneered the new *Low-Profile Principle* creating a lower, wider, more durable tire that permits you to drive safely at maximum turnpike speeds for unlimited periods. They discovered a new concept of tread design, *X-Tendable Tread*, that adds up to 60% to tire mileage. They fashioned distinctive new *Accent Styling* that enhances your car's dynamic "action" look.

Look at it—and you *see* the difference. Put it on your wheels, take the road—and *feel* the difference in your driving. Touch your steering wheel—you sense new instant response, new certainty of car control. Toe your accelerator—you feel new split-second traction. Swing on to the turnpike—you experience new precision stability. Apply your brake—you feel new positive road-gripping. Choose any highway—you enjoy independence from punctures and blowouts that you have never known before.

For, as this Safety First Shield tells you, here is another great U. S. Royal Tire engineered with *your* safety as first consideration. Indeed, the new Low-Profile U. S. Royal Master is the safest tire you can put on your car today. See it at your U. S. Royal Dealer's or your car dealer's.

U. S. ROYAL MASTER

United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y. In Canada: Dominion Rubber Company, Ltd.

See things you never saw before. Visit U. S. Rubber's new Exhibit Hall, Rockefeller Center, N. Y.

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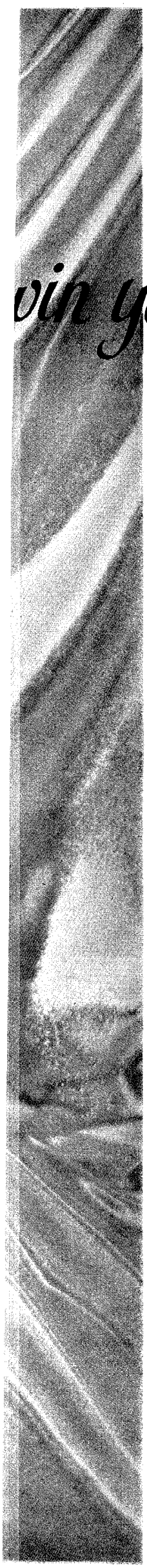

Win your share of $160,000.00!

IN STOCKS AND BONDS

Nothing to buy to win. Just tell us why you think a Remington Electric Shaver is an ideal gift.

Here is your chance to win up to $50,000 in stocks and bonds . . . a share in America's prosperous future. There are a total of 408 big prizes . . . $160,000 worth.

WIN! WIN! Prizes doubled — if you buy a Remington shaver between October 13 and November 26 and show on the entry blank the warranty number and dealer's name and address.

	STOCKS OR BONDS WORTH	(WITH BONUS)
1st Prize	$25,000	$50,000
2nd Prize	$15,000	$30,000
3rd Prize	$ 5,000	$10,000
4-8th Prize	$ 1,000	$ 2,000
Next 400	$ 100*	$ 200*

*In U. S. Savings Bonds at maturity value. Contest is subject to federal, state and local regulations.

EASY! Read about Remington's great exclusive advantages — then tell us in 25 words or less why you think a Remington Electric Shaver is an ideal gift!

Get your entry blank today! At any Drug, Department, Jewelry, Appliance store, or Remington Service Center.

If you buy a Remington shaver and win . . . you double your prize

Remington Rollectric®
- Only shaver with Roller Combs
- Largest *live* shaving area of any electric shaver
- Man-sized head has 6 diamond-honed cutters
- Shaves both heavy beard and *Hidden Beard:* whisker bases below ordinary shaving level
- Gives fastest shave known
- Works on AC or DC (110V)
- America's most popular shaver

Remington Auto-Home Rollectric®
- Every feature of Remington Rollectric *plus* . . .
- Dual-volt convenience! It goes where you go — homes, planes, boats, hotels, motels and trains
- Works from a car's lighter receptacle as well as any AC or DC wall socket
- Available in 12 and 110 volt or 6 and 110 volt combinations. No switch or extra cord needed!

Remington Princess
- Designed especially for women
- Petite—yet has 4 times as much shaving area as any other ladies' shaving implement
- Only ladies' beauty shaver with Guard Comb protection!
- No "wrong side" to make you switch sides for legs or underarms, as with "1-way" shavers
- So safe it can't chafe! You can use a deodorant immediately.

PRODUCTS OF Remington Rand Electric Shaver, DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

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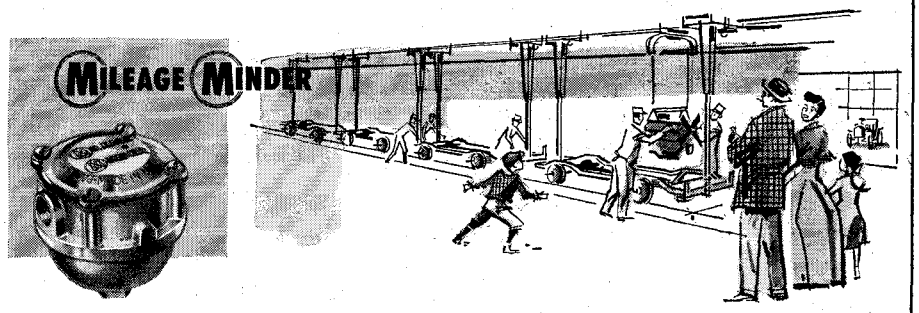
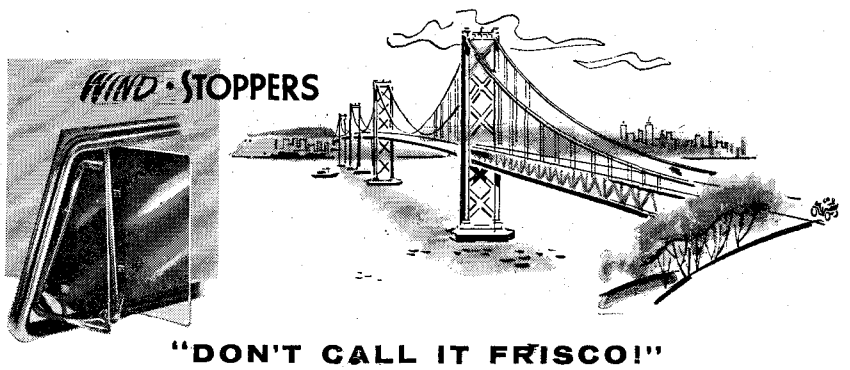


AUTO MAGIC STARTS HERE

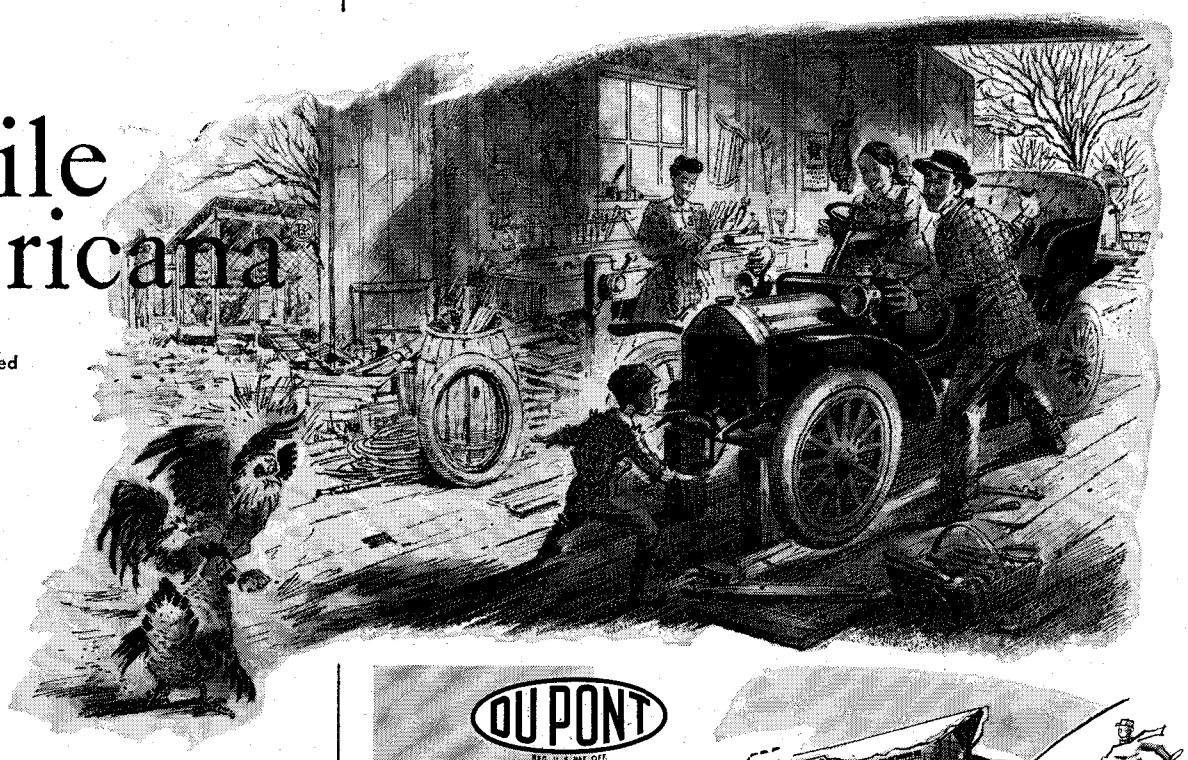
Excitement, drama! This is the annual autumnal magic of Detroit and the new model year. Just as "magic" is your car's engine with MILEAGE MINDER Fuel Pressure Stabilizer and Purifier. Easily installs on any car, replacing fuel filter. Gives better performance, more power and pickup. Ends costly gas waste. Cures flooding, stop-sign stalling, dying, hard starting, rough idling—eliminates smelly gas fumes. Does not reduce manufacturer's fuel pressures. Increases your gas mileage and performance, or your money back. At only $7.95, quickly pays for itself. MILEAGE MINDER is featured at leading automotive suppliers everywhere. Free folders tell all. Mail coupon, today!



"DON'T CALL IT FRISCO!"

So says every San Franciscan of his beloved city by the Golden Gate, air conditioned by nature. You, too, can enjoy all-year-round pleasure in quiet, window-open travel. New WIND-STOPPERS provide draft-free ventilation and protection, stop annoying wind and noise. Easily installed on any car in minutes. Fully adjustable . . . just by a flick of the finger! No back-of-the-neck drafts, front seat or rear. Safe, crystal-clear, shatterproof Plexiglass. No interference with arm signals. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Only two models for all popular cars. Your nearby automotive store has WIND-STOPPERS . . . or ask him to get them for you. $6.95 each, $13.90 for both sides. Send for free folder.

Automobile Americana



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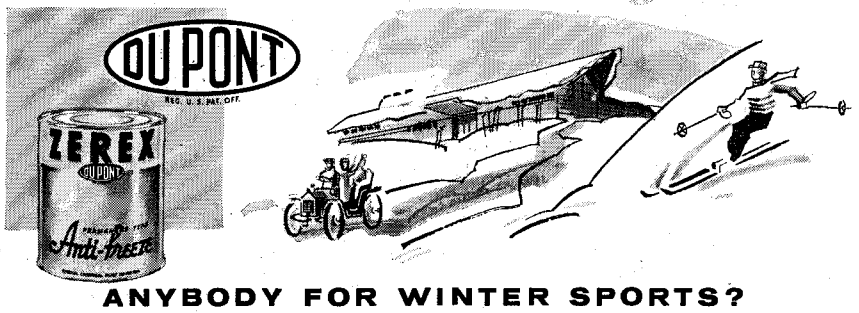
From the pages of America's motor car history chugs this 1904 Sunset touring car . . . to play the lead in a family affair Grandfather remembers well. As you can see, she's being bedded down to await another Spring. For, even if she *could* be nursed through winter, who'd care to brave those icy blasts in her open tonneau? *What a difference* the years since 1904 have made! Today, carefree motoring is ours to enjoy year 'round, thanks to Products of Progress like these:

Mileage Minder • Wind-Stoppers • DuPont Zerex
Perfect Circle • Walker Mufflers

Copr., Automobile Americana, Inc.

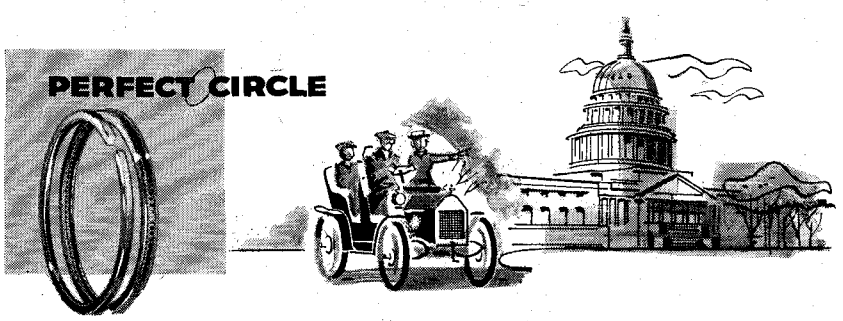
Please send me the Motoring Tips checked below. Print name and address clearly. Send to Automobile Americana, Inc., Rochester, Michigan.

- ☐ Mileage Minder Booklet. Details of performance and easy-to-install instructions.
- ☐ Wind-Stoppers Booklet. Describes just how they work.
- ☐ Perfect Circle's Valve Seal. A brand new product. Free booklet.
- ☐ Walker Mufflers Booklet "Conquest of Corrosion". The complete story of better mufflers.
- ☐ For a beautiful 8" x 10" reproduction of the main illustration, suitable for *framing, send 25c in coin (no stamps please). Automobile Americana,* Inc., Rochester, Mich.



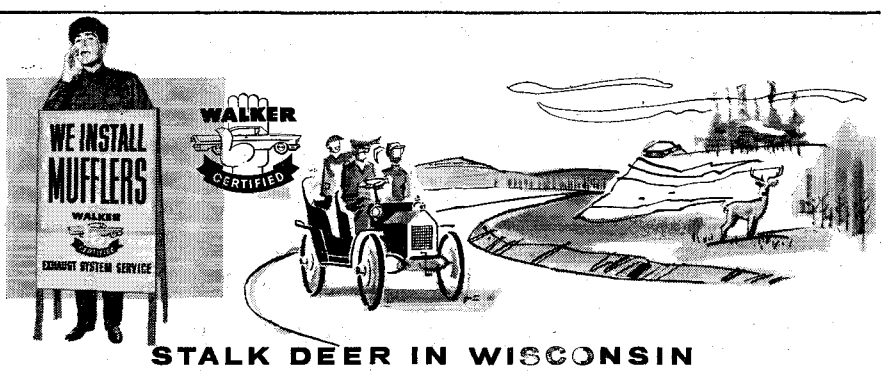
ANYBODY FOR WINTER SPORTS?

Rust-ups can cause as much trouble as freeze-ups. That's why we recommend DuPont "Zerex"® Anti-freeze. It protects completely from rust as well as freezing, so that wherever you drive . . . to explore a new winter resort or just around town . . . you'll drive trouble-free. DuPont "Zerex" is the only permanent-type anti-freeze with MR-8, a special rust inhibitor that reacts chemically with the metal surfaces of the cooling system to form a chemical armor against rust and corrosion. And . . . new this year . . . leading "Zerex" dealers offer Guaranteed Anti-freeze Protection! One filling is guaranteed to protect all winter or refills free!



VISIT WONDERFUL WASHINGTON, D. C.

Experience justified pride in our beautiful capital city . . . share with millions of fellow Americans the inspirational undercurrent of Freedom that is as much a part of Washington as the historically significant buildings and national shrines. Here's a fall trip that offers a special pleasure! Experience pride in the performance of your automobile, too. Consult your Doctor of Motors, your favorite mechanic, *before* you start on your next trip. Have him install a set of Perfect Circle piston rings and enjoy full power for mountains and smooth effortless cruising on turnpikes. Check the coupon for free booklet about a *new* Perfect Circle product—the Perfect Circle Valve Seal.



STALK DEER IN WISCONSIN

Over the Indiana turnpike . . . through Chicago's Lakeshore Drive . . . up the shoreline of Lake Michigan . . . across Wisconsin to the famous deer hunting at *Black River Falls.* Combining highway and city driving makes extra demands on a car's exhaust system. So we have the muffler checked at the sign of Walker Certified Exhaust System Service. Faulty mufflers rob your car of power and efficiency. Replace with a Walker "Precision Tuned" Silencer because exclusive Walker engineered designs give better performance and noise control. And Walker corrosion resistant construction gives 2 to 4 times longer life. Look for the Walker Certified Exhaust System Service Sign in your neighborhood.

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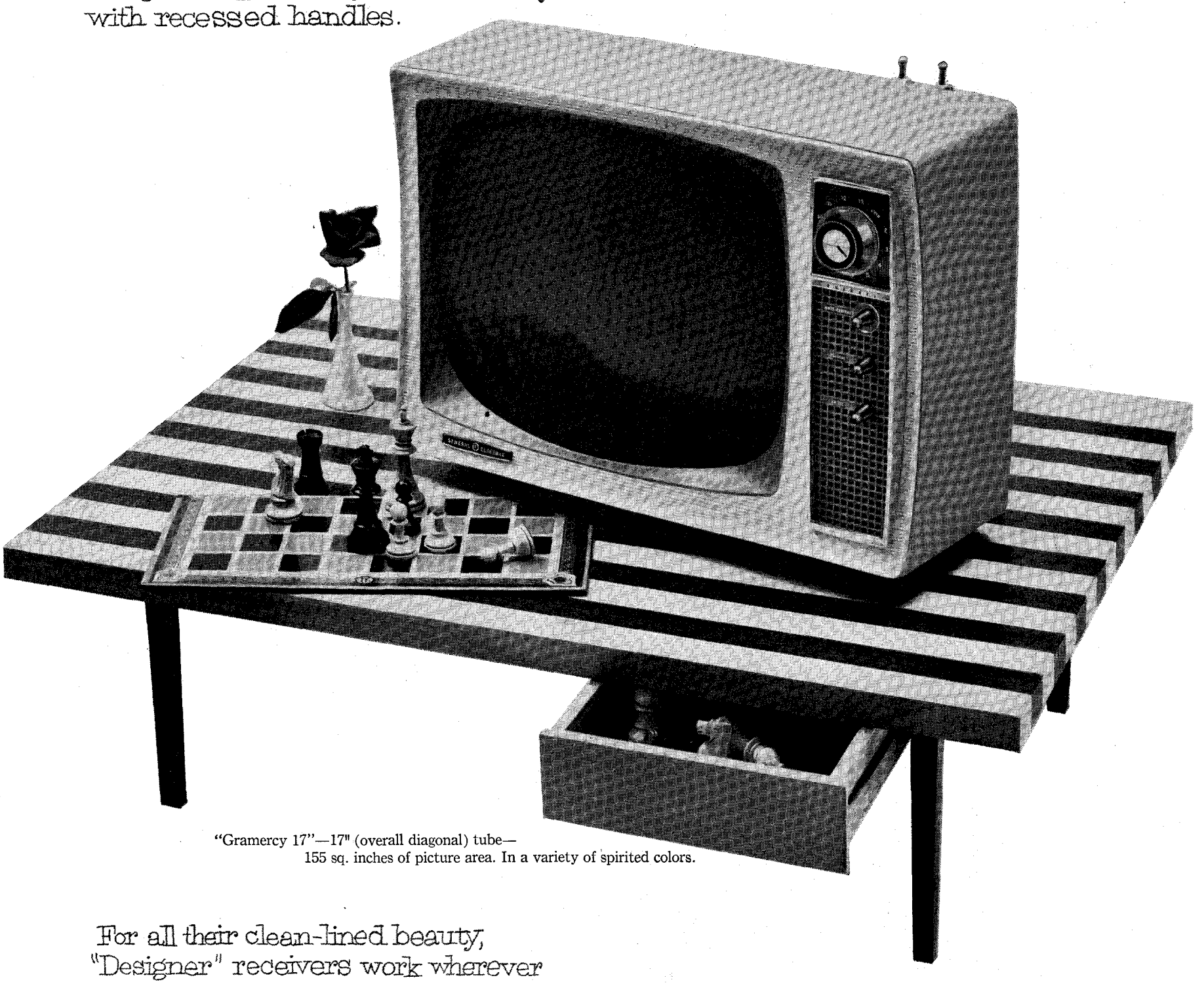
TOMORROW IS HERE! General Electric originates a new kind of television styling: the new "Designer" sets. The trim, graceful cabinets look less than a handspan deep. The cheerful colors and smart lines belong in any room. And "Designers" move to any room...easily... with recessed handles.

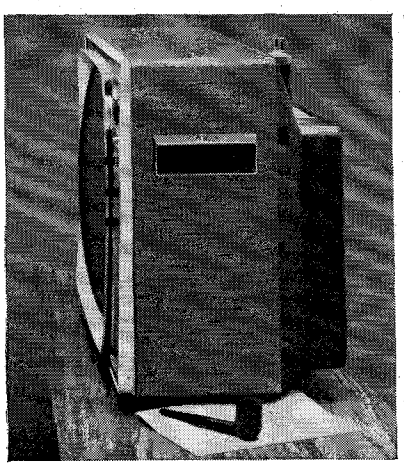


"Gramercy 17"—17" (overall diagonal) tube—
155 sq. inches of picture area. In a variety of spirited colors.

For all their clean-lined beauty, "Designer" receivers work wherever a console will: each packs a console chassis, full power transformer. More: front-projection speaker, built-in telescoping antenna. The new "Designers" await you...at your General Electric dealer's now.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



"Barclay 21"—21" (overall diagonal) tube—262 sq. inches of picture area. Russet leather finish vinyl, and Stargold linen finish vinyl. General Electric Co., Television Receiver Dept., Syracuse, N.Y.

BUY NOW FOR EXTRA VALUES!

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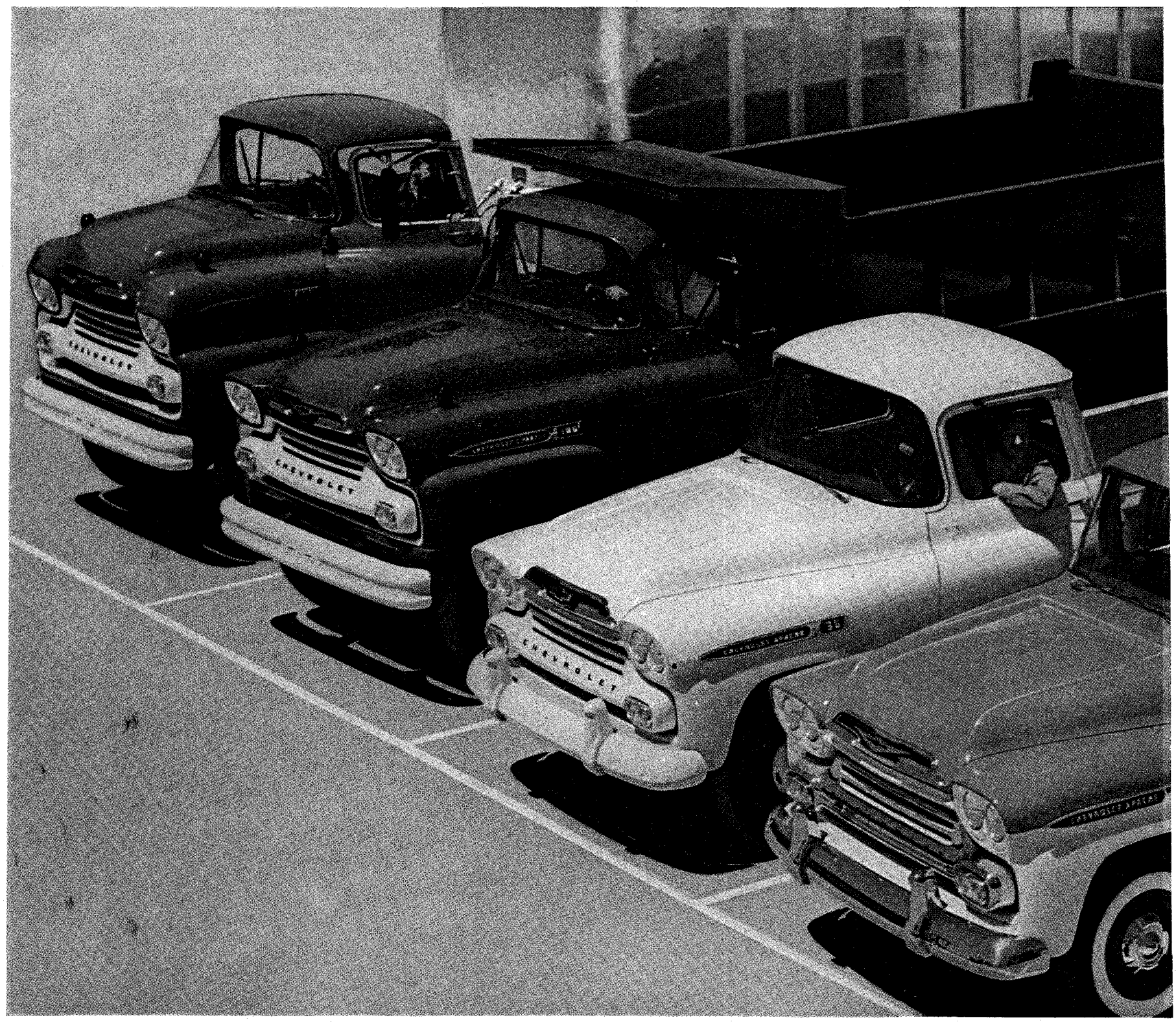

Chevrolet Task-Force 59 arrives!

For '59, Chevy's come up with the handsomest, hardiest fleet of trucks that ever shouldered a load. They bring you new might, new muscle, new engineered-for-efficiency features. And you'll find a model for every hauling job—including the toughest. Look 'em over—Chevrolet offers sure ways to save in every weight class.

You've got more pickups than ever to choose from—clean-lined Fleetside models and a variety of Stepsides. You'll see spacious Step-Vans complete with walk-in bodies. Four-wheel drive in pick-ups, panels, stakes and cab-and-chassis models. Compact, easy-handling L.C.F.'s. Medium-duty jobs with a cab-to-axle dimension specially designed for trailer application. Series 50H and 60H middleweights outfitted to handle heavier loads at lower cost. A whole lineup of heavy-duty haulers including tougher-than-ever big-tonnage tandems. And—coming soon—the sportiest load carrier that ever took to the road, Chevy's all-new El Camino!

See them soon and get one saving on your job right away. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

NEW MIGHT...NEW MODELS...NEW MONEY-SAVIN(

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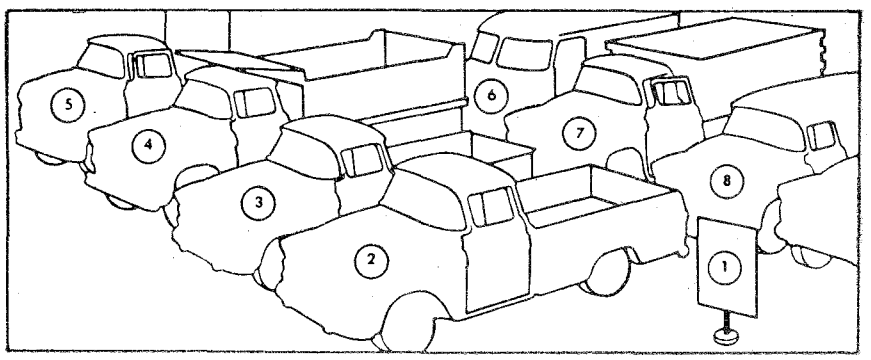

1 El Camino—*coming*—with passenger car style and pickup load space!

2 High-styled Fleetside—in solid color or two-tone, the sharpest pickup out!

3 Hard-working Stepside—the pickup most famous for economy!

4 Series 100 tougher-than-ever tandem. Shown with special dump body.

5 Series 90 cab-and-chassis heavyweight. V8 power is standard.

6 Series 30 Step-Van. Models available with 8′, 10′ and 12′ bodies.

7 Series 60 medium-duty stake model. Available with heavy-duty options.

8 Series 31 panel features lots of load space plus low operating costs!

THEY'RE THE BEST YET OF THE BEST SELLERS!

Task-Force 59 models combine new developments with the proved advantages that have made Chevrolet America's No. 1 truck year after year. Never before have trucks brought such ironclad assurance of reliability and economy to your hauling job. Never before have trucks offered so many sure-fire ways to save you money.

There's a new high-economy Thriftmaster 6, to stretch the distance between gas stops; standard in all Series 30 and 40 light-duty models. A completely new Workmaster Special V8 with more pulling power for Series 70 and 80 truck models—teamed with either fully automatic Powermatic, or a new close-ratio 5-speed Synchro-Mesh transmission—as an extra-cost option.

Bigger brakes—for surer, safer stops—are featured in all Series 31 and 32 light-duty models. New Positraction rear axle—for extra traction and greater stability on or off the road—is offered in the same Series as an extra-cost option. Greater structural durability has been built into Chevrolet cabs. Tandems feature more spring capacity, greater load support.

Your Chevrolet dealer will fill in the rest, from new colors to special equipment available. He'll show you complete specifications for the better-than-ever '59 editions of America's first-choice truck.

POWER FOR AMERICA'S TOUGHEST JOBS! CHEVROLET

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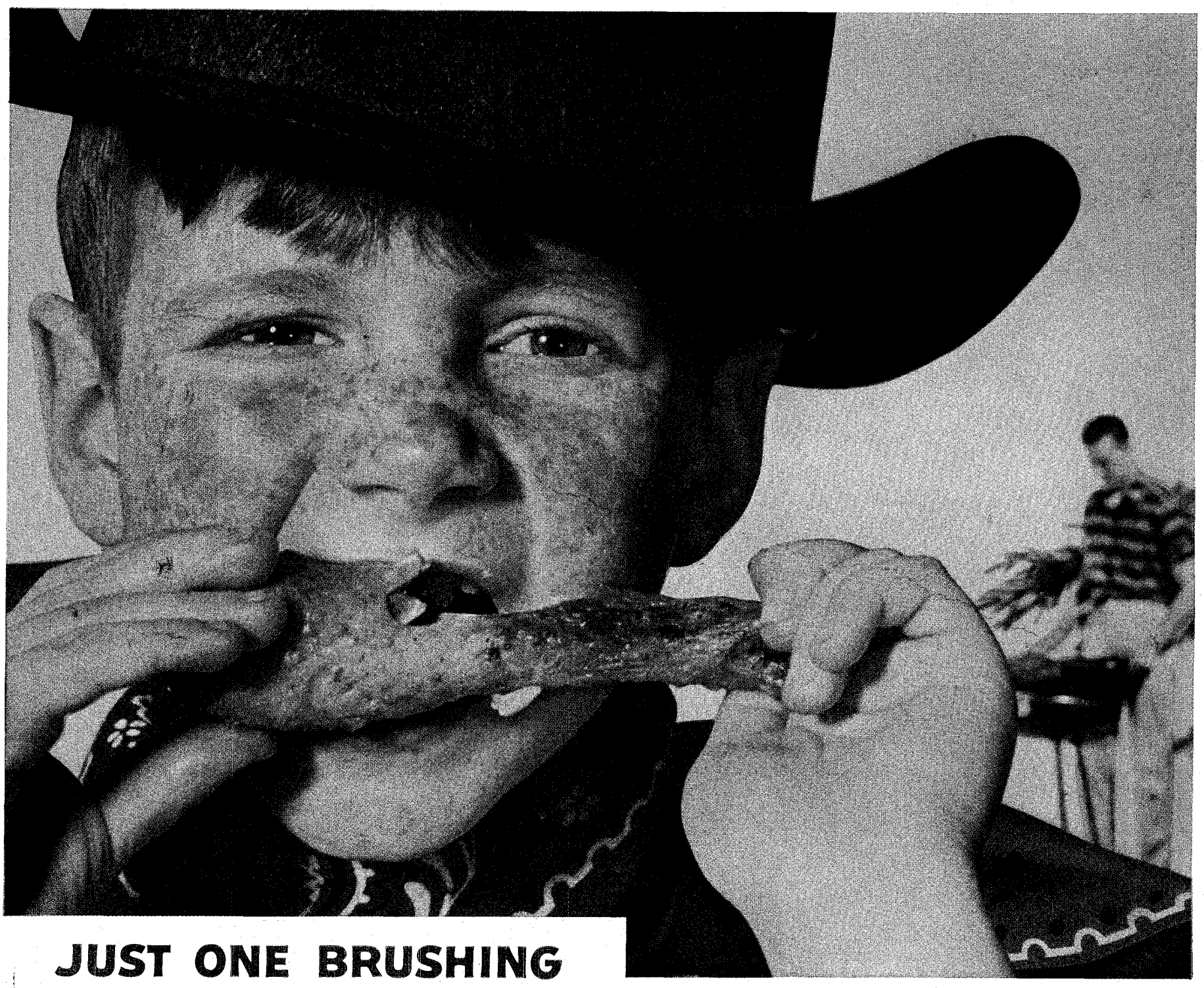
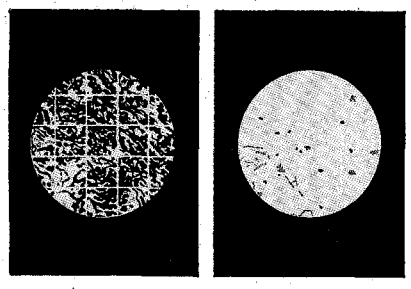
He uses only GLEEM - the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal



JUST ONE BRUSHING
destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

PROOF –
destroys decay bacteria



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

JUST ONE GLEEM BRUSHING DESTROYS UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA

PROOF –
stops mouth odor all day

Mouth odor stopped all day! Scientific tests prove that one morning brushing with Gleem destroys odor-causing bacteria so effectively that mouth odor is stopped *all day* for most people. Means a *sweeter goodnight kiss.*

If you, like Steve, can't brush after meals—even though it's best—take a tip from Steve's mom. She knows food combines with mouth bacteria to cause decay and mouth odor. So she makes sure her family starts each day with Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal. You, too, can depend on refreshing Gleem, with exclusive GL-70, to destroy most bacteria with just one brushing.

Only GLEEM has *GL-70*
to fight decay and mouth odor

NOW IN TUBES AND NEW PUSH BUTTON PACK

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

The author (center, wearing cap) with his Russian colleagues after a day's work in the meteorology office at Mirny, base camp for the expedition.

I Lived With the Russians in Antarctica

The first American to spend a year with Soviet scientists at the South Pole reveals what he learned by living and working with the men from behind the Iron Curtain.

By GORDON D. CARTWRIGHT with Beverly Smith, Jr.

I am a meteorologist. My primary interests are in forecasting the weather, improving our observations of it and filling in the still-serious gaps in the world-wide network of weather stations. One of the largest gaps has been over the antarctic continent.

Until late 1956 my life, while varied and roving, was not unusual. As a youngster I had my share of manual and mechanical work—which I happen to like—in the little steel town where I grew up, one of seven children. For many years my work and education went along side by side. At thirty-three I got a B.S. in meteorology, but with little grounding in languages. My work had followed a modest pattern. I had found not affluence but a place in an honorable profession. I had never taken part in politics, American or international. Although fond of music, I had never learned to dance. I was neither very sociable nor very convivial.

Then—from Christmas in 1956 until March of 1958, during my forty-ninth and fiftieth years—came startling changes.

On Christmas Day I was still the same quiet, rather retiring meteorologist. I passed the day

This is one of the 450-horsepower tractors the Russians used to explore the interior of Antarctica.

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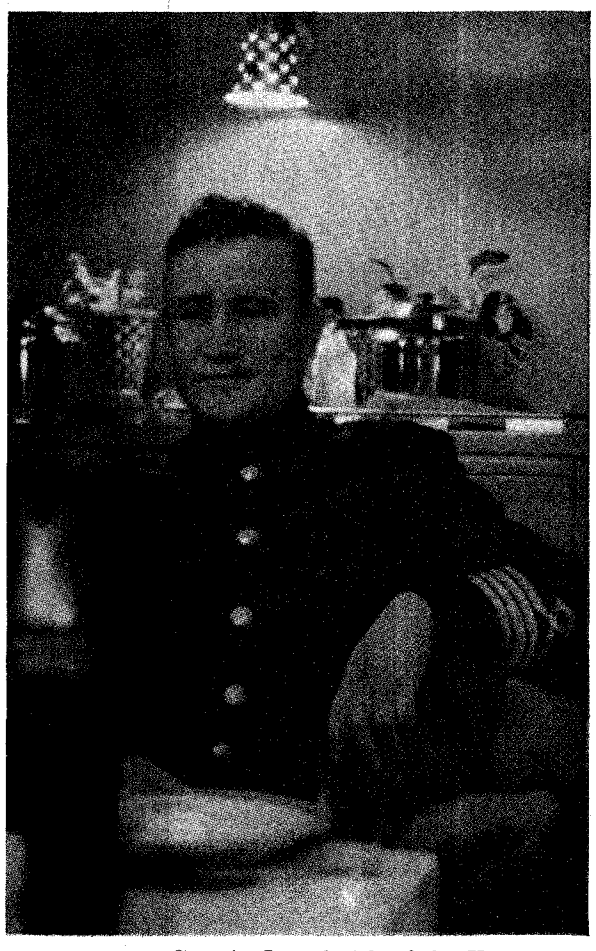
The Soviet icebreaker Ob leads the Kooperatsia through pack ice en route to the Antarctic base.

in Capetown, South Africa, visiting scientific and consular friends. In leisure moments I rehearsed the scanty Russian I had been able to cram up during the autumn. In August I had been assigned by our Government as the first American to accompany a Russian scientific expedition to the South Polar regions. As such I was to be the only American—in fact the only non-Russian—with their 180-man Second Antarctic Expedition. This was a part of the co-operation between nations planned for the IGY—the International Geophysical Year. The 5600-ton Russian ship Kooperatsia was to pick me up at Capetown on December twenty-sixth.

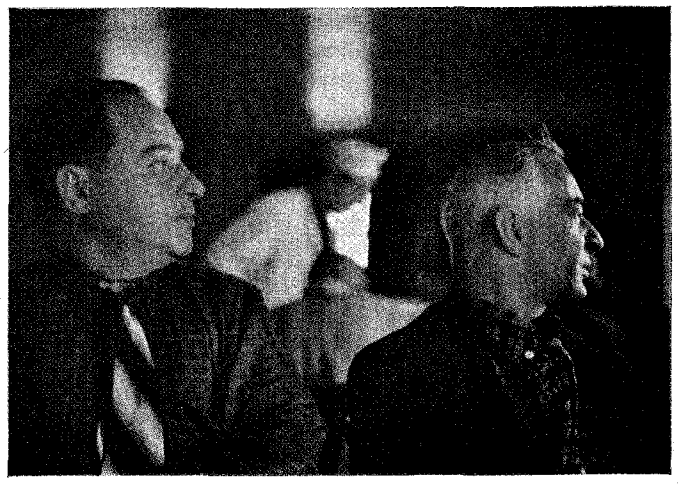
How could I foresee on December twenty-fifth that within four days, half seasick and carrying more vodka than was good for me, I would be struggling through a toast in Russian, to loud applause and some muffled laughter? Or that at the big "formal" New Year's Eve celebration aboard ship, in heavy weather, I would actually be dancing, if one can call it that. Late in the evening I was seized—despite my protests—by a tall, sturdy, gay young Russian waitress. All I could do was go along. She steered me round and round at a dizzy pace. Delighted spectators cleared the deck for this unscheduled tripping of the light—or light-heavy—fantastic. At times my Navy boots seemed barely to touch the floor. Finally, as Kooperatsia plowed into a big roller, we were flung against a steel bulkhead—thus ending the dance with a bang. This performance was enjoyed uproariously by all.

Nor could I foresee that within a few weeks, on the polar icecap, I was to feel the scorching heat of an uncontrollable fire. Or that, along with a dignified array of penguins, I was to attend the solemn and touching funeral rites for the two young Russian sailors who, in line of duty, had been hurled into the sea by falling ice; they died of cold and shock before they could be pulled out. Or that, at the urgent bidding of my Russian hosts, I would at times consume 190-proof compass alcohol, mixed fifty-fifty with snow, water or fruit juice. This by the full tumbler, bottoms up. Whew!

Ordeals? Yes, sometimes. But such things seemed to contribute to understanding and

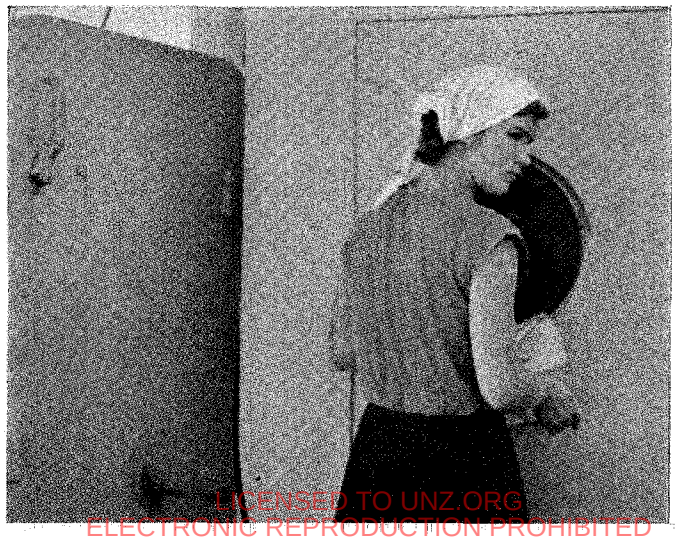


Captain Jantselevich of the Kooperatsia ("Co-operation") brought his vessel safely through the violent sub-Antarctic storms.



Above: Scientist Oscar Krichak (left), Cartwright's boss at Mirny, with Vladimir Kunyn, the American's interpreter and cabin mate.

Below is one of the ten women crew members of the Kooperatsia, a twenty-seven-year-old passenger-refrigerator ship of 5600 tons.



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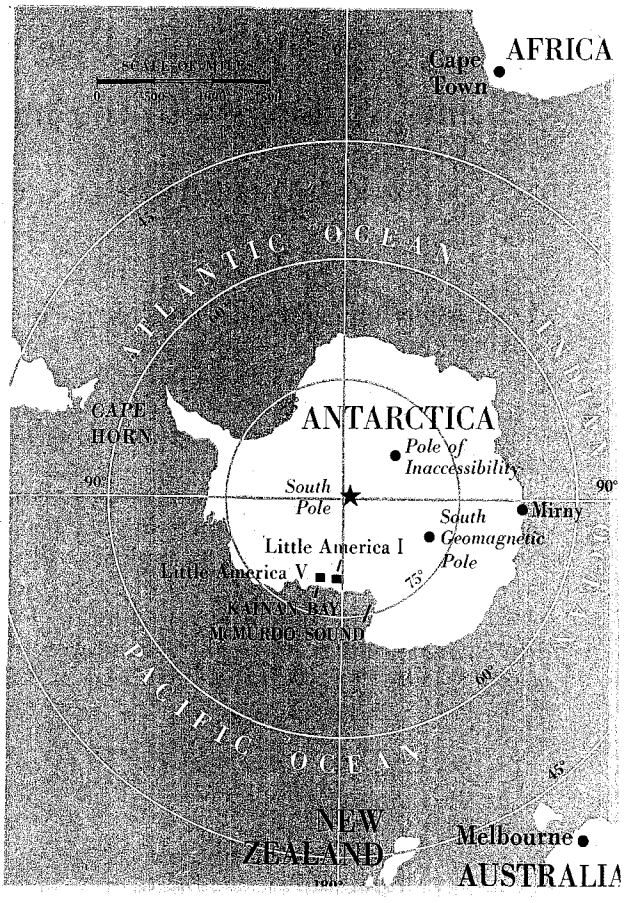


friendliness. I actually enjoyed many of the festivities when they were moderate; when they went beyond that, I felt it my duty to follow the customs of my hosts. Such customs seem strange to us; they were not strange to some of our rugged pioneer forebears who opened up the West. Indeed, I seem to recall such doings more recently in Texas, in the Northwest and at convention jamborees in many cities.

I may add that, among the perils of my stay in the Antarctic, I found rousing Russian parties the biggest threat to next day's health and peace of mind. These convivial storms rose to hurricane force on occasion, especially during the visit of three delightful Australians who flew in from their base a few hundred miles away. The Aussies, another tough young people, seemed as willing to match toasts as the Russians.

Another brief, sharp twister blew up during the sixteen-hour visit of a United States Navy icebreaker with (Continued on Page 85)

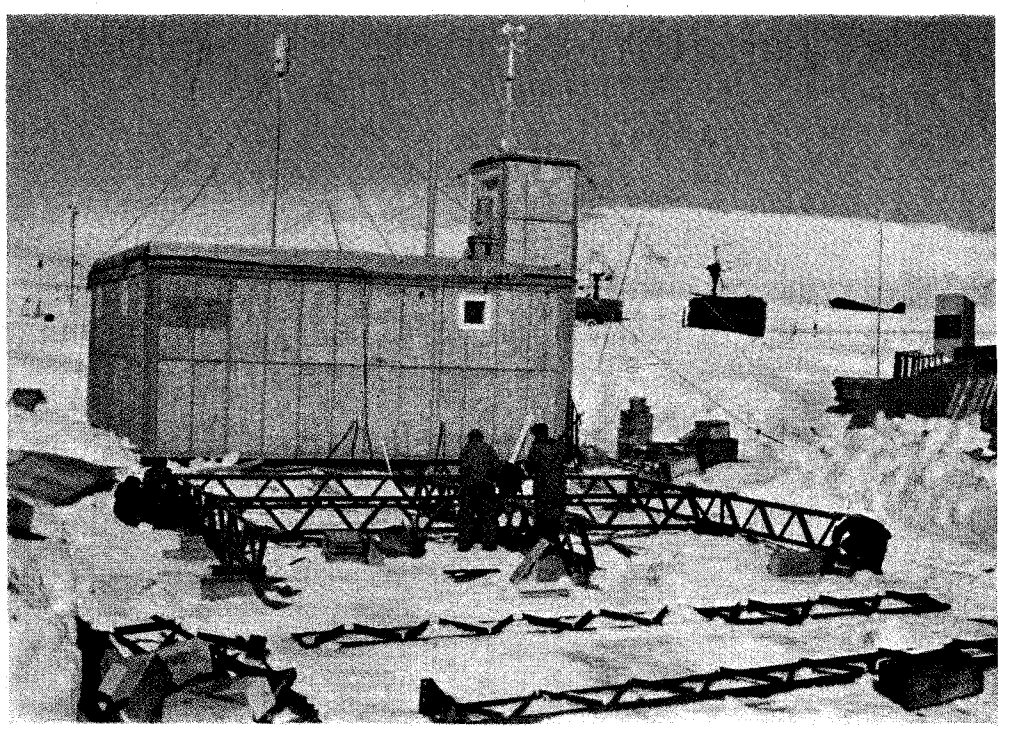
ABOUT THE EXPEDITION

Much has already been published about the purpose and programs of the century's most ambitious peacetime scientific effort, the International Geophysical Year. The IGY is a joint effort by 66 nations to increase man's knowledge of the structure and shape of the earth, the circulation of its seas, the processes of its weather, and its relationship with the sun. The results of this vast study of our planet are important to all mankind.

But science is not carried forward by instruments and equations alone. It is the scientist himself who must hammer out the plans, make the observations and draw the conclusions which are leading us to a better understanding of man's environment.

The story which follows is mainly about scientists as individuals, particularly about a unique co-operation between Russian scientists and an American meteorologist. Gordon D. Cartwright lived and worked shoulder to shoulder with the Russians for 14 months in closer intimacy, perhaps, than any other native-born American in our history. —The Editors.

Nikolai Grigoryev, an expert on frozen soil, measures below-the-surface temperatures at Bunger Hills, a Soviet scientific substation about 200 miles from the main base.



"The spirit of pioneering still runs strong among the Russians," says the author. Above, construction of new meteorological quarters at Mirny, January, 1957.

Below is an AN-2 ski plane which flew reconnaissance missions along the fringes of the continent and carried personnel to outlying stations.

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A POST NOVELETTE COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

The Touchdown Makers

What really goes on backstage in big-time pro football? Here is the story of one young man who thought it was still a game, not just a business.

By ROBERT DALEY

The fullback helped him, and Robert was half dragged downfield to where the huddle had formed.

Robert Hobert, quarterback from El Paso Teachers College, was selected by Boston on the next to last round of the pro-football winter draft.

In the early rounds, college players of known ability had been chosen cautiously. Team by team, round by round, the swag had been divided. Then the quality thinned out swiftly. Long before Hobert was claimed, the tension in the conference room had dissipated. The draft continued because each coach needed two dozen eager youngsters to spur veterans and college stars to peak efforts during next summer's training-camp scrimmages. There was no drama left when the draft reached this stage; just, occasionally, humor.

The selection of Hobert was meaningless, both to the Boston team which chose him and to the other teams which witnessed it. He was particularly obscured because, a moment before, Cleveland had picked—the announcer read the unfamiliar name slowly—"Orang Utan, fullback from Anthropological Tech."

There had been a short pause; then the announcer had cried indignantly, "Wait a minute! Who's the wise guy ——" as the laughter started.

Robert Hobert was a tall blond boy who was studying to be a teacher. He had never imagined himself good enough for pro football, but the wire which he received the next morning electrified him. He ran to the home of his girl, Sally, and embraced her ecstatically, waving the wire in the air.

"Do you know what this means?" he cried. "We can be married! We can be married!"

They both imagined that the wire promised several months of championship football and an assured income for the season of—the extravagant figure which entered their heads was ten thousand dollars.

"Bobby!" Sally exclaimed. "Bobby!" And they danced around, hugging each other.

Their arms about each other, they walked for miles through the streets of the town, discussing their plans. Hobert believed that the Boston club had chosen him to succeed the great Obeck at quarterback. One moment he felt confident, the next he hoped very humbly that he would be found worthy. He returned home enormously excited. That night he went to bed dazed and happy. It was after midnight before he finally fell asleep. He dreamed of Sally and football, and Boston and Sally, and getting married in the spring.

The clamoring alarm clock woke him at dawn. A few minutes later he hurried through the dark streets toward the gym. That morning, and each morning afterward, he practiced strenuously and alone. There was much to be sharpened if he was to succeed the great Obeck. So much work to be done and so little time. Surely Obeck had drilled harder than he before attaining greatness.

When the weather grew warmer, Hobert moved outdoors, fastening auto tires to pole-vault uprights and pitching footballs through the hoops from various distances and angles. He learned to welcome the cold dew which splashed his

(Continued on Page 76)

"You came in here hoping
I'd disqualify you,"
the doctor said. "Well, I won't."

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

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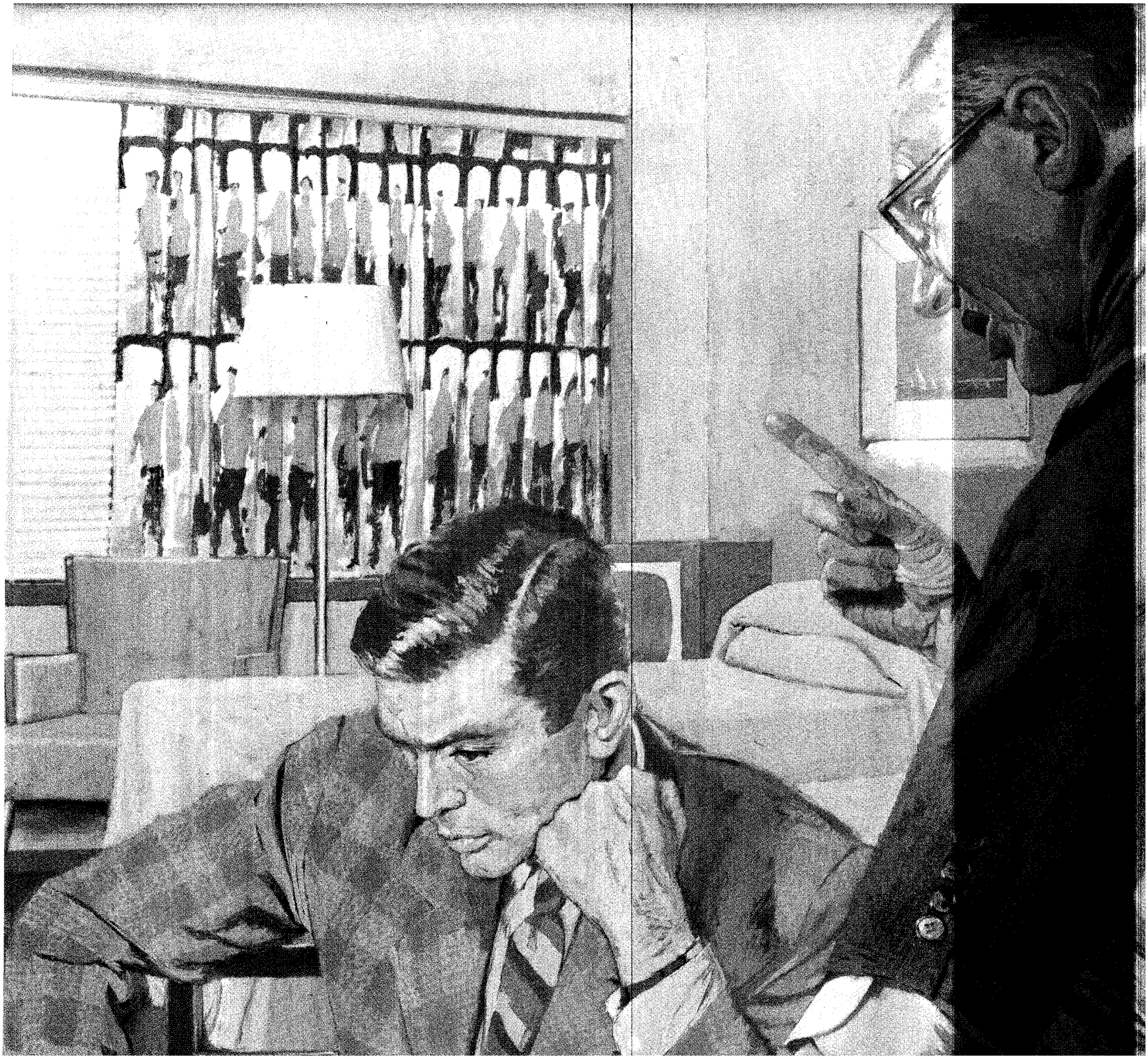

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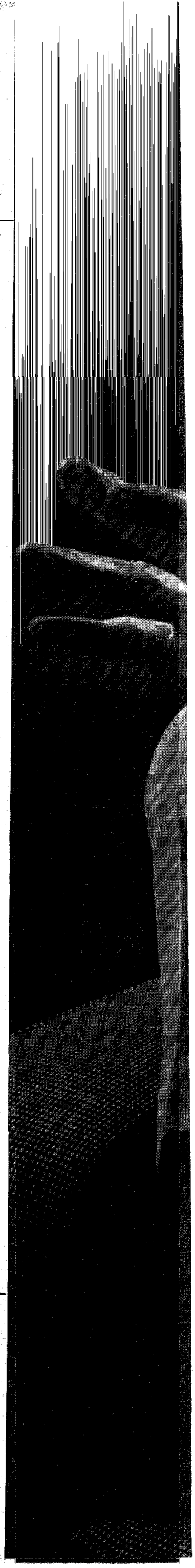
Drugs That Shape Men's Minds



By ALDOUS HUXLEY

In the course of history many more people have died for their drink and their dope than have died for their religion or their country. The craving for ethyl alcohol and the opiates has been stronger, in these millions, than the love of God, of home, of children; even of life. Their cry was not for liberty or death; it was for death preceded by enslavement. There is a paradox here, and a mystery. Why should such multitudes of men and women be so ready to sacrifice themselves for a cause so utterly hopeless and in ways so painful and so profoundly humiliating?

To this riddle there is, of course, no simple or single answer. Human beings are immensely complicated creatures, living simultaneously in a half dozen different worlds. Each individual is unique and, in a number of respects, unlike all the other members of the species. None of our motives is unmixed, none of our actions can be traced back to a single source and, in any group we care to study, behavior patterns that are observably similar may be the result of many constellations of dissimilar causes.

Thus, there are some alcoholics who seem to have been biochemically predestined to alcoholism. (Among rats, as Prof. Roger Williams, of the University of Texas, has shown, some are born drunkards; *CONTINUED ON PAGE 108*

About the Author

Essayist, satirist, critic, literary journalist and prolific novelist (Antic Hay, Point Counter Point, Brave New World, The Genius and the Goddess, and so on), Aldous Huxley has familial roots in the sciences. His grandfather was T. H. Huxley, famed English zoologist, and his brother is Sir Julian Huxley, contemporary biologist. Aldous Huxley's interest in mind-changing drugs led him, some years ago, to become an experimental subject for research on the effects of mescaline and similar drugs. He wrote two books on this experience and its implications. English-born and Oxford-educated, Huxley now lives in Los Angeles. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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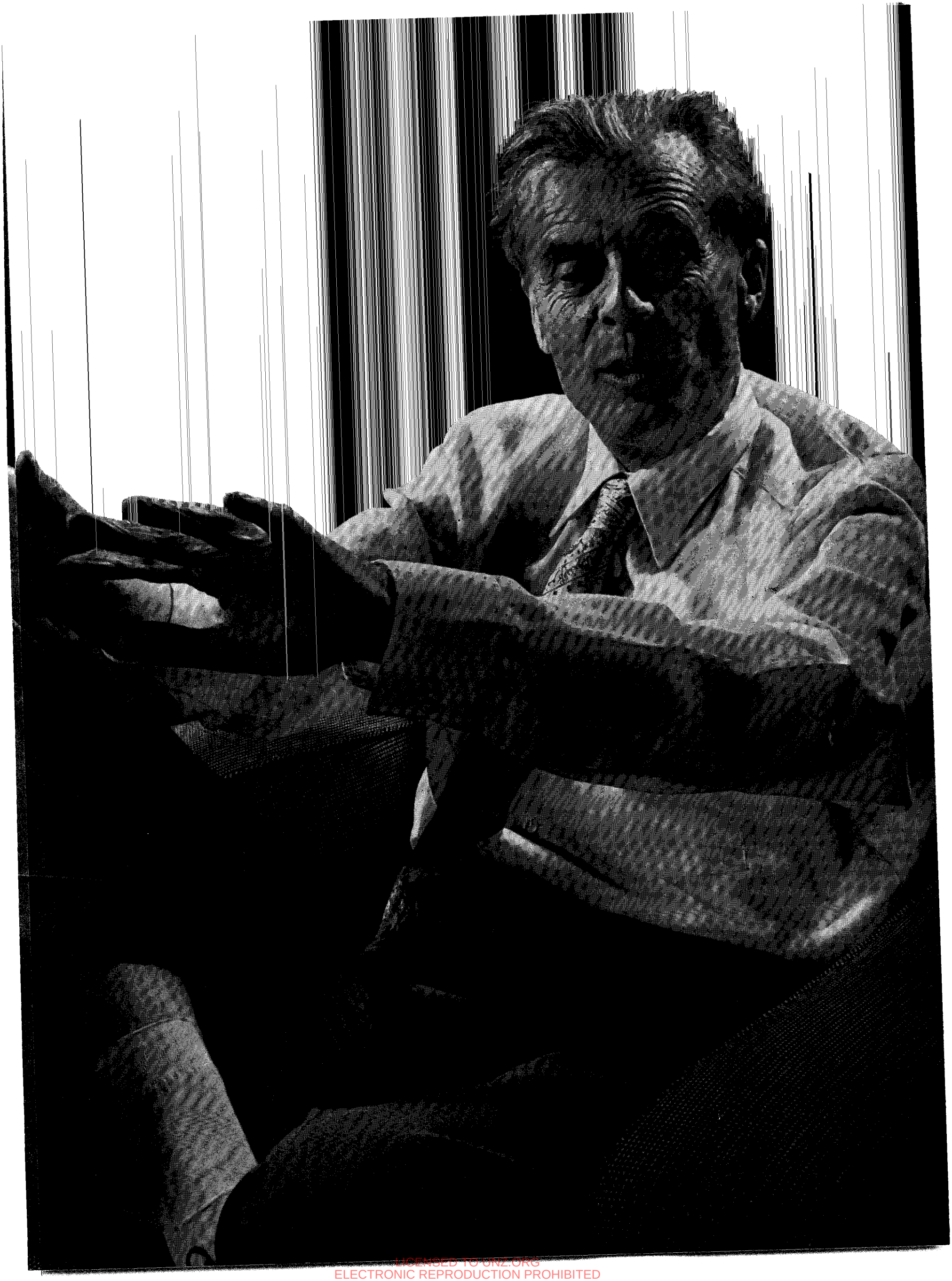

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"What are you waiting for, boy?" cried Elvira Stapton.

The LADY and the LYNCHING

By LAURIE YORK ERSKINE

She was only a woman,
but she knew how to make a mob
do her dirty work.

They were going to hang Dan Purvis. The whole town knew it and was stirred like a zoo at feeding time. Barney Nolan felt it as soon as he came in from the mines. Arriving late at night, he had taken a room at the Palace Hotel and from its wide front porch he had seen the strangers in the streets, each man watching the others to see how they'd line up. So the next morning he loafed around the town for a while before delivering his packet to Elvira Stapton and listened to the talk.

Dan Purvis, the talk went, had taken Pete Castene into his law office and shot him dead without fair warning; and there was somebody out to see that Dan didn't come to trial. It was somebody bigger than Lank Forster, Spencer Brale or any of the other loud talkers that were drumming up feeling around the bars and gaming tables. And it could start big trouble.

Barney reviled this iniquitous lawyer who had invited lynching by shooting an unarmed man. He had counted on a spell of long, peaceful days in town. "Take all the time you want," McKay had said when he handed him the packet to deliver. And Barney needed all the time he could get. Because there was Mildred. You had to go slow with Mildred.

He had been hungry to see her ever since he had held her in his arms three months ago. In the porch swing, it had been, out at Joe Hewlit's ranch, where he'd been a hired hand. Her pa, Duane Thatcher, had just died down in Tucson, leaving Mildred and her mother dirt poor, and they were staying there at the ranch with her Uncle Joe. She had seemed so frail, somehow, and kind of helpless, and a few weeks of courting had led them inevitably to that moonlit night on the porch swing. But it had rocked him back on his heels when she'd said so calmly that she loved him more than she could bear, but that she couldn't hitch up with any man who didn't have more ambition than a cowhand.

That's why he had taken this job at the Minerva Mines, and was fixing to (Continued on Page 50)

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SILENT WEAPON of the COLD WAR

A Post editor's grim warning of a deadly virus which the Reds use as a tool: runaway inflation, which can devastate a nation.

By DEMAREE BESS

Inflation can be one of the most tiresome subjects in the public domain, as a swarm of economists have demonstrated in Washington during recent months. The disputes of these specialists about inflation have shown why economics is sometimes called "the dismal science." Economists have managed to make their controversy seem dull and dreary, despite the fact that it directly concerns every American, for good or evil.

For a long time inflation has fascinated me because I have seen so much of it, not as an economist, but as a foreign correspondent. During several decades of reporting abroad I had closeup views of the whole range of inflation—from the creeping type to the runaway variety—in many countries of Europe and Asia. The two aspects of inflation which have impressed me most have been largely ignored in current Washington debates. The first is inflation's shattering effects upon individual human beings. The second is the use of inflation as a frightful weapon in economic warfare—in some ways as frightful as any of the new military weapons which are getting so much publicity.

This article will undertake to show how inflation has become a major factor in the Soviet-American cold war, and how it can break the human spirit as completely as famines, earthquakes, wars or revolutions. In France I have watched creeping inflation inexorably undermine a great people's confidence in themselves and in democratic government, thus weakening their will to resist external and internal foes. In Eastern Europe, after World War II, I saw runaway inflation cause a sort of universal paralysis, when Moscow deliberately permitted it to get out of control. Runaway inflation wipes out almost overnight every kind of security for the individual: insurance, pensions, annuities, savings bonds, bank accounts, even cash. What we call "solid citizens" are hardest hit. It was runaway inflation which cleared the way for Communist rule in China after World War II, just as it had previously done in Russia, after World War I.

Up to now, Americans have been lucky about inflation because we have had so little recent experience with it. Only twice in its history has the United States known runaway inflation: once during revolutionary days for the whole country, and later for the people of the Confederacy after their currency became worthless. While inflation has ravaged many countries since World War II, our creeping inflation has been held within comparatively narrow bounds. But Soviet strategists have given notice that they expect our luck to change, partly because of our own indifference to economic matters in general and to inflation in particular; partly because of the Kremlin's planned economic warfare against us.

Two recent developments have dramatized the fact that the cold war has reached a major turning point. First of these was the (Continued on Page 128)

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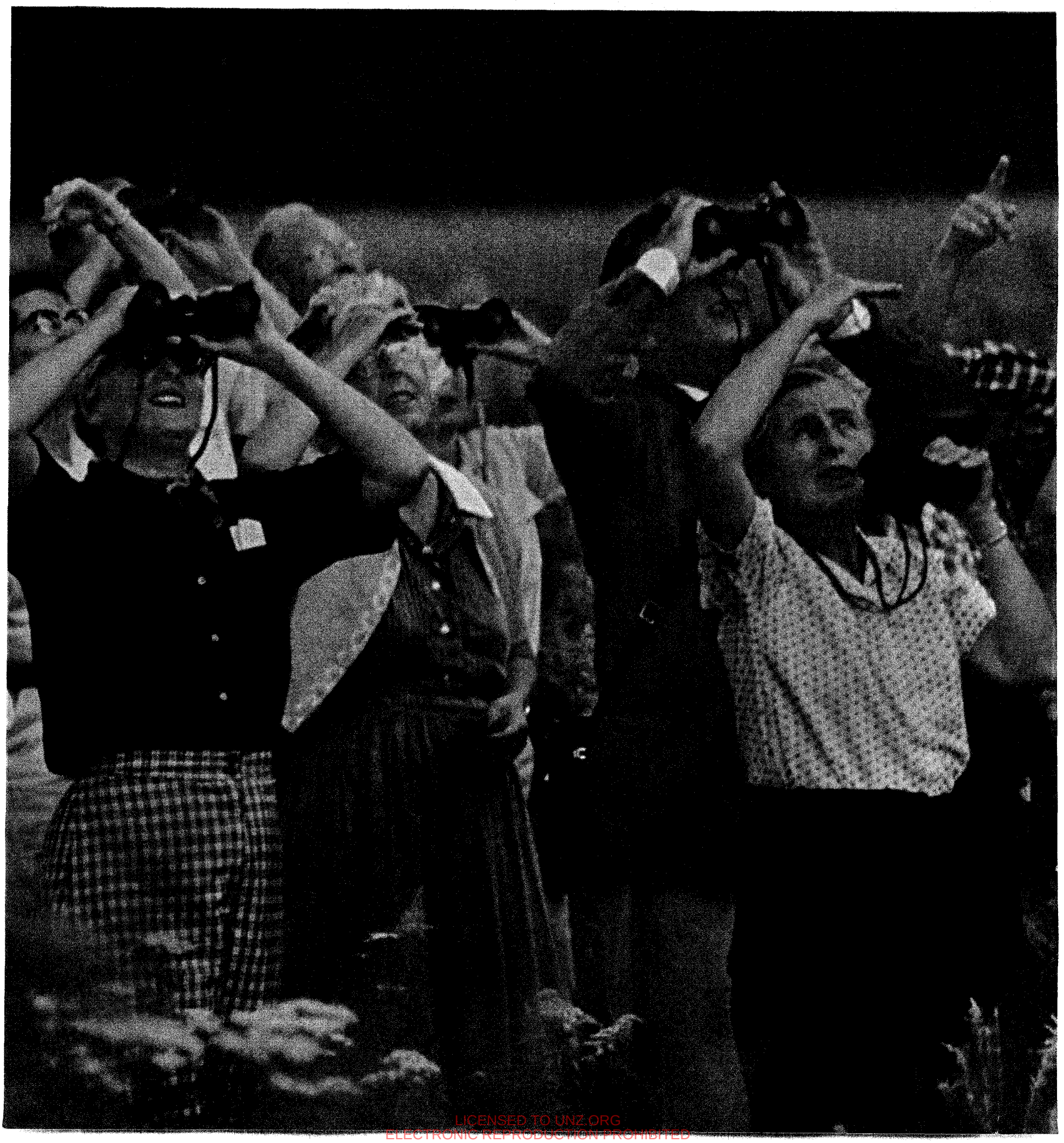
The Face of AMERICA

HAWK AHOY!



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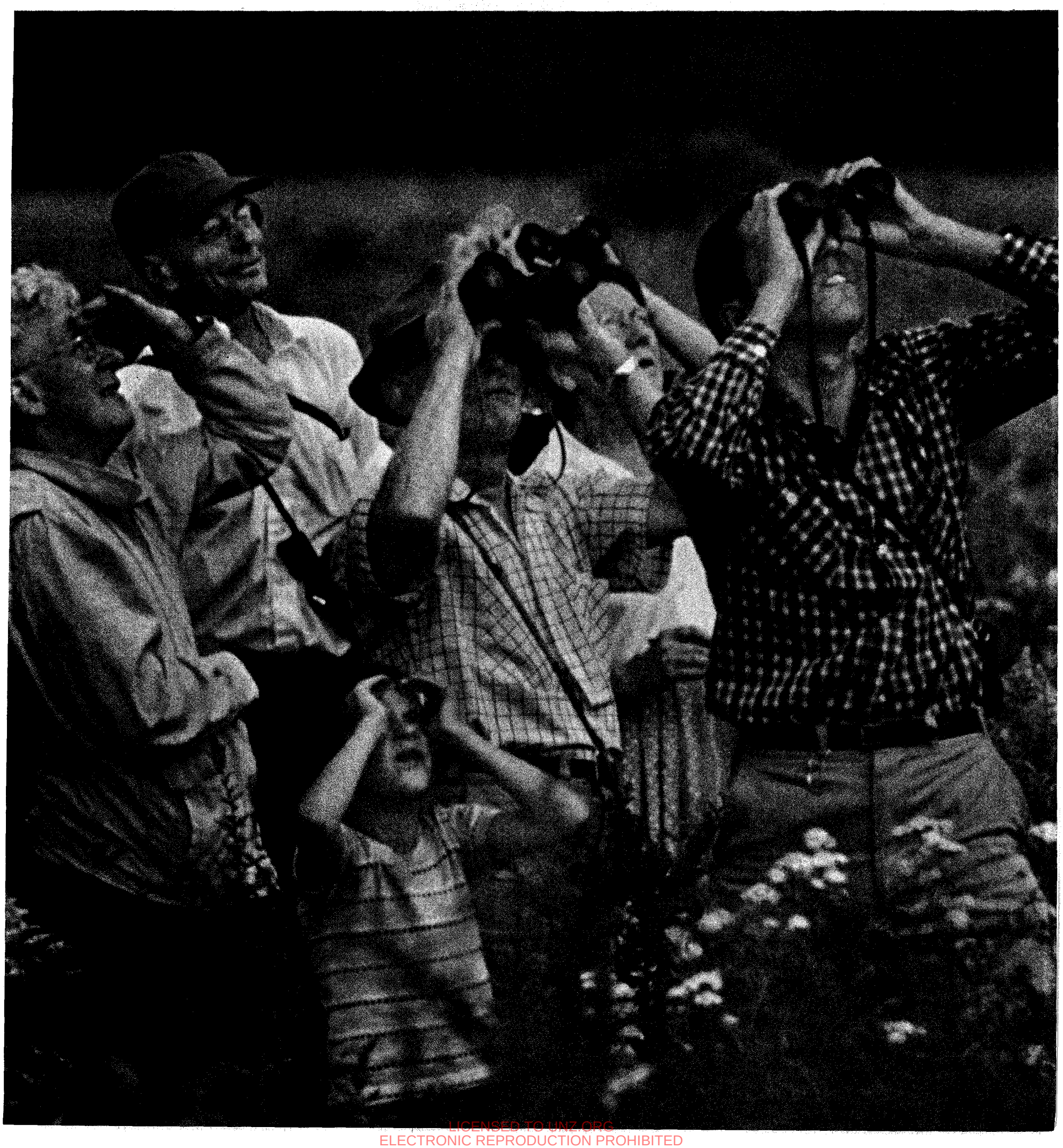
What sight on high causes these faces to light up? The answer, friends, is a bird—a soaring, taloned denizen of the sky. Quick-eyed members of this bird-watching group identify it ("chunky body, broad wings and round, rufous-red-tipped tail") as a red-tailed hawk or, to be scientific, *Buteo borealis*. This expedition is led by Allen Morgan (far right) of the Massachusetts Audubon Society; the scene is the Great Meadows of the Concord River. Since 1832, continuous records have been kept on the birdlife in these meadows, woods, swamps and uplands. Among the earliest field notes are those of Henry David Thoreau, great naturalist writer; Walden Pond itself is only three miles from this spot. Today bird watching is a nationwide hobby. Millions of amateur ornithologists tramp the countryside, binoculars and notebooks at the ready. Their greatest thrill is the sighting of an unusual species, but even robins, jays and swallows are colorful items in a watcher's daily list. There's no danger of running out of material; 1400 different species fly America's skies. Estimated total of birds: 7,000,000,000.

● Photograph by Farrell Grehan



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As the protagonist of what may turn out to be a tragedy for his party, William Knowland gave up the Republican leadership of the Senate to battle to the death for the governorship. If he loses he is a dead duck as a Presidential candidate.

The Great California Drama

The Republican Party looked terrible in the primaries, and now faces an uphill battle in the Golden State. A Post editor reports on next month's crucial election.

By STEWART ALSOP

Democrat Pat Brown (below, exhibiting the politician's traditional interest in a child) hated at first to risk his job as attorney general to try for governor. But his confidence shot a mile high when he got 56 per cent of the primary vote.

Almost any hard-fought election in a big state has a certain drama. But as a dramatic production the election campaign now being fiercely fought in California has, as the Hollywood hucksters say, everything.

For one thing, it is the most nationally significant state contest in recent history. Its outcome, as Arthur Krock has written in The New York Times, will have "immensely broad consequences . . . in national and international political action." It intimately involves the fate of three major aspirants to the Presidency of these United States. It will profoundly affect the internal coloration of both major parties. It will have a powerful impact on American foreign policy. It will determine, perhaps for years to come, the political control of what will soon be our biggest state. Perhaps above all, it will go a long way toward establishing whether the Republican Party is destined to permanent minority status in the nation.

For what has already happened in California is a dismal portent for the whole Republican Party. For more than sixty years the Republicans have dominated California, with only minor interruptions. But after the statewide primary on June third, the California Republican Party suddenly found itself in the painful position of Humpty Dumpty after he fell off the wall. If Humpty Dumpty cannot somehow be glued together before Election Day, the auguries will be sad indeed for the

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Incumbent Governor Goodwin Knight agreed to run for the Senate instead of clashing with Knowland. He is shown above, with Mrs. Knight, celebrating his 61st birthday last December.

Favored to beat Knight is Democrat Clair Engle, a "tough, shrewd, professional politician." Engle polled a healthy 46 per cent of the three-man primary vote last June.

Republicans, not only in California but nationwide, not only in 1958 but in 1960 and thereafter.

These are some of the reasons why it is worth having a good look at what is happening in California. There is another reason as well. The California election is a marvelous human drama, with a superb cast of characters, and it tells a lot about how American politics really works. Consider the main characters in the cast:

William Fife Knowland, leader of the Senate Republicans, and Republican candidate for governor of California, is a huge bull of a man with a reputation for rocklike integrity. Heir to a great publishing-industrial dynasty, Knowland has been a politician ever since he began to shave—at sixteen he was chairman of his district's Republican finance committee. As much as his ancient rival, Vice President Richard Nixon, Knowland lives and breathes politics. Yet he is an exceptional politician in a number of ways.

He is, for example, an exception to an old rule of American politics—that a rich man must be a liberal to get anywhere politically. Knowland is a conservative in his every instinct. Moreover, Knowland wholly lacks the easy winning ways of the typical politician. When he tries to act like a typical politician, the results are usually disastrous. In private conversation, for example, he displays—rarely, for he is a most serious man—an ingratiating, small grin. But his public, or political, smile is something quite different. One suspects that his advisers have told him: "Bill, you're too solemn, you ought to smile more." The result is a huge unnerving grimace.

Knowland's rare attempts to act the part of the glad-handing politician are not often successful. "When Bill tries the old routine of going through a supermarket and shaking hands," one of his supporters has remarked, "everybody's embarrassed, including Bill." One morning recently, or so the story goes, Knowland, while inspecting a dam site, descried a man shaving on the shore of the lake. Knowland strode purposefully up to the man, followed by a large retinue. "I'm Senator Bill Knowland," he rumbled, thrusting out a huge paw, "and where are you from?" The man, whose face was still half-covered with lather, was all but struck dumb by the sudden appearance of the enormous senator, and he turned out to be a stutterer as well. "Or-Or-Oregon," he finally managed to get out. There are no votes in Oregon for a California candidate, and so Knowland's experiment in the personal political approach ended in anticlimax.

One Knowland admirer has ruefully described another recent occasion when Knowland was closeted with his advisers in a hotel room. To leave, he had to pass through a room crowded with minor party workers. Knowland plowed through the assembled throng, like a battleship through a fleet of dinghies, speaking to no one, his eyes firmly fixed on the exit door—something no other major politician in his right mind would think of doing.

Yet this small episode suggests one of the strengths as well as one of the weaknesses of Knowland's political personality. He has always known exactly where he wanted to go, and he has always plowed through to his objective with an earnest, unswerving, singleness of purpose. There is an odd, indefinable weightiness about the man—an important political asset. The quality derives in part from Knowland's physical bulk, in part from his no-nonsense integrity. But it also comes in part from his lifelong habit of always going where he wanted to go, whether to the California Assembly when he was hardly old enough to vote, to the United States Senate at the age of thirty-seven, or to the leadership of the Senate Republicans in his early forties. There was always a smell of success, of achievement, of certain ultimate triumph, about Bill Knowland, at least until last June third.

There is not much doubt about where Bill Knowland has always wanted to go in the end. He wants to go to the White House, as he has ever since he was in knee pants. Come November, the world, and Bill Knowland, will know whether he still has a chance to go there, or whether he must (Continued on Page 102)

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IS COLLEGE FOOTBALL WORTH SAVING?

By DON FAUROT
as told to Joseph N. Bell

Missouri's famous athletic director tells what player subsidies and high-pressure recruiting are doing to players, colleges and spectators, and he fixes the blame.

On the knife-and-fork circuit last winter I heard a well-known football coach open his talk to a businessmen's club by saying, "We try not to let education interfere *too much* with football at our school."

He was kidding, of course, and the line got a laugh. But it was a joke that may not seem funny much longer. Big-time football is in trouble, mostly of its own making. The excesses of a small group of coaches, alumni and college administrators are giving the whole sport a sour reputation. This is happening at a time when American education as a whole is under a certain amount of pressure. In these circumstances there is less and less inclination to put up with the current abuses in college athletics. I feel that it is imperative now for everyone concerned with college sports to acknowledge the abuses, and take corrective action while it's still possible.

I have a big personal stake in this matter. As athletic director at the University of Missouri and a long-time college-football coach, I'd hate to see anything happen to intercollegiate football. One of the main reasons was illustrated the other day, when I was on a speaking tour and stopped to get a shoeshine in a little southern Missouri town. I had just come from a civic-club meeting, and was wearing a badge which identified me. The shoeshine boy—a colored lad of twelve or thirteen—saw the badge and asked if I was indeed the athletic director at the university. When I told him (Continued on Page 99)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

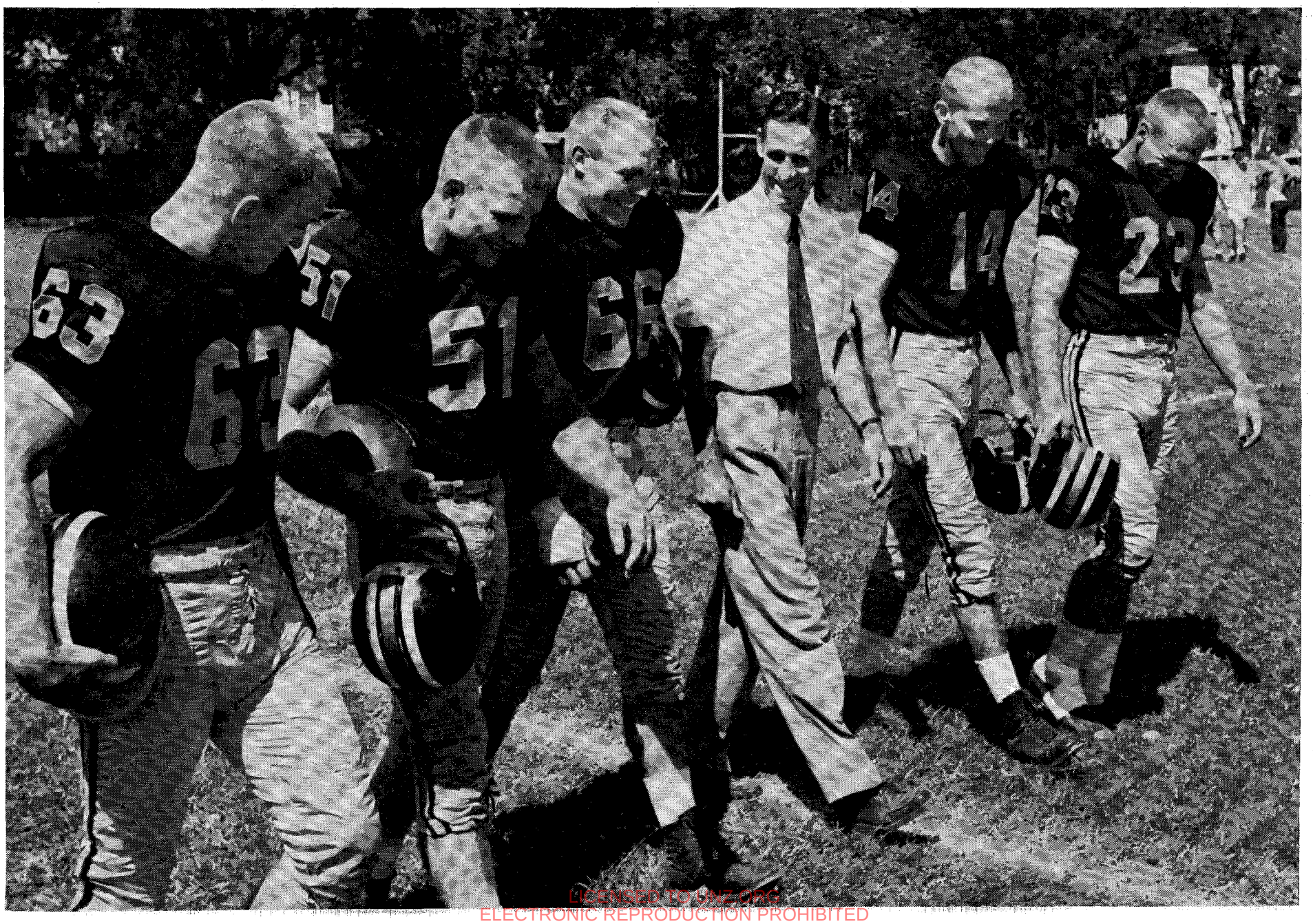
A number of college-football coaches are going to disagree with what Don Faurot says here about abuses in player recruiting, but few will dispute his right to say it. As director of athletics and football coach at the University of Missouri, he has been a stickler for both the letter and the spirit of the recruiting rules—to the despair of some of his own alumni. Many observers think his uncompromising stand on this question is the big reason he has reaped less glory from the split T—his prize invention—than some of the other coaches who adopted it.

Faurot gave up the football-coaching part of his job at Missouri after the 1956 season, but continues as athletic director. During his last half-dozen years with the football team he was able to win barely a third of his games—twenty-two wins, thirty-six losses, two ties. On a career basis, however, he wound up a heavy winner, with a record of 164 wins, ninety-two losses and thirteen ties in twenty-eight seasons of college coaching.

One of Faurot's split-T disciples is Bud Wilkinson, the highly successful coach of the University of Oklahoma. Bud takes a considerably brighter view of the current state of college football, as reported last week in A VISIT WITH BUD WILKINSON.

—The Editors

Sept. 8: Faurot with five returning Missouri lettermen whom he personally recruited. Each receives no more than the legal athletic scholarship. They are (from left) guard Charles Rash, center Tom Swaney, guard Donald Chadwick, quarterback Phil Snowden and halfback Henry Kuhlmann.



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When Rodney Oaks appeared in the shorts his wife had bought him, Cadwallader sat on the lawn and guffawed.

The Brainwashed Husbands

By ROBERT W. WELLS

Only one man in Hasty Heights had the spirit to revolt against the tyranny of wives. . . .

The meeting of the Hasty Heights Civic Progress and Community Betterment Association was called to order by Mrs. Deirdre Hammermeister, a slender brunette with a determined jaw.

"Ordinarily," she said, folding her arms firmly across her denim blouse, "these little gatherings are mainly social. But tonight we are confronted with a problem that threatens the future of the community life we all love. We will, therefore, get right down to business. I believe Pearl Oaks has a motion to make."

"I have a resolution, madam chairman," Mrs. Oaks said, rising. "It's right here in my handbag somewhere. I typed it all out, but I can't seem to —— Yes. Here it is. Now, I ought to mention that it isn't all my idea. Some of the girls met last night and we ——"

"Never mind that, Pearl. Just go ahead with the reading."

"I didn't want you to think I deserved all the credit. All right, then. Here goes. 'Whereas Hasty Heights is a community of modern homes and modern people, and whereas what is done by one of its citizens affects us all, and whereas ——'"

"Hey, Pearl," Mike Harris shouted, "get to the point."

"'And whereas,'" Mrs. Oaks persisted, staring down her (Continued on Page 62)

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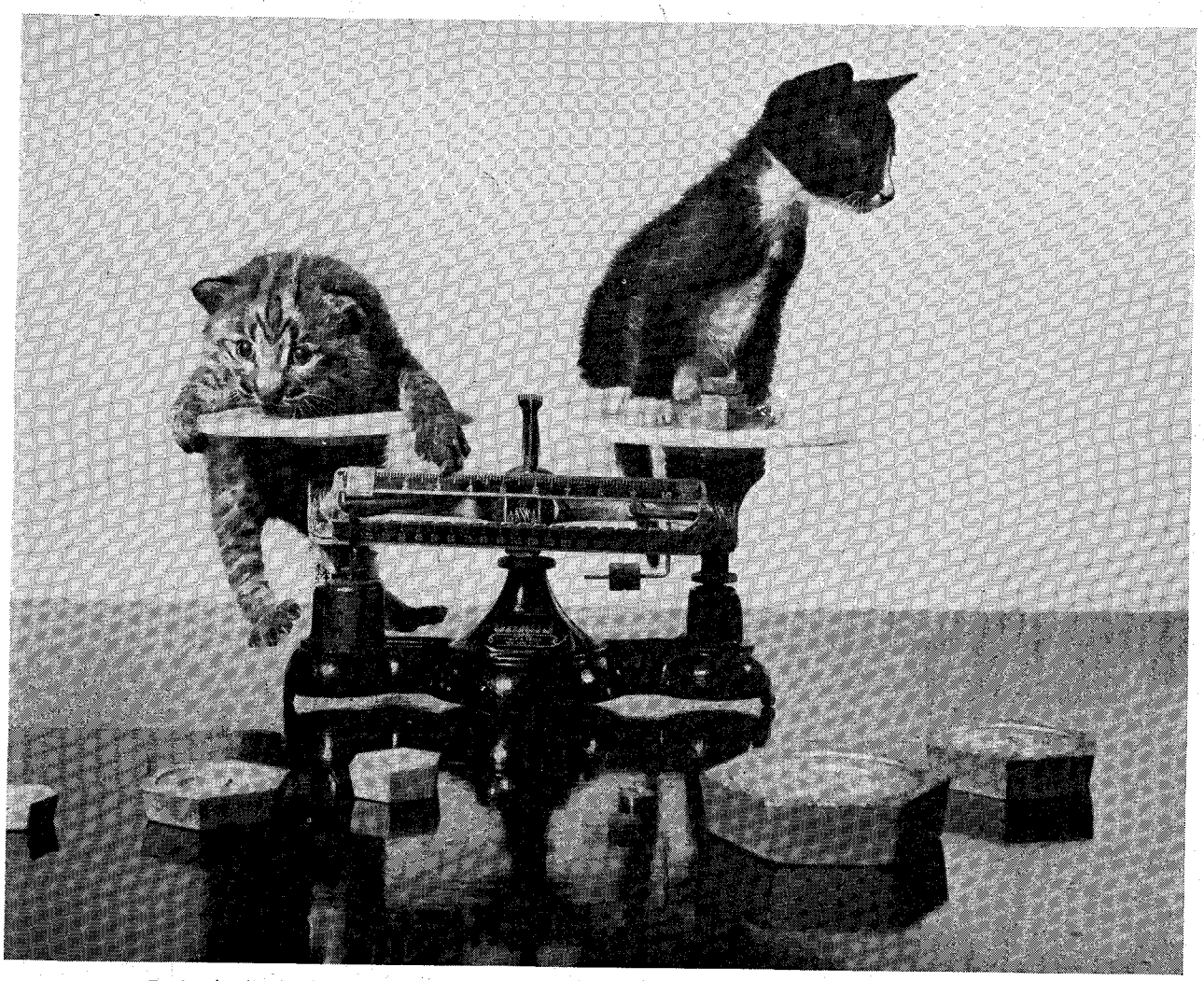
The Animals We Live With

By RITA VANDIVERT

A famous photographer's wife reports on the adventures of sharing her bed and board with her husband's furry friends.



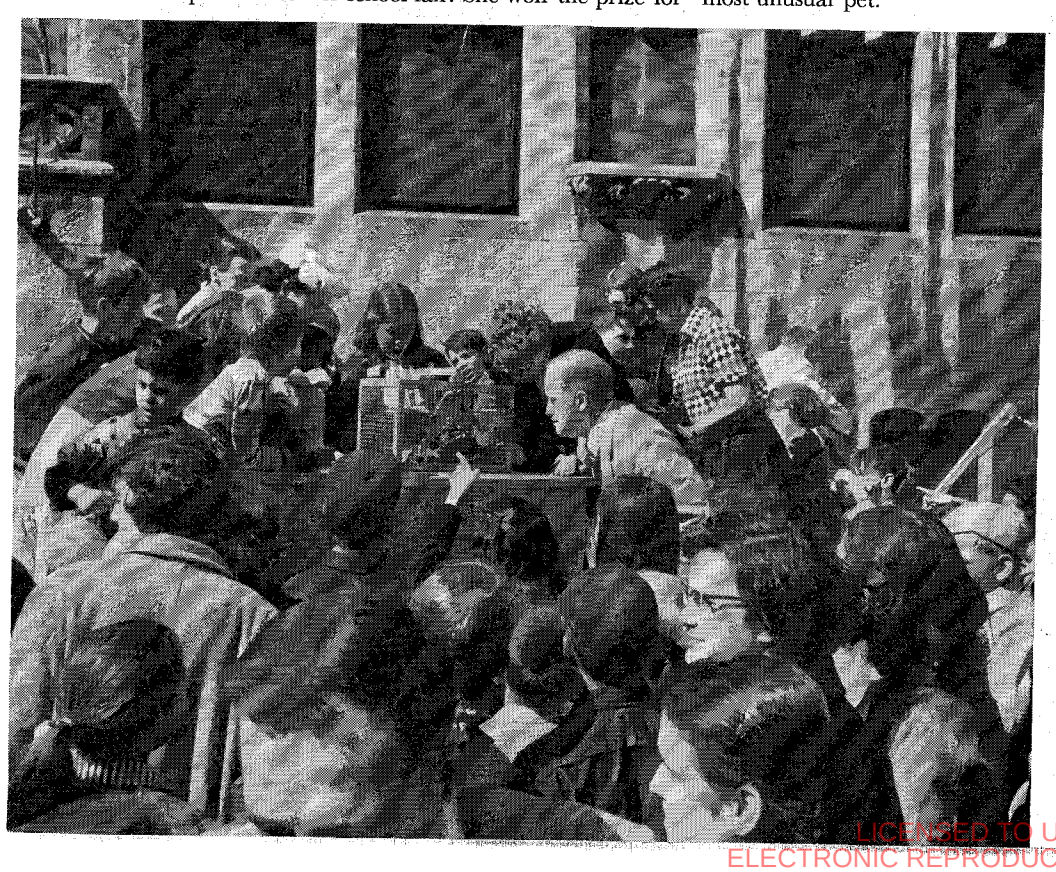
Rufus (left), the Vandiverts' wobbly baby bobcat, with Wicked, his precocious domestic stepbrother.

For a number of years now—never mind how many—I have been married to a professional photographer who firmly believes that photography ought not only to provide us with a good living but give us plenty of fun and excitement too. Bill has never wanted to be typed as the man who does just one kind of photography, with the risk that what started as inspiration becomes a routine chore. To avoid this, he decides every now and then to experiment in a fresh sideline, simply for a new challenge and a change of pace. These notions of his set off a series of family conferences and, as ideas develop and our enthusiasm mounts, anything may happen.

This was how we came to undertake producing a bookful of photographs of wild animals and their young, pictures by Bill and text by me. At the time, Bill—apart from an interest in moth collecting as a boy—could hardly claim to be a wild-animal expert and, as for me, my previous experience had been limited to staring at them in zoos. Nevertheless we plunged right in by drawing up a list of the animals we thought should be included. We wanted to concentrate on relatively familiar ones, animals that our prospective readers might well have seen—and about which we hoped they would want to know more.

We called in our nine-year-old, Susan, for consultation, but she lost interest when we turned down her first two suggestions—a herd of mustangs and Penelope, her Siamese cat. Even without Susan's help, however, Bill and I eventually (Continued on Page 114)

The author's daughter, Susan (behind the cage), took a family of young opossums to her school fair. She won the prize for "most unusual pet."



Below, Bill Vandivert photographs a family of minks. Because minks are smelly, they couldn't be tolerated in the Vandiverts' New York apartment.

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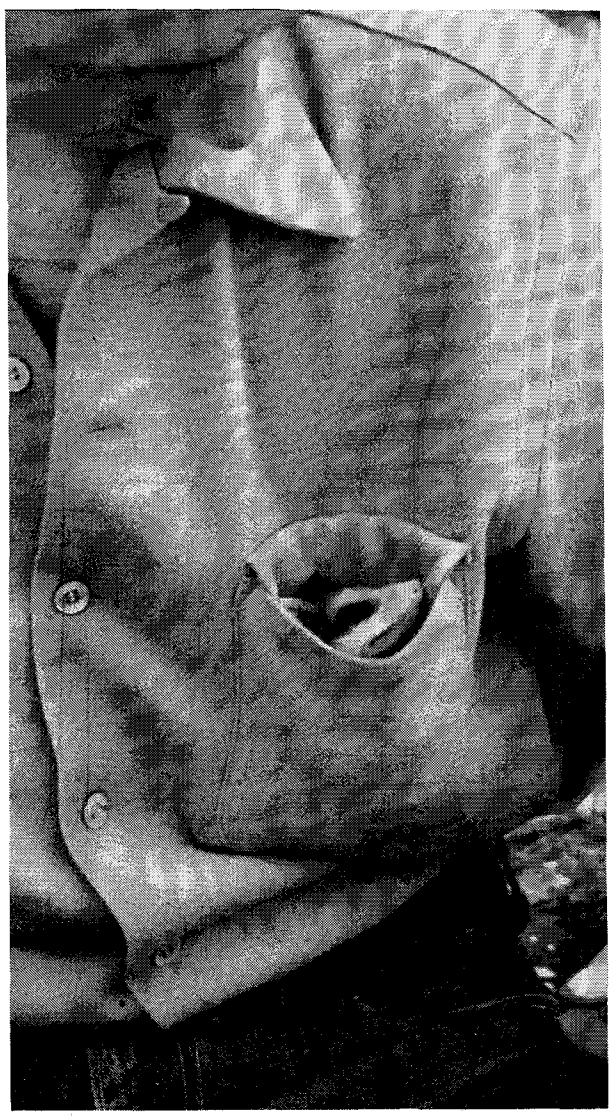
Photographs by William Vandivert

Porkie, the month-old porcupine, takes his formula out of a doll's bottle administered by his human foster parents.



To a baby opossum, a shirt pocket can be almost as cozy as its own mother's pouch.

At right, Susan and a foundling fawn. The waif slept in the forest, but always showed up at a cabin in the Catskills in time for meals.

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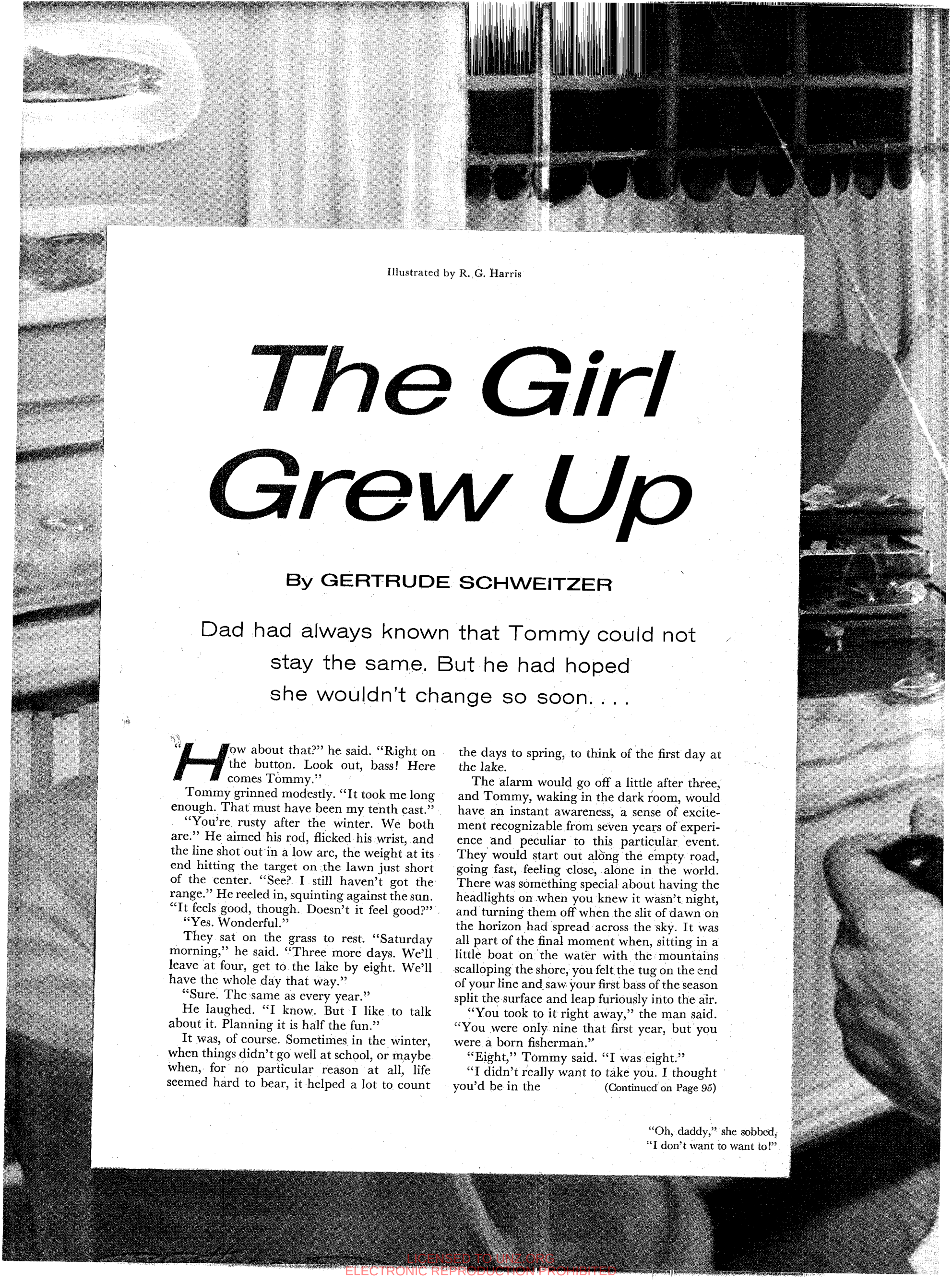

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

The Girl Grew Up

By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

Dad had always known that Tommy could not stay the same. But he had hoped she wouldn't change so soon. . . .

"How about that?" he said. "Right on the button. Look out, bass! Here comes Tommy."

Tommy grinned modestly. "It took me long enough. That must have been my tenth cast."

"You're rusty after the winter. We both are." He aimed his rod, flicked his wrist, and the line shot out in a low arc, the weight at its end hitting the target on the lawn just short of the center. "See? I still haven't got the range." He reeled in, squinting against the sun. "It feels good, though. Doesn't it feel good?"

"Yes. Wonderful."

They sat on the grass to rest. "Saturday morning," he said. "Three more days. We'll leave at four, get to the lake by eight. We'll have the whole day that way."

"Sure. The same as every year."

He laughed. "I know. But I like to talk about it. Planning it is half the fun."

It was, of course. Sometimes in the winter, when things didn't go well at school, or maybe when, for no particular reason at all, life seemed hard to bear, it helped a lot to count the days to spring, to think of the first day at the lake.

The alarm would go off a little after three, and Tommy, waking in the dark room, would have an instant awareness, a sense of excitement recognizable from seven years of experience and peculiar to this particular event. They would start out along the empty road, going fast, feeling close, alone in the world. There was something special about having the headlights on when you knew it wasn't night, and turning them off when the slit of dawn on the horizon had spread across the sky. It was all part of the final moment when, sitting in a little boat on the water with the mountains scalloping the shore, you felt the tug on the end of your line and saw your first bass of the season split the surface and leap furiously into the air.

"You took to it right away," the man said. "You were only nine that first year, but you were a born fisherman."

"Eight," Tommy said. "I was eight."

"I didn't really want to take you. I thought you'd be in the (Continued on Page 95)

"Oh, daddy," she sobbed, "I don't want to want to!"

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Tony Schwartz (foreground) is a "sound collector" for Folkways Records. Here he captures a hippo's serenade to a peanut, in New York's Central Park Zoo.

OFFBEAT SOUNDS FOR SALE

These browsers in a New York shop may take home recordings of a rotary saw, voodoo rites, or a locomotive.

Have you heard "A Tropical Rain Forest" or "Tomcat Serenade to a Willing Widow"? There's a noise to suit every taste on the market today.

By SIDNEY SHALETT

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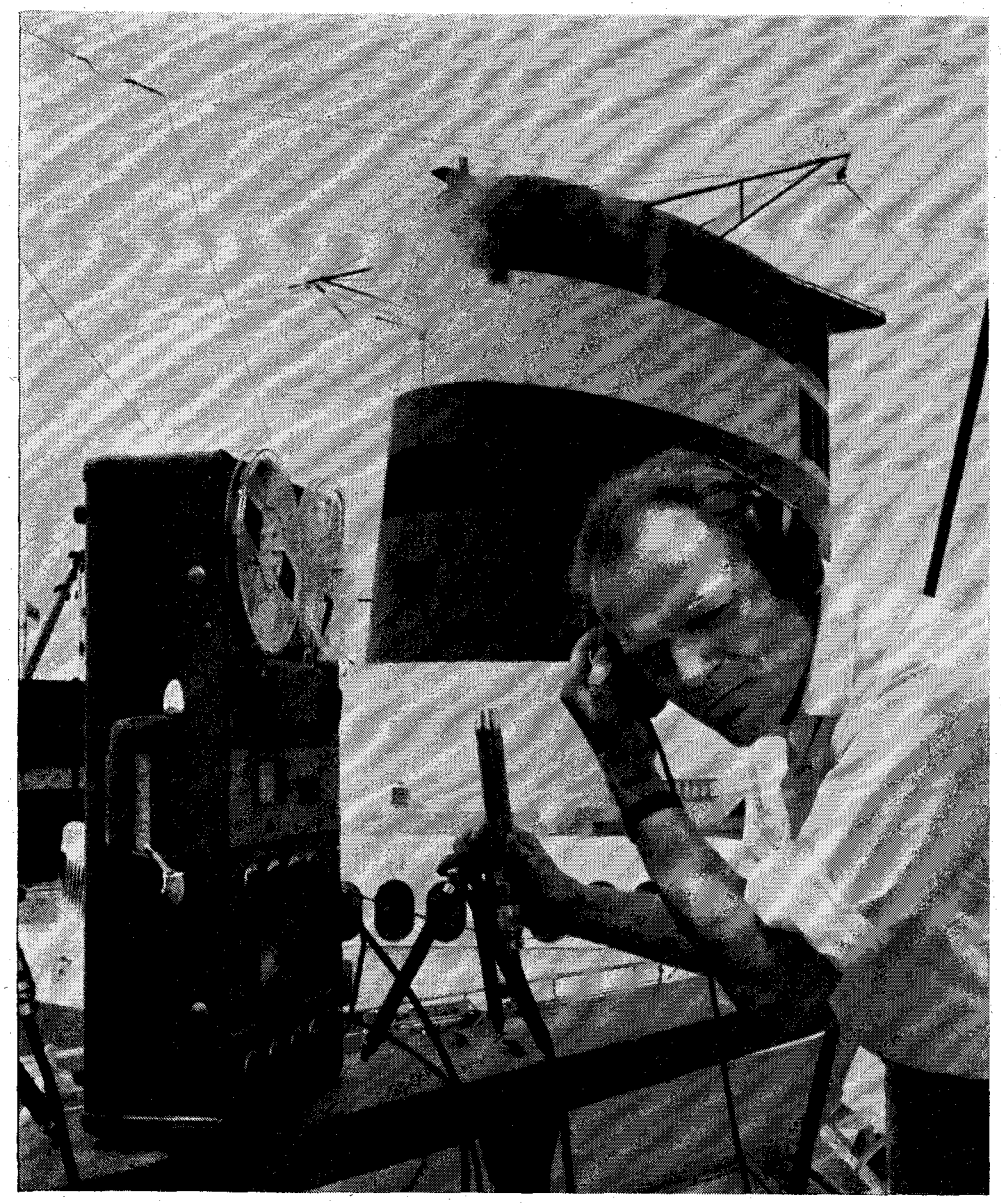


The author calls Emory Cook (here taping the moan of a departing ocean liner) "an electronics genius who has pioneered in recording such phenomena as bullfrogs."

E. Power Biggs went to England to make a Columbia recording of Handel's music on the composer's own organ.

With the amazing rebirth of the record-making industry since the advent of the tape recorder and other electronic miracle gadgets, practically anyone can become a one-man recording company. Nothing is sacred from the prying ears of the microphone; no corner of the globe, under the sea, or even upper space is too far for the peripatetic recorders to lug, lower or project their equipment. Now on the market are thousands of recordings odd or unusual enough to satisfy almost any whim.

For those who like primitive music there are Spirit and Calamity Songs of the Baoulé Bush or the Scalp Dance of the Flathead Indians. For collectors of even more esoteric sounds, there are noises of sea animals, mating calls of lovesick tomcats, sounds of railroads, jet planes, electrical storms and of hammers driving nails into wood. There are sounds of beaches, bistros and burlesque houses, and one record—actually a crashing bore—purports to reproduce the boudoir noises made by a red-headed model while undressing. There are records to acquaint humans with the language of parakeets, and parakeets with the language of humans. There is one fine documentary which records the actual birth of a baby by the "natural childbirth" method.

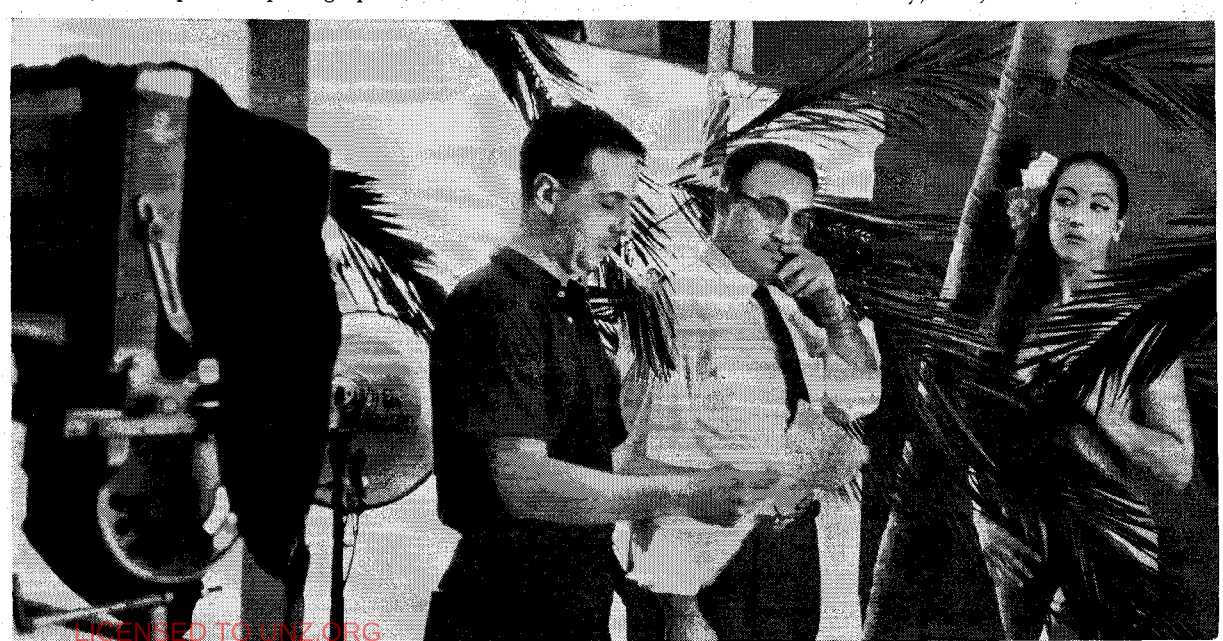
Recorders of the unusual occasionally find themselves in unusual situations, as did Emory Cook, head of the Cook ("Sounds of Our Times") Laboratories in Stamford, Connecticut, in an expedition to the British West Indies island of Grenada. Cook is a self-styled amateur anthropologist and an undisputed electronics genius who has pioneered in recording such audio phenomena as steam locomotives, storms, surf, bullfrogs and the mighty blast of the Queen Mary at sailing time. More recently, he helped popularize authentic calypso and so-called "steel band" (oil-drum ends) music.

With trusty tape recorder in hand and a local female schoolteacher-folklorist to guide him, Cook was scouring the Grenada hills in search of a *boli*, a large gourd, covered with beads or shells, used in the Grenadine version of voodoo rites, called Shango. "We finally found a man who had one and, after much discussion over a quantity of rum which I just happened to have along, he agreed to let me record it," Cook relates. "The problem was that you can't just shake a *boli*—you've got to have someone chant along with it. After more negotiation and refreshment, the man produced a Shango priestess to do the singing.

"We started recording and, as the wild rhythms began, a crowd gathered on the hilltop. It was dark by this time, and it was all pretty weird. They recorded for a short while—fantastic stuff!—and then, abruptly, they stopped and a heated discussion began. The priestess suddenly had decided they shouldn't be putting this stuff on tape."

As the discussion grew more pointed, Cook began packing his gear into the jeep. "I've learned that Rule (Continued on Page 105)

Like historical novels, record albums nowadays are sold by the fetching photograph on the cover. Here Sid Frey (left) plans a photograph to attract attention to one of his Audio Fidelity, Inc., albums.



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Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

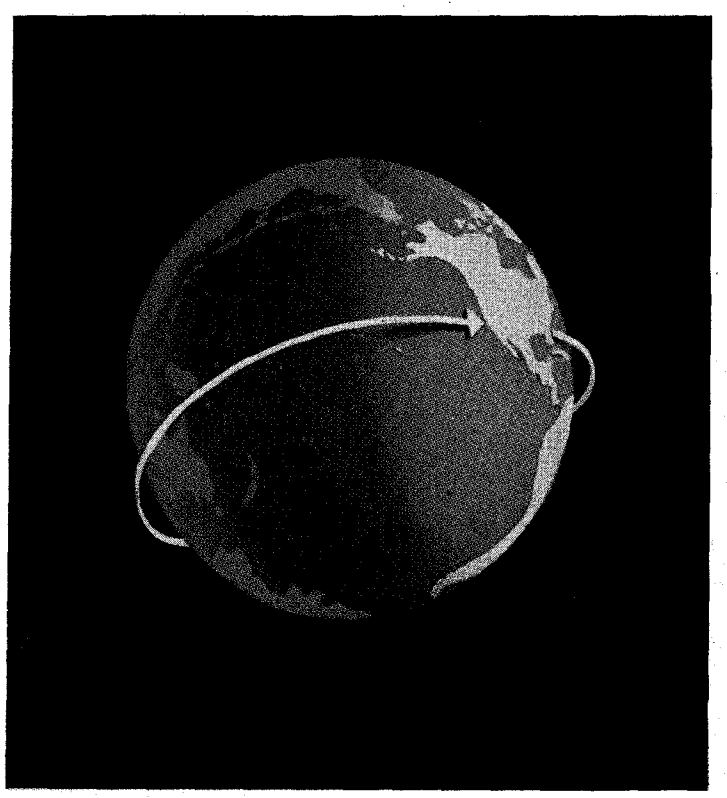
Orbit Flight

Conclusion

By FRANK HARVEY

In minutes the final count-down would begin.

Of the five Air Force pilots who reached the final, grueling elimination tests for Project Great Circle, one was dead, one permanently disabled. Two men broke under the severe strain. But for tense days the only survivor, young Colonel George Jones, had been pitted in grim competition against Bartholemew, the other remaining pilot. Whoever won out would fly the fantastic X-15 rocket plane around the earth. The loser would serve as backup man. Then tragedy struck. In a test flight of the X-15 from a high-flying bomber, Bartholemew was killed trying to bring the multimillion-dollar craft down safely after an engine malfunction. Now Jones knew that the success of the terrifying venture into outer space would depend upon him alone.



General Albert Byrd, boss of the Air Research and Development Command, was a rangy, lantern-jawed man of fifty who still climbed into the hottest jets American brains could devise and wrung them out until the rivets creaked. He did it methodically, like work. The lack of excitement in his flight reports was a legend. "The airplane seemed to fly fairly well," was wild enthusiasm, coming from General Byrd. But when he gave a fighter or a bomber the thumbs up, it was certain to be a deadly piece of combat hardware. The things General LeMay had stood for in SAC, General Byrd represented in ARDC: the simple best.

Now, in George Jones' yard, General Byrd bowed to Christine. "My apologies for breaking in at a time like this, Mrs. Jones. I know what you've just been through. I hope you'll forgive me."

"Of course, general. Won't you come in?"

"No, thanks. Not this time. I want to talk to your husband."

"Certainly, general. If anyone wants coffee later, just let me know."

"Thank you, ma'am. We will."

Christine Jones went into the house and shut the door. The three officers were alone. General Byrd said, "Sorry to barge in, colonel, but it's important. But before I state my mission, I must ask you something: how soon can you fly the X-15B around the world—with safety?"

"Our target date is June, sir. Late June."

"I know your target date, colonel. That wasn't what I asked."

Jones met the general's eyes. They were blue and very steady. He said, almost formally, "General Byrd—when the X-15B is ready, I'm ready."

The trace of a smile touched the general's tough mouth. "Very well, Jones. If that's how you feel, I'll lay out the cards. The Russians have a boost-glide project going too. This we know positively from our intelligence. And their target date is not late June. It's early May—about a month from now. They beat us with Sputnik. Now they are out to beat us with a manned space vehicle. Let me put it this way. Russia and the United States are like two actors on a stage. The audience is the world. It's more than national pride that's at stake here. It's alliances, foreign policy, maybe the safety of all of us. At least, that's how the Joint Chiefs look at it. They want us to be first this time—if we can be first without taking too big a risk."

"Yes, sir," Jones said.

"We've got the boosters ready at Cape Canaveral. We can ferry the X-15B over under the wing of the B-52. All we need is a pilot."

Jones smiled. "Sir—you now have a pilot. When is the next plane for the cape?"

"The next plane for the cape," said General Byrd, "leaves in about forty minutes. It's a McDonnell Voodoo. I'm flying. You're riding in the back seat."

Cape Canaveral, in April, was at its best. The winter rains were gone and the summer heat had not yet arrived. The sea was a sheet of green glass under a cloudless sky and the beaches looked like powdered sugar in the sun. But for George Jones it was a madhouse of hurried last-minute preparations. Secrecy, of course, was no longer possible. The boosters were erected on the sky line of the cape: two Atlases and a Thor, with the X-15B mounted vertically on top. Through field glasses the assembly looked like a cluster of heavy pilings with a finned shell sticking straight up out of the middle.

Jones spent every waking moment at the cape going over the mission details. They were launching southeast over the established missile test range for obvious reasons. They could utilize the radar tracking stations—the boosters would fall into open ocean—and the earth's rotation would give the X-15B a bonus of 1000 miles an hour.

The course was a great circle passing over the tip of Africa, north of Australia, and across the Pacific Ocean back to Edwards Flight Test Center, in California. As far as Australia, the X-15B would fly at about 17,000 miles an hour. Then it would start "skipping" back into the earth's atmosphere and would slow down to normal landing speed by the time it reached its destination. The orbit would be a circle—not an ellipse—and it would be about a hundred miles high.

News of the upcoming flight had, of course, been headlines for weeks. Jones' fan mail was a paper flood. Young girls wished to marry him. Crackpots warned him that the X-15B would be felled by a heavenly thunderbolt if it attempted to leave man's "natural home." There were many offers from book-publishing houses, magazines, advertising concerns and movie companies. These were handled by the Information Services Officer in behalf of Colonel Jones. One offer—$250,000 for the movie rights to the George Jones story—he had signed. He wanted Christine taken care of and this was a way to do it.

On the fifteenth of April a secret message came from Central Intelligence advising that Russia had increased her effort to launch a manned space vehicle. The launch date was not known exactly. But it would be very soon, maybe within the week. That evening, General Byrd

(Continued on Page 119)

"That does it, colonel," said General Byrd. "You can close your face plate now and pressurize your cockpit."

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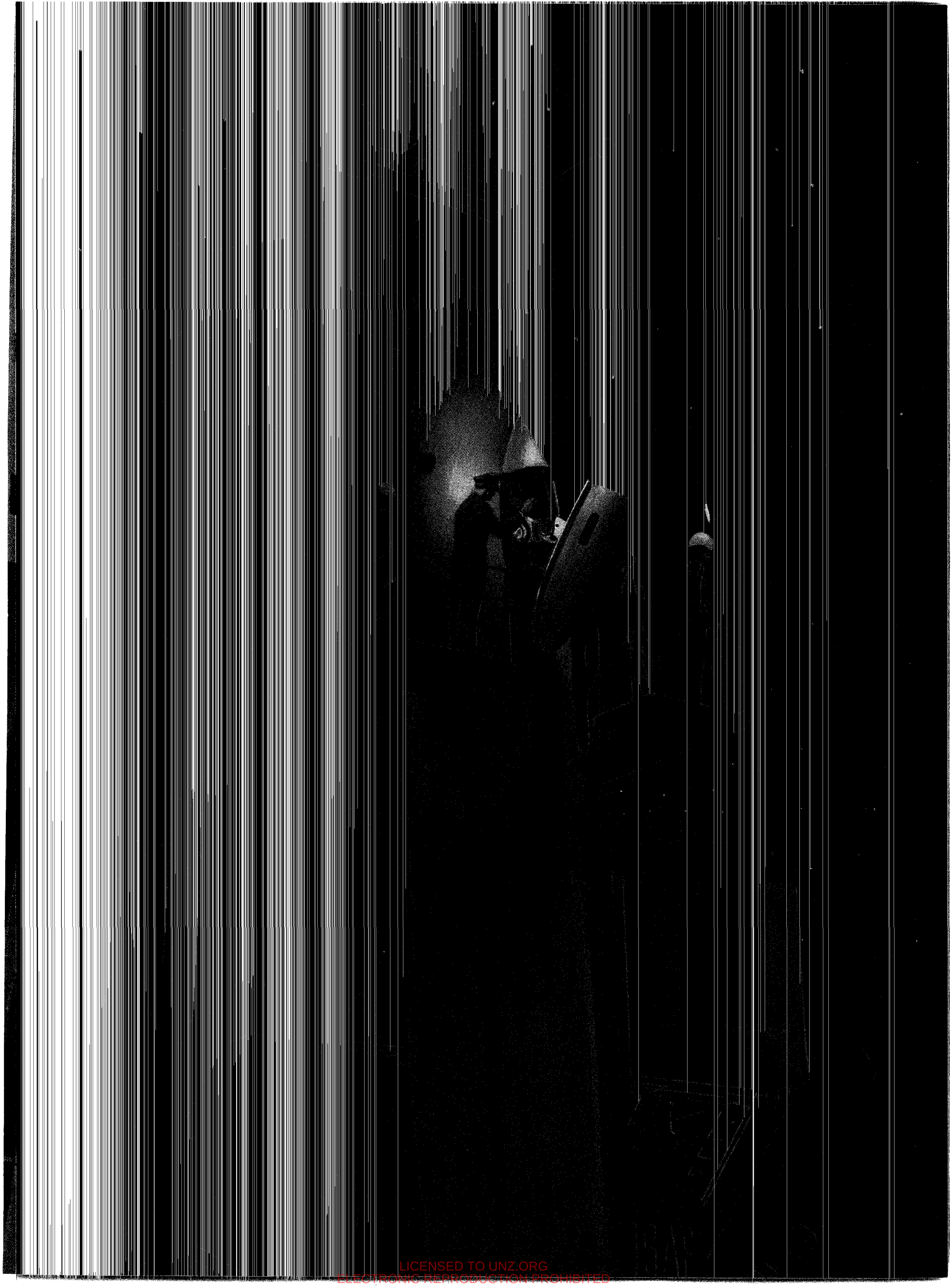

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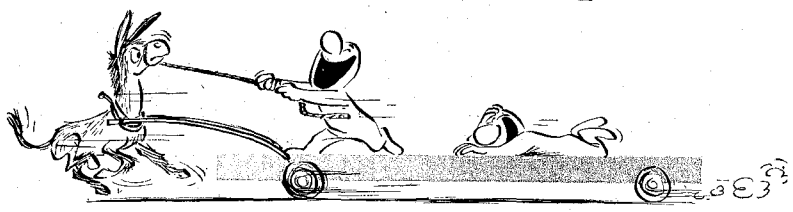
Post Scripts



Culinary Crusader

Her invitations to dinner presage
A mess of pottage and a pot of message.
A health-food convert, she serves you her diet,
Devoutly certain that once you try it,
You, too, will glow with the vigor and joy
Implicit in beet-top, squid and soy,
As she urges on you the benefits
Of creamed alfalfa and barley grits.

And though you may choke on the all-bran bread,
She means so well that it must be said
Her generous heart, for all its blindness,
Is filled with the yogurt of human kindness!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Young Bombshell

As he darts through the house, tracking mud as he goes,
In a burst of excitement and pep,
We try to recall how delighted we were
On the day that he took his first step!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

How to be a Hollywood Columnist

The first thing to do, if you really want to become a Hollywood columnist, is to try in some way to get to Hollywood. This is essential.

Once there, the next thing to do is either rent or borrow a typewriter and start practicing stars' first names. This is very important, as no columnist worth a dime would be caught dead using a full name. They are either at Ciro's with Clark, the races with Tab, or in receipt of a newsy letter from Ingrid. Who can challenge them? It might be from Ingrid Schwartz.

The only other thing to remember is to put certain words in capital letters to EMPHASIZE them. The following could serve as a typical example of today's Hollywood column. Study it, and then you're on your own.

Gina, who is always so GOODHEARTED, set the trap for THREE in her kitchen today. It was the MOUSE'S birthday.

Kim has decided to keep her recent elopement with *Dip* a secret until news of their DIVORCE leaks out.

After ten months of hunting for the right star to play Mickey in the MICKEY ROONEY STORY, *Mickey* himself came on the lot and someone got the idea of testing him for the part. Unfortunately, *Mickey* failed to make it . . . TOO TALL.

Last Wednesday, *Larry Bates*, former silent-screen favorite and now head GATEMAN at the studio, almost got himself in a terrible mess. A well-dressed lady wearing dark glasses hurried past him on her way into the STUDIO. *Larry* ran after her, demanding to see her PASS. With that, she angrily took off her glasses, and was HIS face RED . . . it was his WIFE.

Well, that's all for today from HOLLYWOOD. See you AROUND.

HAL BLOCK

Wise Quack

How little availed my truckling
To the fickle goddess Luck.
For I was an ugly duckling,
And now I'm an ugly duck!

PENNY PENNINGTON

It Cannot be Taken With Us

I, Little Muskrat, said this to my father, Big Muskrat: "Let us ramble down to the trading post, Big Muskrat. I have a fever for a vroom-vroom machine as my day-of-birth gift from you."

"You speak a strange tongue, my son," said Big Muskrat. "What is this vroom-vroom machine?"

My eyes shone as I clued in Big Muskrat. "Such a machine," I explained, "is quite cool. It has two round wheels, a saddle in between, while under this saddle is the power of many horses. Into the machine's stomach you pour some high-octane fluid and then—then, Big Muskrat, you press a little stick and vroom! vroom! this machine goes like the west wind!"

"Ah, so," muttered Big Muskrat. "Such a machine must cost many skins, Little Muskrat."

"A stack of wampum," I said, "but you cannot take it with you, Big Muskrat."

Then my father's eyes flashed and his reply came out like thunder. With words and signs he told me how things were when he was a young brave like me. How the wigwam was always mortgaged, how his poor mother grew fat because there were no pennies to weigh her on the trading-post machine, and how he, Big Muskrat, had no toys except an empty lard can and a pair of dried bones for drumsticks.

Silently I listened, then I pressed a handkerchief to my eyes. "A speech of eloquence," I said. "Forgive my tears."

"Why do you cry, my son? I do not dig you."

"Then sharpen your shovel, Big Muskrat. I cry first in sorrow for Granddaddio Muskrat, who loved you, but could give you only a lard can and two bones; and then I also cry in joy for you, because you can give me a vroom-vroom machine."

Big Muskrat sighed, then counted the skins in his pocket pouch. "Come, Little Muskrat," he said. "If indeed we cannot take it with us, we will spend it while we are here."

A. R. SWINNERTON

TV Programs

When running late, they really whiz
Through just a line or two of credit.
But when they're not, they even show
Who helped the editor to edit.

VERNON H. KURTZ

That Sales Talk Could Stand Improvement

"How about lending me ten bucks, Joe? Then if my nag comes through in the sixth I'll be able to pay you back the entire fifty I owe you."

"I suppose I'm not much of a bargain, Peg, but what do you say you and I get spliced? After all, you're not getting any younger, you know."

"*Dear Ivy University:* I'm perfectly confidant what I can in every ways filfull you're requirments and prehaps even become an honour studant."

"Have some of these clams. I dug them myself two weeks ago."

"Can you advance me my allowance, daddy? The Screamers have just put out the keenest new record, Happy When You Slap Me."

"You can't beat this breed for a watchdog. I absolutely guarantee that he'll go for anybody who comes on your premises."

PARKE CUMMINGS

GUESS WHO By Bill Harrison

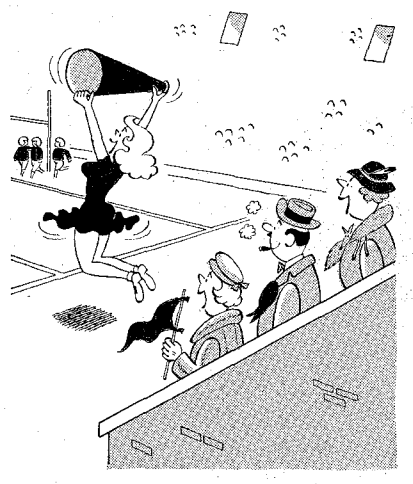
. . . has never laughed at the boss's jokes

. . . owns the store

. . . will suggest leaving

. . . doesn't have a hobby

. . . has a new puppy



. . . didn't see the touchdown

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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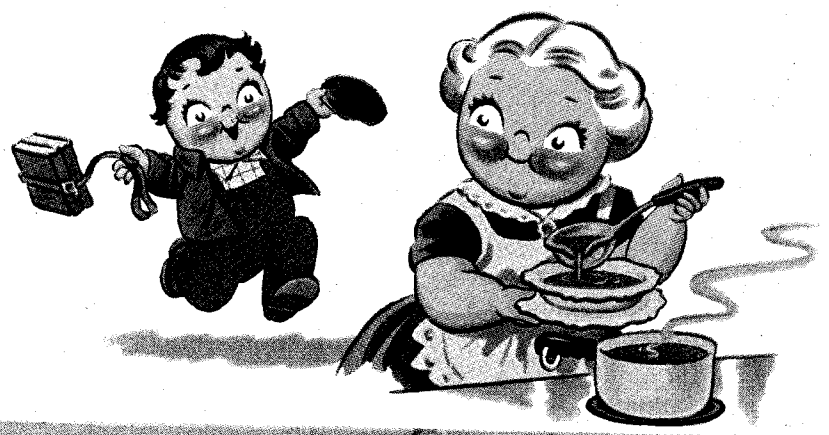
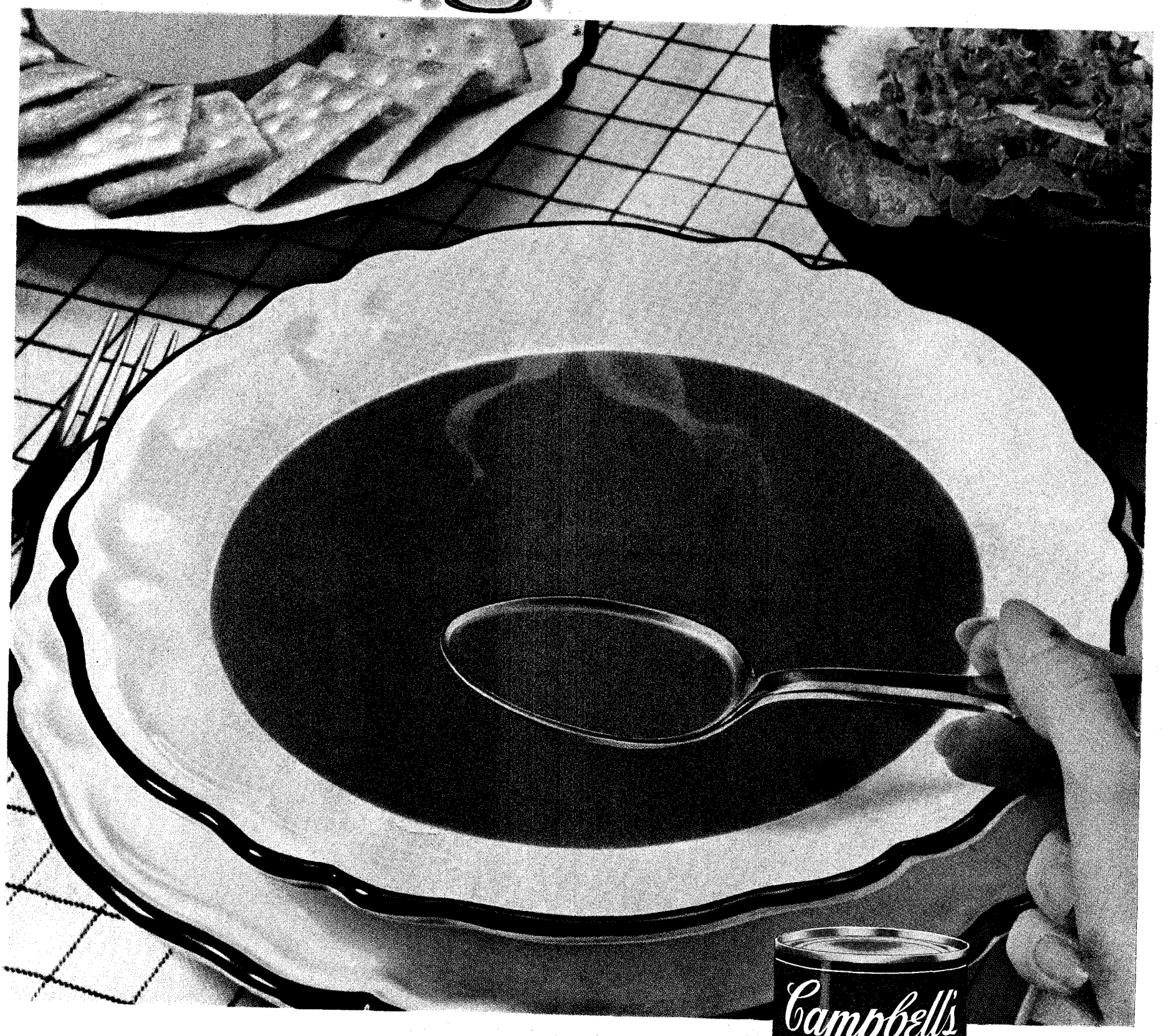


Quick! Delicious! Thrifty, too!
Campbell's Soups are good for you!



4 MINUTES EASY—3 WAYS WONDERFUL! Campbell's Tomato Soup—glowing with the goodness of those special Campbell tomatoes, picked sun-ripe from the vine—slow-simmered, delicately seasoned with Campbell care. Make it with water if you like it tangy. Make it with milk for extra nourishment. Or top it with whipped cream—that makes a party! Any way you eat it, it makes a pleasure of the happy habit . . .

ONCE A DAY . . . EVERY DAY . . . SOUP!

Have you had your soup today?

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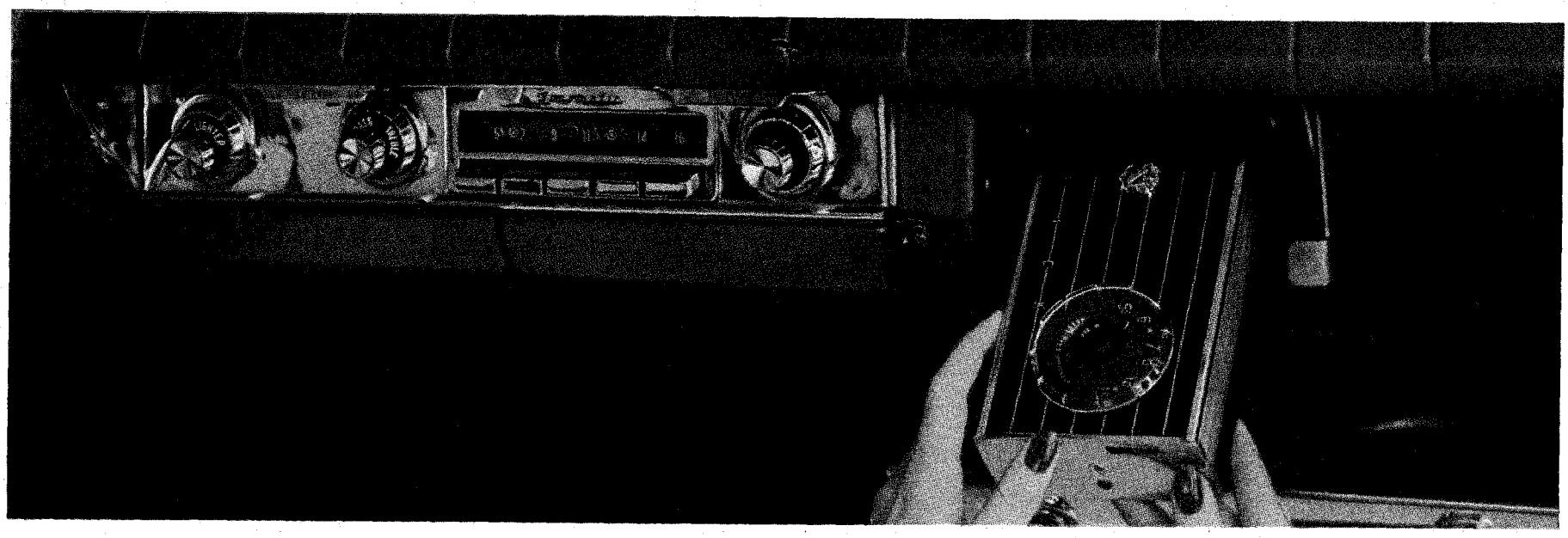
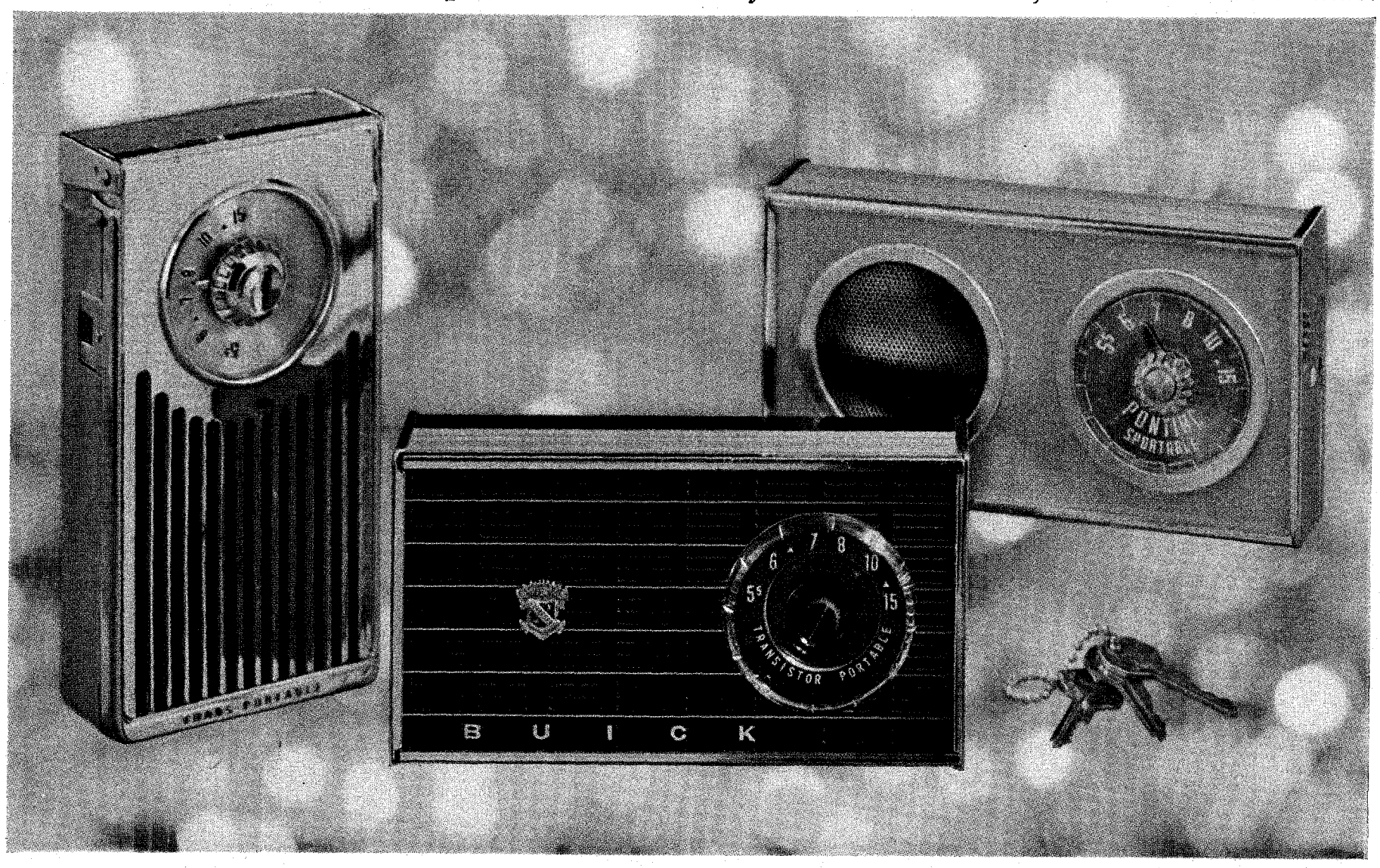


It's a full-size pushbutton car radio, but when you remove this unit you have a powerful pocket-size portable. Available only on the 1959 Buick, Oldsmobile and Pontiac.



All new for '59... Delco's all-transistor car radios that are portable

Now you can get everything a fine full-size car radio has to offer—PLUS the convenience and pleasure of a portable. It's an engineering first and a Delco exclusive!

The portable part of this new two-in-one radio is handsome, small, lightweight and really powerful. That's because it's an all-transistor radio that uses 90% less power than vacuum tube sets. When it's locked away out of sight you have a full-size car radio that's operated by the regular pushbuttons on the dash. It employs the car's battery, built-in audio system, antenna and big full range speaker to give the finest in auto radio performance.

Delco's new dual-purpose radio provides greater tonal range, volume and clarity than the most expensive sets, *and* it plays without warmup or mechanical noises. It's beautifully and individually styled for the 1959 Buick, Oldsmobile and Pontiac. See your new car dealer soon for a demonstration of this wonderful, all-new, all-transistor radio that goes where you go, plays where you play.

DELCO RADIO

Division of General Motors • Kokomo, Indiana

WORLD LEADER IN AUTO RADIO

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The Ugly American

PART THREE

Don't Trust Anybody!

By WILLIAM J. LEDERER
and EUGENE BURDICK

Sometimes the Communists' intelligence agents were too clever for the most seasoned Foreign Service officer to suspect.

"Sarkhan is more firmly than ever on the side of America," said Louis Sears in his final report as U. S. Ambassador to Sarkhan. Completely satisfied with his work in the small Asian country, Sears went "back home" to assume a Federal judgeship.

Sears, a stupid man, was unaware that his bungling had caused the rise of dangerous anti-American—and pro-Communist—sentiments among the Sarkhanese. He did not know that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for his successor to win back the friendship of Sarkhan.

III

The Hon. Gilbert MacWhite, appointed to succeed Lucky Louis Sears as ambassador to Sarkhan, was a fit man. At the age of forty-four he weighed exactly the same as he had when he was graduated from Dartmouth with the class of 1932. He had red hair. His body was hard and muscular. When he was in the States or in England he played squash at least three times a week; in other countries it was tennis. He smoked one cigar a day, a fine, thin, hand-rolled Havana. He liked not more than two drinks each evening and preferred Martinis. But he could, if he had to, drink immense quantities of vodka, sake or Scotch; his tongue never thickened and his mind seldom dulled.

MacWhite was, from his first day in the State Department, a professional foreign-service officer. He needed no breaking in. He was competent, precise and highly efficient. He also was courageous and outspoken, and he had imagination. During the McCarthy excitement he kept his head and ran his desk smoothly. By 1952 he had served as consul general in four large foreign cities, as deputy chief of mission in two countries and was regarded by his superiors as a comer.

In 1954, the Hon. Gilbert MacWhite was made

(Continued on Page 122)

Li stepped forward and slapped Donald across the mouth.

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first

step to

beautiful

painted

walls*

*...Super Kem-Tone Latex paint dries with a velvet-flat finish that is guaranteed washable!

The Lady and the Lynching

(Continued from Page 30)

study the engineering side of it. That's why he had put up with these long months of being away from her, steadying down, learning to be ambitious. And now he was back in town. He knew from her letters that Mildred was right here somewhere, running some kind of dressmaking setup that she and her mother had started, and he couldn't wait to be with her again and tell her how he stood.

But this lynching talk queered the deal. It made the town a place where a man might have to take sides. "Keep out of it!" said every cautionary nerve in Barney's body. "Get out of town if you have to. But keep out of it!"

Then Barney delivered his packet to Elvira Stapton and found that he couldn't keep out of it. That he was in it already and that he, too, was being watched.

The Stapton house was a legend in the county—three stories high, six different kinds of woodwork painted four colors and more curlicues than a Mexican saddle. The blood-red carpet and bobbled curtains, the plush chairs with lacy doodads to keep off the hair oil, flossy lampshades and porcelain spittoons, all made Barney feel abashed and conspicuous. And there was Elvira Stapton, two years a widow since old George had pushed too far for gold into Apache country. Slim, tall and colored more pretty than was natural, Elvira rustled like dry leaves when she moved.

Barney had given her the packet of papers—right into her hands, as McKay had told him to—and then he had wanted to go, but she didn't let him. Instead she sat there on the fancy sofa and talked about the terrible, cowardly murder of Mr. Castene and how they must all stand together and see that Dan Purvis was hanged for the crime and not saved by a lot of politicians, and how law and order must be upheld by all men with backbone enough to see it through. All this while she gazed at Barney with a hard, compelling brightness in her steel-gray eyes.

"Well?" she demanded finally.

"Yes, ma'am," said Barney. "I see what you mean."

Then she was on her feet and Barney found her real close to him, smelling like flowers and giving out a warmth from her ruffled throat that seemed to dare him to touch her.

"Then you'll do something for me," she said.

Avoiding her eyes, Barney gazed upon the mass of bronze hair that swept upward in waves and ringlets from her forehead. "Anything I can, ma'am," he said cautiously.

"I'm having some friends in tonight," she said. "A few of the men who mean business. I want you to come. And I want you to bring Tom Hibben."

Tom Hibben! So that was her play! Barney stared at her as if he'd suddenly discovered a tarantula in a silk-lined sewing basket. He saw then that this packet of papers he'd had to deliver was only a blind to rope him in for her to bridle. That riled him. But the bigger revelation—that this game was being run by a silk-clad female who dished up murder at supper parties—that was a new slant to Barney, and it made his skin crawl.

He knew the game too well—the hard, cold play of picking killers, of buying their guns or forcing them to take sides. Only five years back, a wandering kid of seventeen, he had nearly been dragged into the Graham-Tewksbury feud just by looking for work with the big Graham outfit. Only Tom Hibben, in it himself up to his neck, had warned him that it wasn't wranglers they were looking for, but gunmen. And now, because he worked for the Stapton mines, this woman figured on using him to drag Tom into a new outbreak of hatred, violence and slaughter.

"You won't get him." Barney set a stubborn jaw. "Tom swore he'd never use a gun again outside the law."

"You bring him." She looked him over with a smile that was confident, and Barney hated her. "He's one man we've got to have."

"Why?" blurted Barney.

"His reputation!" Her eyes glittered greedily. "Everyone knows how he went into Tewksbury's camp and drove him out into the hills." Her voice dropped confidentially. "That's the only kind of man we can expect Sheriff Bassett to give up his prisoner to."

Barney gaped at her, dumfounded. She wasn't even screening it. She had the whole thing sewed up and was proud of it. Every man bought and paid for, he reflected, but him and Tom Hibben.

She saw his antagonism and dropped pretense. "You're paid to do what you're told!" she warned him sharply.

Barney thought of Mildred. Of his slim savings. Of the promises he had made himself. He felt the halter tighten about his neck. But he could still struggle.

"I'm only a hunter, ma'am," he said. "I just kill meat for the camp."

"Of course." Her voice was suddenly all warmth and understanding. "But you're on the payroll. And the Minerva Mines are going to be the biggest thing in the territory. There's a fine future, Barney, for you young men who are loyal to the mines. Bigger jobs than you realize." She touched his arm lightly. "You understand that, don't you?"

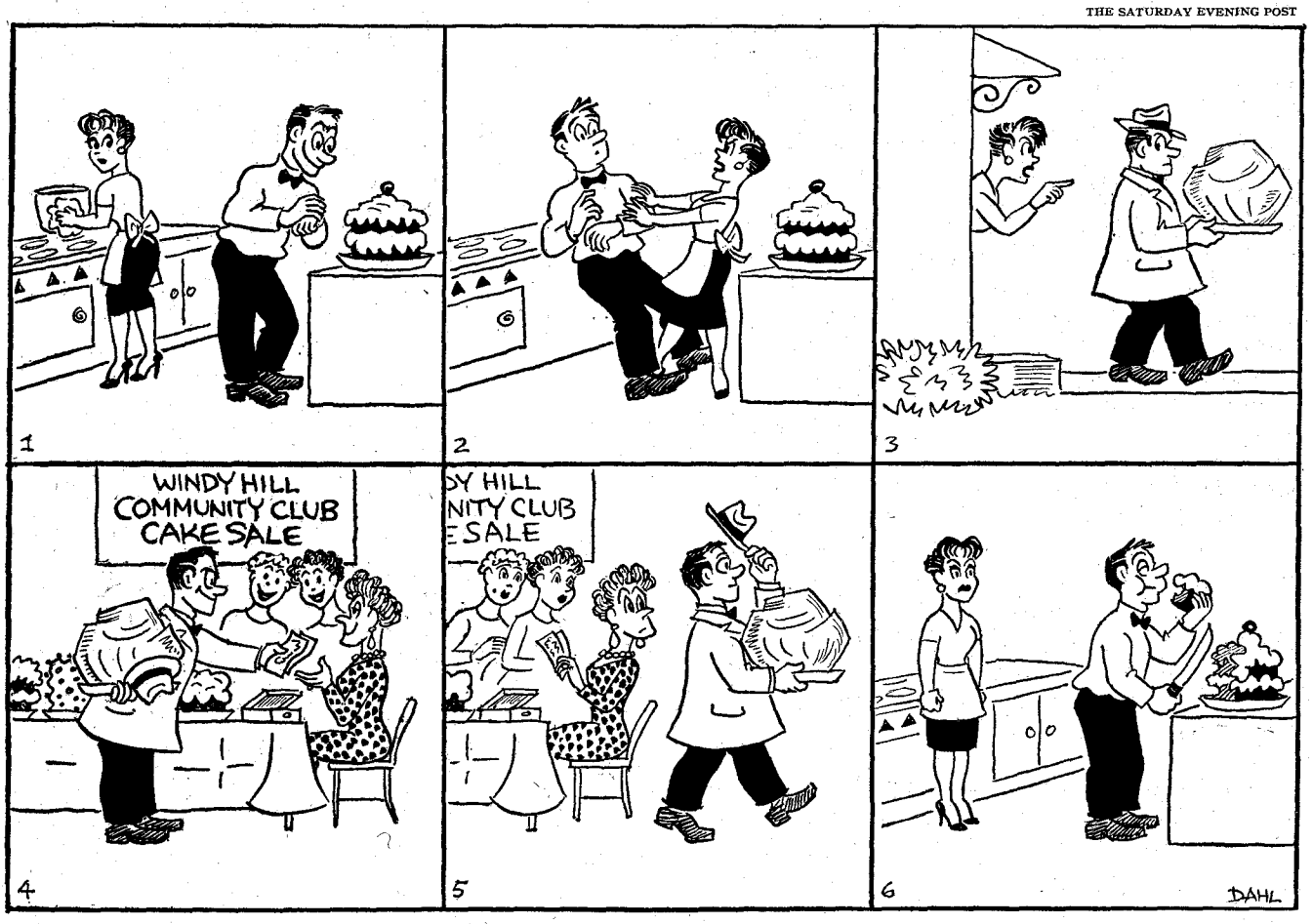
Barney understood. Good jobs for the faithful, no jobs for the opposition, not even safety on the streets or on the range. He moved toward the door. "I'll tell Tom," he said. "I'll bring him if he'll come."

"I knew you would," said Elvira, smiling.

Coming out into the bright sunlight, seeing again the naked reality of the little town—its false-fronted stores, the sun-bleached clapboards of Nate Pringle's Palace Hotel and the dusty roadways—Barney felt as if he were stepping out of a dream. There was a man coming through the gate of the picket fence that separated the Stapton yard from the street. It was Lank Forster, tall and lean in a black suit and hat. Barney mistrusted him. Engineer, they called him at the mines, but Lank spent more time in the gambling dens (*Continued on Page 55*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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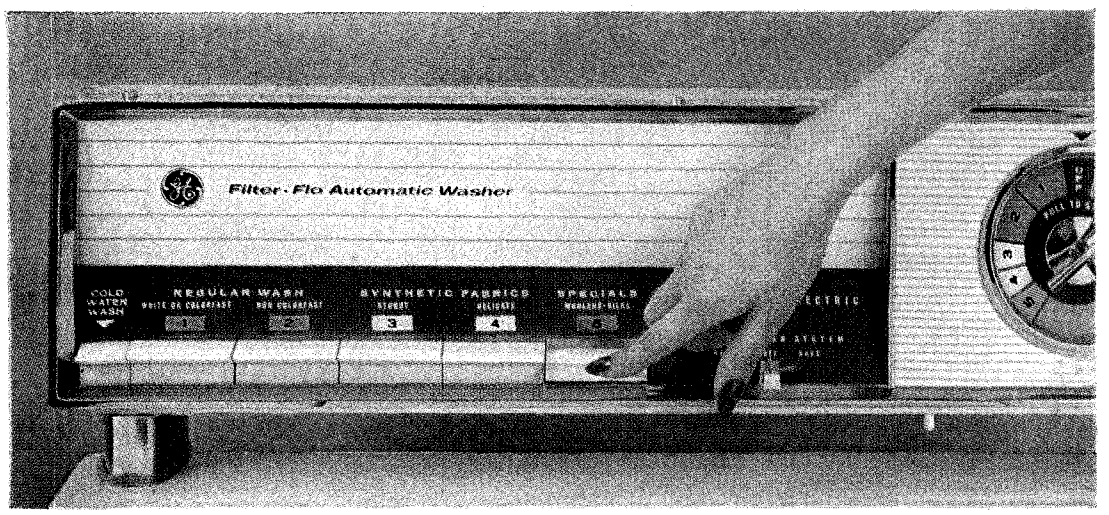
New as today's fabrics...

1959 G-E 5-CYCLE FILTER-FLO® WASHER!



1 . . . is the key for white and colorfast cottons and linens that need hot water, vigorous washing action. Fast spin extracts so much water they'll dry quickly.

2 . . . is pre-set to give dark or nonfast colors the warm water temperatures and fast spin they need. Brisk activation gets them clean as a whistle.

3 . . . is for sturdy, well-made wash 'n wear clothes of synthetics and blends. Warm wash water, brisk activation get them clean; slow spin prevents deep wrinkles.

4 . . . gently washes delicate wash 'n wear clothes in warm water, eliminates tiresome handwashing. Slow spin protects sheer fabrics, seams and trim.

5 . . . is for "specials." Slow wash speed in warm water is kind to woolens—won't "pill" blankets or sweaters. Fast spin gets out that extra water woolens absorb.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

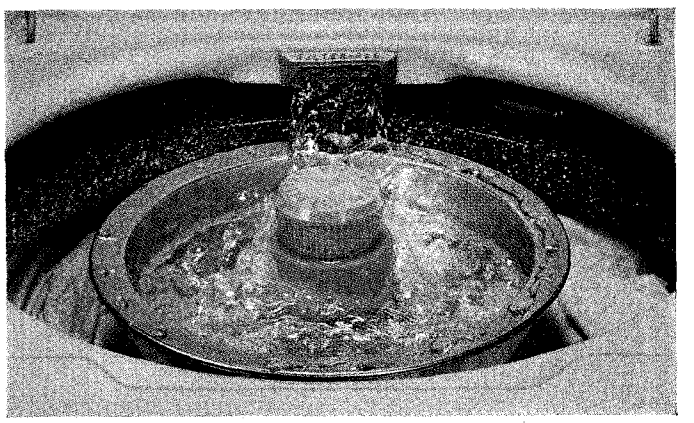
*After small down payment. See your G-E dealer for his liberal prices and terms. *Buy now for extra values!* General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

5 separate, pre-set cycles give all your washables custom care—automatically!

For every-week laundering . . . or once-in-a-while loads . . . the new G-E 5-Cycle Filter-Flo Washer has an *automatic* cycle to fit *all* your washing needs.

Just touch one key—turn the dial to the matching number—you get just-right care for your wash!

PLUS: Big capacity; Cold Water Wash; Rinse Dispenser; Suds Return (optional); G-E Written Warranty; in colors or white. At your G-E dealer's, with matching dryer.



NO-LINT-FUZZ WASHING because the famous, time-proven Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and re-cleans the water constantly. This filter is *dependable*, can't clog or impede water flow! A handy detergent dispenser, too.

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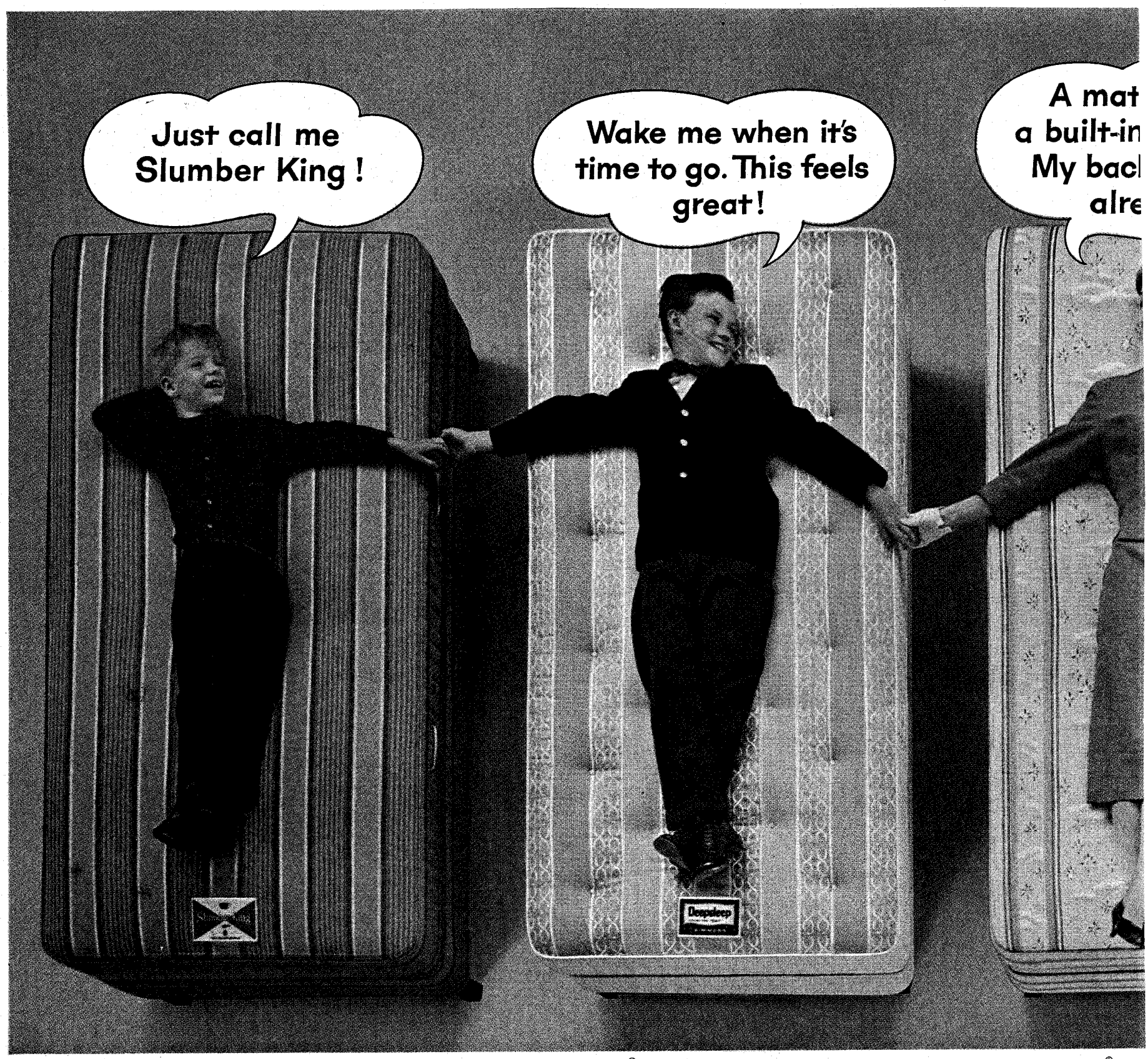

NEW Slumber King®... best buy for thrifty shoppers. 220 tempered springs with exclusive Auto-Lock assembly . . . richly upholstered . . . locked-in handles . . . 8 air vents. *Choose tufted or tuftless.* (Matching boxspring . . . also $49.50.)

$49.50

Long Boy Size—big 80" long—only $10.00 extra.

NEW Deepsleep®... value favorite of millions. 312 Auto-Lock springs... luxuriously upholstered . . . crushproof border with 438 air ventilators . . . long-wearing cover. *Choice of firm or extra-firm model.* (Quality boxspring . . . also $59.50.)

$59.50

Long Boy Size—big 80" long—only $10.00 extra.
Extra-long, extra-wide models at slight extra cost.

NEW Back Care®... w
problem backs. Supervise
tors. *Two* layers of innersp
dle close to your back for
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Long Boy Size—big
Extra-long, extra-w

No one has to settle for less than a SIMMONS MATTRESS !

Just name the price you like... the firmness you need... the comfort you want and take your pick from the all-new Simmons family of mattresses

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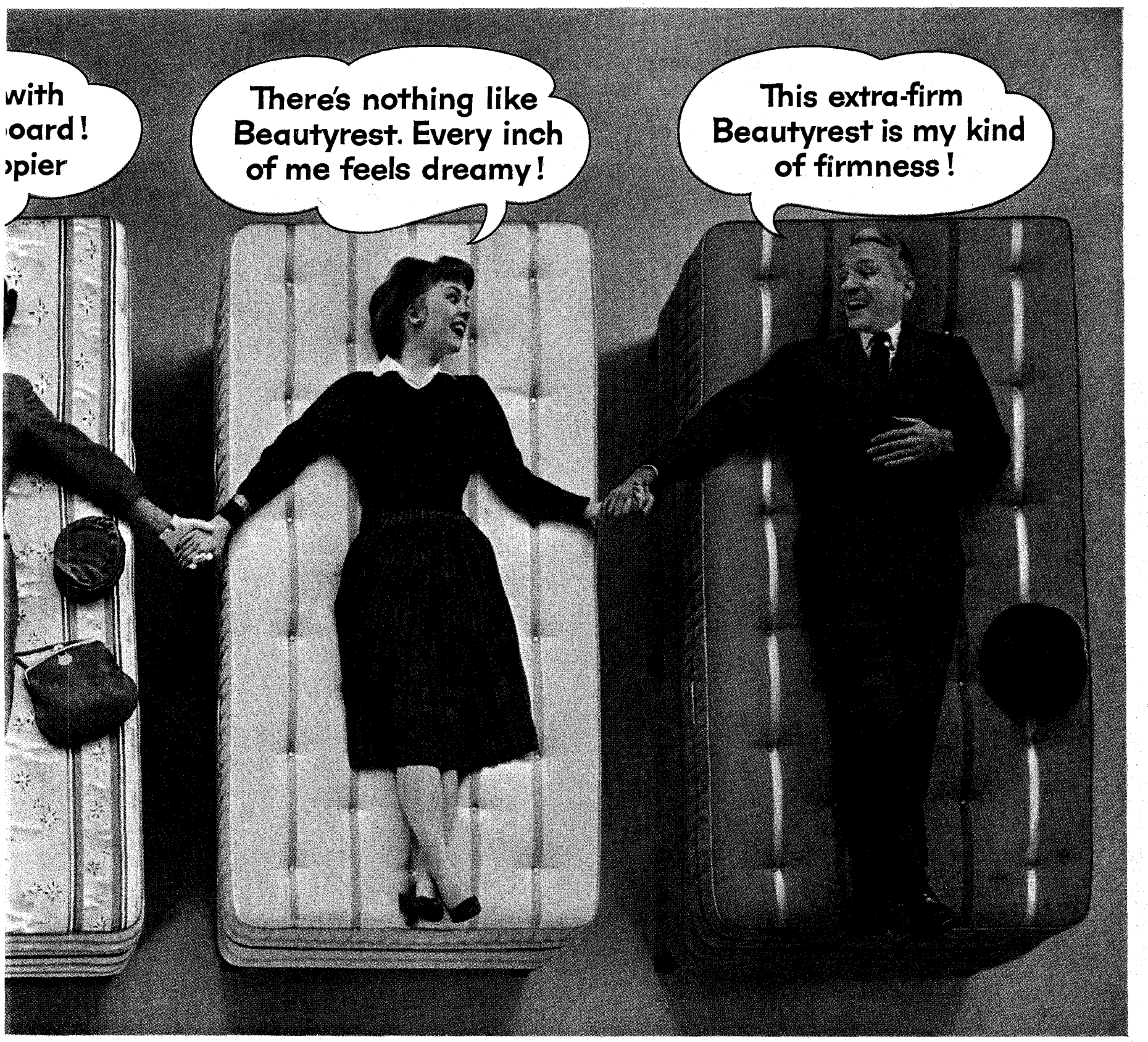
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pier
There's nothing like Beautyrest. Every inch of me feels dreamy!
This extra-firm Beautyrest is my kind of firmness!

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NEW Beautyrest®... world's best is even better. Over 800 springs *compressed* into pockets... *power-packed* for buoyant support and *body-fitting* firmness. Guaranteed 10 years! (Beautyrest boxspring foundation with new platform top... also $79.50.)

$79.50

NEW Extra-Firm Beautyrest®... for those who need or prefer it. Power-packed with over 800 separate, *extra-firm* springs, Beautyrest costs *least to own* because it lasts three times longer! (Beautyrest boxspring foundation... also $79.50.)

$79.50

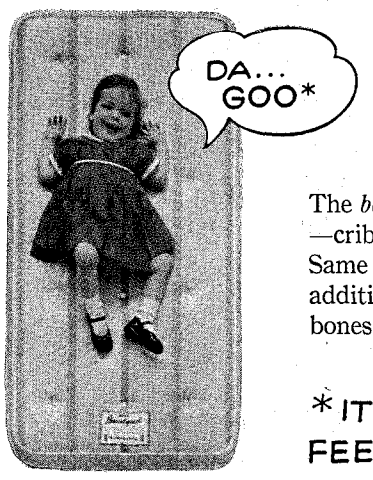
Choose a super-size Beautyrest mattress for greater health and comfort! Beautyrest Long Boy (80" long) only $10.00 extra. Queen Size (60" x 80") and King Size (75" x 80") also available at additional cost.

Here's why everyone's best mattress buy is a Simmons:

Simmons makes practically every type of mattress, in every price range. And since they make *more* mattresses than anyone else in the world—it stands to reason they can afford to give you the most for your money, *whatever you pay*.

Why not visit your favorite store selling Simmons soon? There's an all-new mattress for everyone in the family and *every* family budget.

Look 'em all over, try 'em out and take your pick—*no one* should settle for less than a Simmons mattress!



NEW Baby Beautyrest®

The *best* for the one who most deserves it —crib-size version of famous Beautyrest! Same comfortable spring construction; additional back support for growing bones; wet-proof cover.

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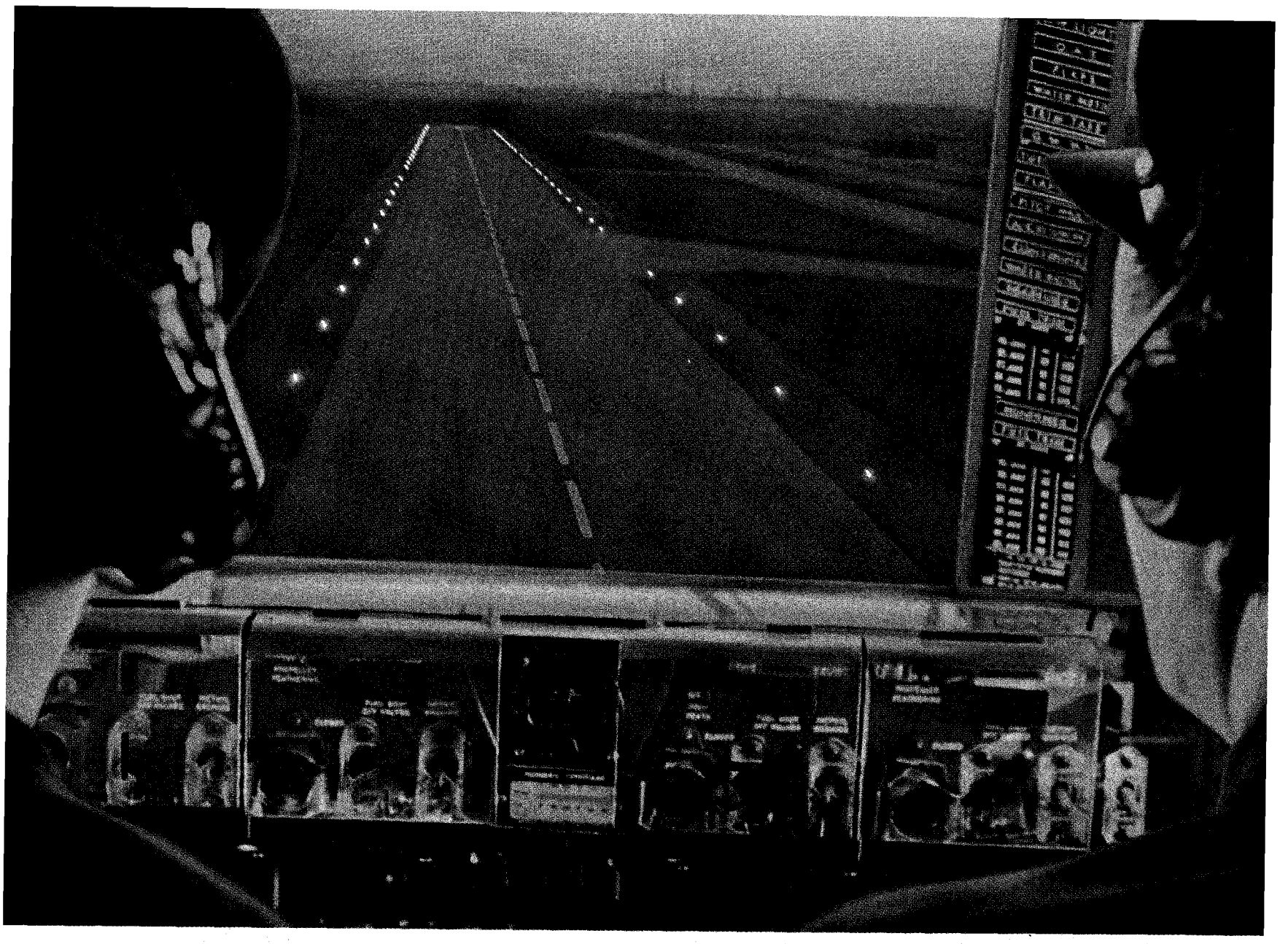

Runway lights are more reliable today because Enjay Butyl rubber insulates their power lines. Enjay Butyl resists moisture, heat and weathering, making it ideal for use in underground service cables. Because its performance has proved best for over ten years, more and more Butyl is now helping to make transportation safer . . . putting new pleasure into play . . . working new wonders in industry.

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BUTYL

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(*Continued from Page 50*) than in the mine shafts and was said to be morose and unpredictable in his gunplay.

Lank waited at the gate until Barney was up with him. "Long way from home, ain't you?" he asked.

"Had business," said Barney.

"Good for you," said Lank. He looked lazily down the street. "Don't be roaming off the reservation."

Following his gaze, Barney saw two men who loafed at the corner outside the Park Café, which was Tom Hibben's saloon. Lank grinned and walked on toward the house.

Barney burned wrathfully. He was being watched. He couldn't see Mildred now without entangling her in the net they were spreading for him and Tom. He remembered the young wife of Tim Roades, how they'd found her still clutching the hot rifle she had been firing across Tim's body when they had come to get him because he'd been seen with Ed Tewkesbury the day before Will Graham was killed. That wasn't for Mildred, swore Barney—not Mildred, so small, so dainty and so—feminine. Then he remembered what Mildred was doing now, and saw a way.

Striding briskly through the gate, he rubbed against the post, caught his coat pocket in the gate latch and heard it rip away. He was still holding it out, gazing ruefully at the ruin of his new store suit, when he strode past the two men at the corner and crossed the main street as if they didn't exist, as if he didn't know that they slouched along behind him.

He found Mildred's setup just back of the yard behind Spencer Brale's store and livery. THE STITCH IN TIME read a hand-lettered sign out front. He made a great show of discovering the sign, looking down at his torn coat and making a decision. Then he entered The Stitch in Time, and there she was, sitting at a table sewing buttons on a coat. Closing the door behind him, he had a confused vision of a coppery cotton dress, of the rich brown hair wreathing her quiet, gentle face, of blue-green eyes that for an instant he could have sworn lit up with joyful recognition—and then her voice, cool and devastatingly casual.

"Why, Barney Nolan. I thought you'd got lost."

"But, Mildred!" he cried. "Why, Milly!" He abruptly subsided. This was Milly. You had to figure her out.

"How's your ma?" He could be just as casual as she was.

Energetically, she wound the thread under a button and pressed her needle through with a thimbled finger. "Better." She seemed to be severely addressing the button. "She's still out at Uncle Joe's ranch, but we're moving in."

"You're going to live here?" His heart leaped at the thought of having her this much nearer, then constricted as he remembered how he stood.

"Oh, yes." She bit off the thread. "We're doing right well. More work than one of us can handle. Mother can't wait to stop being a poor relation and build up a business of her own." She glanced at his torn pocket. "That's a nasty rip," she said.

Barney stood deflated, frantically trying to figure out how he had blundered and why she wasn't in his arms.

"How did you get it?" Just mildly curious, she seemed.

"Caught it on a gate latch."

She smiled indulgently. "So you went there first?"

Barney cursed himself for forgetting that the Stapton house was the only place in town with a picket fence and gate.

"I was on business," he said firmly.

She nodded knowingly. "Let me see it."

He took off his coat and handed it to her. Now, surely, he felt, as the touch of her hands came through the cloth to his own—but no. Mildred took it and examined the tear with a professional eye. "It's a mean rip," she said.

"I thought, maybe," muttered Barney miserably, "I thought you'd be glad to see me. That night out on the porch last June ——" His eyes turned darker blue as he struggled for words. "I dunno." It was the greatest thing in his life and he had to make it clear to her. "I couldn't ever forget it, Milly," he said. "It's a thing I'll never forget."

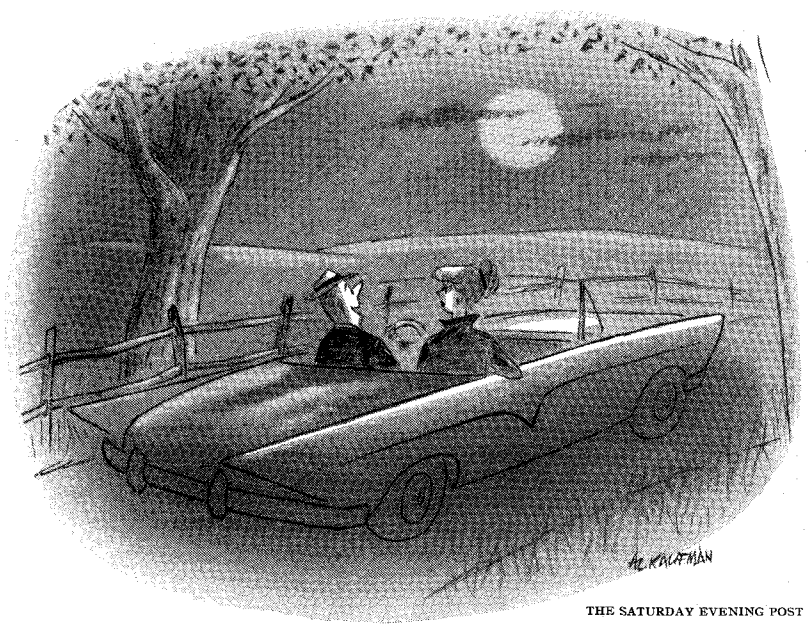
"You weren't in a hurry to come back." Her head bent lower over the coat.

"That was because of you." His fingers itched to touch her hair.

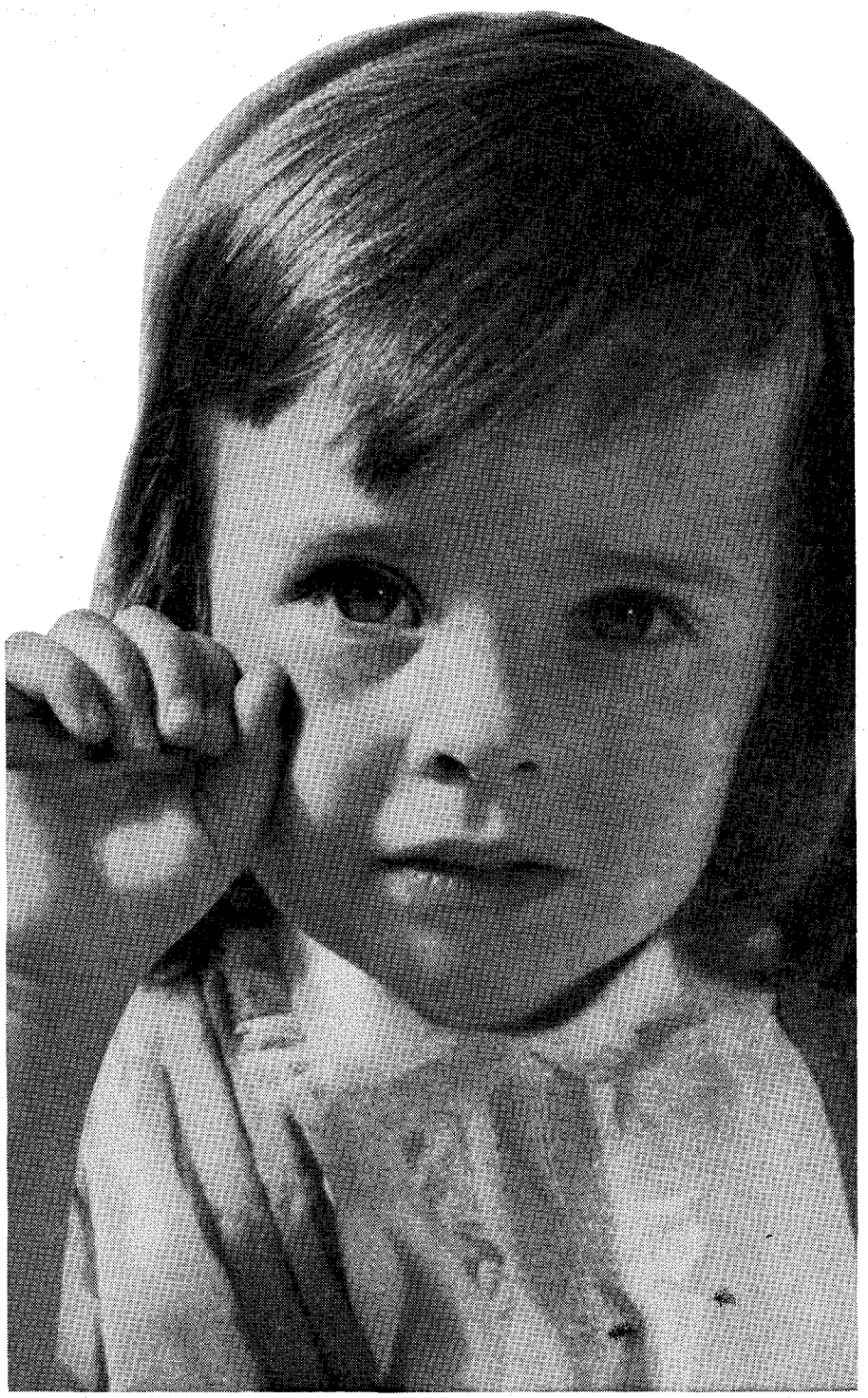
"Me?" He could hardly hear it.

"Yes, Milly, you. 'No more than a wandering cowpoke,' that's what you said. And you said no man could amount to much who passed on from one job to another. So I got this job out at the mines, like I told you in my letters. And I'm sticking to it."

She raised her head, looking thoughtfully out of the window. "They say Elvira Stapton likes to pick her men," she said reflectively. (*Continued on Page 58*)



"Boy, what a moon—too bad we're married."



"I hope Grandma calls me when she gets back home"

How that little face will sparkle when Grandma calls from out of town!

The telephone is a kind of magic that paints smiles on people's faces, even from many miles away. Eyes brighten, spirits lighten, and the day perks up when folks visit together by telephone.

Try it and see for yourself!

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The 33rd in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide Our Children to a Better Future

Should your child be a Mathematician?

by

NORRIS E. SHEPPARD

Professor of Mathematics, University of Toronto

(As told to DONALD ROBINSON)

THE BOY who chooses mathematics as a career will be joining illustrious company. He will become a colleague of Euclid, Descartes and Gauss. He will be walking with the great Johannes Kepler who figured out the three laws that govern the planets' movements around the sun; with Sir Isaac Newton who explained gravity in one mathematical formula; with Albert Einstein who postulated the magnificent theory of relativity that unlocked this atomic age.

Could one follow in more golden footsteps?

The actual associates whom the boy will have in his life as a mathematician will be distinguished, too. He may rub shoulders with the men who have helped to give the world radar, supersonic flight, and nuclear power for industrial use.

Could one want more exciting, stimulating partners?

Most important, the boy who makes mathematics his field has a chance to achieve greatness himself. Some people have a notion that mathematics is a dead science. They think that all its problems have been solved and tucked away in dry textbooks.

That isn't so.

There are vast, vital areas in mathematics awaiting exploration by deep mathematical thinkers. I feel certain, for example, that within our lifetime someone is going to make great forward strides toward understanding the behavior of the tiny particles of energy of which all matter is composed.

It could be your son or daughter.

Someone surely is going to work out the mathematical formulas that will enable mankind to travel safely to Mars and far beyond into distant space.

It could be your son or daughter.

Can you think of a more important, thrilling arena for a qualified individual to enter today? Recognition among science's immortals is within the realm of possibility for genuinely gifted boys and girls.

I can assure you of this as well. The young mathematician will receive the heartiest of welcomes in his profession. We have a crying need for new people. Excluding secondary school teachers, the total number of persons with college degrees or their equivalent who are earning a living as professional mathematicians in the United States and Canada is under 25,000. That is, fewer than one person in every 7,000.

The shortage of mathematicians is acute in every sphere. Universities, industrial companies, insurance firms, other businesses, and governmental agencies are all hungry for mathematically trained personnel. Job openings are plentiful both in Canada and the United States.

But this I warn you. To get ahead in mathematics, a youngster must be good.

A noted mathematician who holds a high-ranking position in industry remarked recently,

"No one wants the advice of mediocrity. Among mathematicians, there is no place for the so-called average man."

I fully agree with him.

The youngster who goes into mathematics will be taking up the oldest and one of the noblest of sciences. It is more than the science of numbers. It is even more than a science that allows us to grasp the real significance of time and space. It is the science which trains a man to cope with unknown quantities and to translate their relationships into logical, comprehensible patterns.

A wide variety of specialities is available to the new mathematician. Research in pure mathematics is one. Here a man seeks basic truths with no thought of any use to which they may be put. To the pure mathematician, truth is its own justification.

Such work may sound valueless to some people. They are wrong. Most of the practical mathematical tools now at our disposal came to us from these basic truths. As time went on, someone discovered an application for them.

It was that way with James Clerk Maxwell's theory of electro-magnetic waves. When Professor Maxwell first brought it forth in 1873, he wasn't thinking of TV broadcasts. But his theory made them possible. It explained the nature of radio waves.

As a rule, pure research of this sort is done at universities in conjunction with teaching. The young man interested in it usually starts as an instructor in the mathematics department.

A person who wants only to teach, and not to concern himself with research, can get a university post, too, of course. Or, should he prefer, he can obtain a place in secondary schools. The contribution he may make there cannot be overestimated.

For the man who likes immediate, practical results

Today, electronic "brains" such as the computer shown below can save months of human calculations in solving a problem. But the mathematician must first work out the complex details of the problem to be fed the computer, then put the answers to practical use.

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from his research, there is applied mathematics. In this he can employ established mathematical techniques to help resolve particular scientific and industrial problems.

More and more, Government and industrial organizations are turning to mathematicians for assistance along these lines. In the airplane field, for instance, mathematicians are working on turbulence, vibrations and stability, rocket propulsion. In oil, they are involved in reservoir studies, seismological investigations, questions of magnetics.

The fact is that a competent mathematician can be worth his weight in gold to an industrial concern. With his calculus and other techniques he can often predetermine the effects of various operations. This means that his company may not have to spend fortunes to run expensive experiments. The mathematician is often able to indicate the results in advance.

The mathematician is particularly useful during the very early stages of a project. He is the man with the coldly analytical viewpoint who sees where the major problems lie and is able to spell them out in terms that permit a solution.

When work commenced on Nike, the United States Army's crack anti-aircraft missile, a team of top experts was collected from the aerodynamic, radar, digital, circuitry and related fields. Plus the military. They were unable to move, however, until the mathematicians outlined the way.

Why?

It took mathematicians to spot the essential ideas that lay obscured among the many details and divergent languages of the other sciences.

"Frankly," a member of the Nike team has said, "if it hadn't been for the mathematicians, it would have taken us years more, perhaps decades, to perfect Nike."

Today the applied mathematician has a splendid ally in the electronic computer—the fabulous machine that can make 3,600,000 different computations in a single minute.

Don't be confused by these electronic "brains," though. They don't do the thinking. The mathematicians do. It is the mathematicians who define the problems, divide them into their component parts and prepare instructions for the computer so that it can solve them.

Another big field for mathematicians is statistics—the collection and interpretation of facts on a mathematical basis. It is also a highly challenging field.

Take government censuses. It is statisticians who design and direct them, and who interpret the findings.

Take government figures on foreign trade, business conditions, wage levels, cost-of-living, public health. It is statisticians who provide them.

Governments couldn't function without them.

Nor could industry. Statisticians keep management abreast of what's happening in a company. They develop statistical facts on production methods, distribution programs, sales trends and lots more. They are especially good at quality control. The systems they devise make it feasible for manufacturers to inspect just a few items going down the production line instead of every one.

Then there's polling. It's hard to believe, I suppose, that one can gauge the opinion of tens of millions of people by sampling merely 2,000 or 3,000. Thanks to the statisticians, it usually can be done with reasonable accuracy.

Is it any wonder that statistics is called "the arithmetic of human welfare"?

Finally, we reach my own specialty—that of the actuary. In the life insurance business the actuary is indispensable.

The actuary is the mathematical pilot of a life insurance company. He prepares the tables of death rates and calculates the premiums that must be charged. He determines the benefits that go into policies. He reckons the money that must be laid aside to provide for payment of these benefits in the years to come. He even determines the amount of dividends to be paid out.

His is a full desk.

Actuaries are important in government, too. The operation of our Canadian and American social security systems depends on them. And they can be found in private practice, where they act as consultants to various welfare and pension funds.

It is a very gratifying profession. You do so much good toward protecting people's futures.

I remember when I was called in as one of a three-man board to evolve a pension program for the employees of the United Nations—thousands of them. Our assignment was to develop a basis whereby these people, who'd come from the four corners of the globe to work for world peace, would be assured security in their old age.

It required weeks of hard labor, but eventually we arrived at a plan that did the job.

"The United Nations is deeply grateful," we were told.

Could one wish for higher recompense?

Naturally, you'd like to know the financial prospects for mathematicians. I would say that, in the main, they're excellent.

A college teacher of mathematics, with a Ph.D., generally begins at about $5,000 a year and may go up to $18,000. In addition, he is frequently requested to do consulting work during summer vacations. This can add thousands to his income. The earnings of a high school mathematics teacher are, unfortunately, lower. The ceiling is about $8,400. He may pass the $10,000 mark as a principal, however.

In industry, an applied mathematician, with a Ph.D., can start at $7,200 and soar to $30,000. Or more. In government service the wage scales are understandably less. They run between $3,100 and $14,000 in the United States, between $3,750 and $12,000 in Canada.

Actuarial salaries in life insurance companies can be especially good. The college graduate with a B.A. and the necessary qualifications can anticipate earning about $4,500 at the outset and worthwhile increases thereafter. Chief Actuaries may make as much as $35,000 a year. Some have gone even higher. They have risen to be presidents of life insurance companies with annual salaries of $75,000, $100,000 or even more.

No matter which field the mathematician enters, he can count on a high degree of security. Pension programs are widespread, and personnel turnover is small. The hours are not arduous, vacations are ample and the life is a pleasant one. Most of all, mathematicians enjoy the respect of their fellow-scientists and the public at large.

To be sure, there are drawbacks. If you do original research, you stand the chance of having your findings neglected. Big ideas can linger unrecognized for long periods. That can be a miserable experience.

Sometimes the problems you must tackle, in pure or applied research, are so mammoth in scope, so herculean, that they seem overwhelming. You become very discouraged.

"Oh, how I wish I'd never started on this!" I heard a researcher say the other day.

I understood just how he felt.

I said before that a person must be good to get ahead in mathematics. It is very true, and I would urge you to weigh carefully whether your child has the proper qualifications. Does he have a keen, logical mind and an insatiable curiosity? Is he imaginative? Does he relish his mathematics courses and earn top grades in them? Is he quick at solving mathematical problems in his head?

The answers to all these questions should be a rousing "Yes!"

In addition, your child should be the kind who won't accept any textbook answer as the final word on anything. He should know instinctively that there are no pat answers to most questions and he should constantly seek different ways of doing things. Always he should look on every new subject as a challenge.

What about girls?

Many women are in the field. There are good opportunities for them in statistical research positions with corporations. As a matter of fact, in the American Statistical Association, they make up ten per cent of the membership. There is a very urgent need for properly qualified teachers of mathematics, particularly in high schools. Women who have specialized in mathematics can be of real help in this area. It is, of course, a fact that while many women have the necessary talents to become successful mathematicians, few of them continue in this work long enough to reach the top in research or industry.

So far as education for a mathematical career is concerned, I would say the more of it the better. A Ph.D. is now almost imperative both in industry and the academic world. It helps in the actuarial profession, too, though it is not a prerequisite there. To achieve full professional status as an actuary, you have to pass a series of stringent examinations given by the Society of Actuaries or the Casualty Actuarial Society in the United States and Canada. Graduate school training will help you through them.

Unquestionably, the six or seven years of schooling necessary for a Ph.D. can be expensive. When you include board and lodging as well as tuition, it can cost $15,000. However, large numbers of scholarships and fellowships are available. So many that there is no good financial reason why a talented student should have to go without the education he needs for success.

While we are on the subject of education, let me say this, too. Even if your child doesn't wish to become a mathematician, I would recommend that he take as much mathematics as he can, both in high school and in college. No matter what career he embraces, the training in analysis and logical thinking which mathematics gives will prove invaluable to him in later life.

However, I hope that your child does want to be a mathematician. Mankind is now in the atomic age. We're on the verge of the space age. Mathematicians can guide our way. We need more of them—desperately—to broaden our horizons and to keep us free.

Nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice,*

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This article on Mathematics is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship, the Armed Forces, Engineering, Food Retailing, Medical Technology, Traffic Managing, Secretarial Career, Scientific Career *and* Social Work. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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(*Continued from Page 55*) Barney recoiled, provoked and bewildered. "I got the job from McKay, the mine boss," he cried indignantly. "Out at the mine, it is. Organizing the hunting."

Mildred was threading a needle. "What was your business with her?" she asked.

"They sent me to give her some papers. But that wasn't it." He grabbed a stool near the table and sat on it, facing her. "They're fixing to lynch Dan Purvis!" he blurted.

She was attacking the torn pocket now, with quick, deft stitches. "I know," she said placidly.

"But you don't know how it works, Milly!" he cried with exasperation. "Purvis has got friends. They'll know every man who took part in stringing Dan up, and they'll start gunning for 'em. Then the other way. Men who don't play in but can testify to who ran the lynching. The Stapton crowd will hunt them down." He pressed closer to her. "That's why I came here, Milly. They've got me marked for one side or the other. I've got to get away—California, maybe—till this thing has settled down. And I had to see you first."

"Sounds like this woman has got you dancing." She didn't look up from her stitching.

"She's a strong woman!" he declared bluntly. "She's got everything tied up. I don't want any traffic with her, Milly. But she's got me roped in. And she's going to see Purvis lynched if it busts all hell wide open."

That, he figured, ought to rouse her. But it didn't.

"Do you know why?" said the thoughtful voice, while the needle flashed in her busy fingers.

"None of our business," he said bitterly. "Purvis was in some kind of a deal to take land away from the Stapton mines, and we've got to suffer for it, that's all."

"Indian lands," she said.

"You know?" Barney was astonished.

"Oh, yes. Castene was her man, and he was taking over these lands for the mines. Dan found out about it and worked up this case against him. That's why they all hate Dan Purvis and want to see him lynched. Spencer Brale, Judge Crawford, Bemis, McAllister—all the big men in town have been grabbing land off the reservations, or scheming to. Dan would have made them disgorge."

Barney stared at her while she turned the pocket and calmly started to stitch again. "But if Judge Crawford's in it—why, they wouldn't need any lynching, Milly. All he's got to do is find Dan guilty and sentence him."

"Not in open court." Mildred spread the coat on her knee. "You see, it was supposed to be the other way around. It was Dan who was supposed to get shot. Castene stormed into his office and started a quarrel. That brought three men looking in through the window, and they saw Castene start shooting before Dan even reached for a gun. If Castene hadn't missed, Dan would have been killed. Those witnesses are still around somewhere, hiding out. So they couldn't convict Dan in open court without killing the witnesses first."

Barney was appalled. "Then if they lynch him," he cried, "it's murder!"

"Oh, yes. The second attempt." Mildred raised her eyes and looked squarely into his. "Sounds to me like a good reason for a man to stay in town," she said.

Barney couldn't mistake the emphasis with which she spoke the word "man" and, looking into those lovely eyes, he pictured himself for an exalted moment standing beside the sheriff, gun in hand, holding a mob at bay. Then he remembered Elvira Stapton's voice—"The only kind of man we can expect Sheriff Bassett to give up his prisoner to." And the exaltation vanished. "She's got him," he said helplessly. "The sheriff plays in with her."

Mildred's gaze didn't waver from his bronzed, blunt face. She seemed to be thinking him over like something she wanted to buy but couldn't be certain about. "Suppose there was somebody behind the mob, covering it with guns." She spoke like a hopeful child. "Wouldn't that force the sheriff's hand?"

"One man alone?" Barney was doubtful.

"The jail is across the street from the hotel," she said. "They'll crowd in on it with their backs to the hotel windows. Your room at the hotel is on that side. Right next to Tom Hibben's."

Barney was startled. "You knew I was there?" he gasped.

"Oh, yes. We do the laundry for Nate Pringle. Mary was over there this morning to get it, and she learns all the news." She still seemed to be thinking him over. "If you and Tom were at your windows, you'd have them covered from behind. And they wouldn't know it."

He shook his head violently. "Not Tom," he said.

She sighed and bent again over her stitching.

"No, listen!" he cried. "When I came out here, just a runaway kid from Indiana, Tom took me over. He taught me everything I know. He kept me straight. And after that Tonto business he swore he was through with gunplay and feuding. I owe too much to Tom. I ain't dragging him into this."

"But maybe he'd want it," she said gently. "If he knew you stood alone. Why not give him the chance?"

"How can I? He's being watched Every word he says, everybody he talk to, they know it."

"He could meet you here. Then no one would hear what he says."

"But why here? That's what they'd ask. And that would link you with it."

She picked up the coat she had sewn the buttons on. "He's got to come in for this," she said, and for a shocking instant Barney thought he heard a note of triumph in her voice. "It's his only good suit," she explained. "The whole town knows he puts it on every evening to wear for the night work at his saloon. If they're watching him they saw him bring it here this morning, and they'll know why he comes back for it at five o'clock, won't they?"

All Barney's suspicions vanished as he realized her pitiful innocence of the way hard men behave. "It wouldn't work, Milly," he said kindly. "They've got Tom hog-tied. Save for his hand pistol he keeps all his guns at the saloon. They'd see if he moved them over to the hotel, and that would give the game away."

"It would, wouldn't it?" she said thoughtfully. "And they're watching you too?"

"Me too." He tried vainly to figure some way, some place, he could lay hold of some guns without it being known, but he could think only of her, and the monstrous brutality of this mess into which she was so innocently stepping. "Ah, Milly!" he cried. "Stay out of it! This isn't for you and me. Why should you get mixed up in a deal like this?"

She dropped her hands on the coat in her lap. "Dan was pa's partner," she said, her voice trembling ever so slightly. "Outside of Uncle Joe, he's the only friend we've got. I can't sit by and see him murdered. Oh, Barney!"

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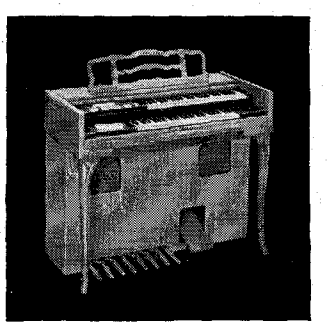

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Somehow the coat slipped to the floor and she was in his arms.

"Don't! Don't!" he pleaded. "No need to cry. We'll get him out of it, Milly, if I have to work it alone." He tilted back her head and kissed her. "Leave it to me," he said. And she clung to him—so dependent on his strength, so soft and helpless.

A door at the back of the room slammed open, letting in a steamy gust of soapy air, and an enormous woman filled the doorway. It was Mary Dunsterville, who handled the laundry end of The Stitch in Time. She eyed them like a mother bear watching two cubs at play. "It's ready for the ranch!" she announced in the voice of a gravel chute.

Instantly, before Barney's bewildered eyes, Mildred was inexplicably transformed. With the bright, relentless gaiety of a woman arranging a picnic she declared that this was Barney's chance to see her mother and make the most of his time. He could take the bundle of laundry out to the ranch. Spence Brale would lend him a rig, and he could bring back some things they wanted. Here was his coat, and she thought it would do, but he ought to be more careful with his clothes. Now, if he'd go and arrange with Spence about the rig, she'd make a list of things she wanted her mother to have him bring back. Get a spring wagon, she insisted. There'd be some chairs and a bedspring.

Without another word, without another kiss or a promise, he was hustled out and found himself dickering with Spencer Brale for a horse and wagon.

Brale was right friendly. Sure he had an outfit the little lady could use any time she wanted. Better yet, he was just sending young Gil Fetling out with it to the Hewlit ranch to deliver an order of hardware. Barney could ride along with him. So Barney went back and got the laundry bundle and Mildred's note to her mother, and was hustled off again with instructions to hurry along and ma would give him lunch and be sure to be back by five o'clock. Then, climbing into the wagon, he found that Gil Fetling was one of the men who had been following him all morning.

Scarcely ten miles from town, Josiah Hewlit's ranch was sun-bleached and expansive, with a wide-porched adobe house and a small village of outbuildings. Barney had hoped to see Gil Fetling go to the cookhouse for his lunch; but, no, he clung tight, eating with Barney, Aunt Marylin and Mildred's mother in the kitchen.

After lunch Barney sat on the porch, wanting to recapture for a spell the magic of that night when the moon was high and he'd sat there with Mildred beside him and found that his time of wandering was over. But Gil came out and joined him, with Mildred's mother.

She was small, like Mildred, and had the same clear, lovely eyes, but with a brisk, dominant way about her that was nothing like the quiet, yielding trustfulness that he loved in Mildred. She talked and talked, but Barney scarcely heard her. He was lost in the problem of how he might, maybe, borrow a couple of guns here at the ranch and get them back to town without Gil Fetling knowing it.

Then it was time to go and, after packing the wagon with a welter of household goods, he drove back beside Gil with the problem still unsolved. All the way in, he smoldered resentfully at this waste of time upon women's affairs when he might better have been riding back to the mines and smuggling in his guns.

He was still smoldering when they arrived back at The Stitch in Time, where Gil helped him unload the boxes, bedding, clothes boilers and furniture before reporting back to Spencer Brale at the store. Then, cornering Mildred at her sewing table, Barney hardly had time to express his indignation with a fierce, resentful hug and a forceful kiss before Tom Hibben came in to get his coat.

Tom was small, compact and brown, with hair, brows and curling mustache that glittered like polished brass. Seeming all nerve and sinew, he sat on the sewing table and beamed like a proud parent while Barney stammered and stumbled through what he hoped were convincing reasons for asking Tom to come in on the deal. "It ain't even a good, sound lynching," Barney finished. "It's just pure murder."

Tom tossed his head in agreement. "Good thing you turned up," he said. "Two's better than one."

Barney couldn't believe it. "You'll come in?" he said.

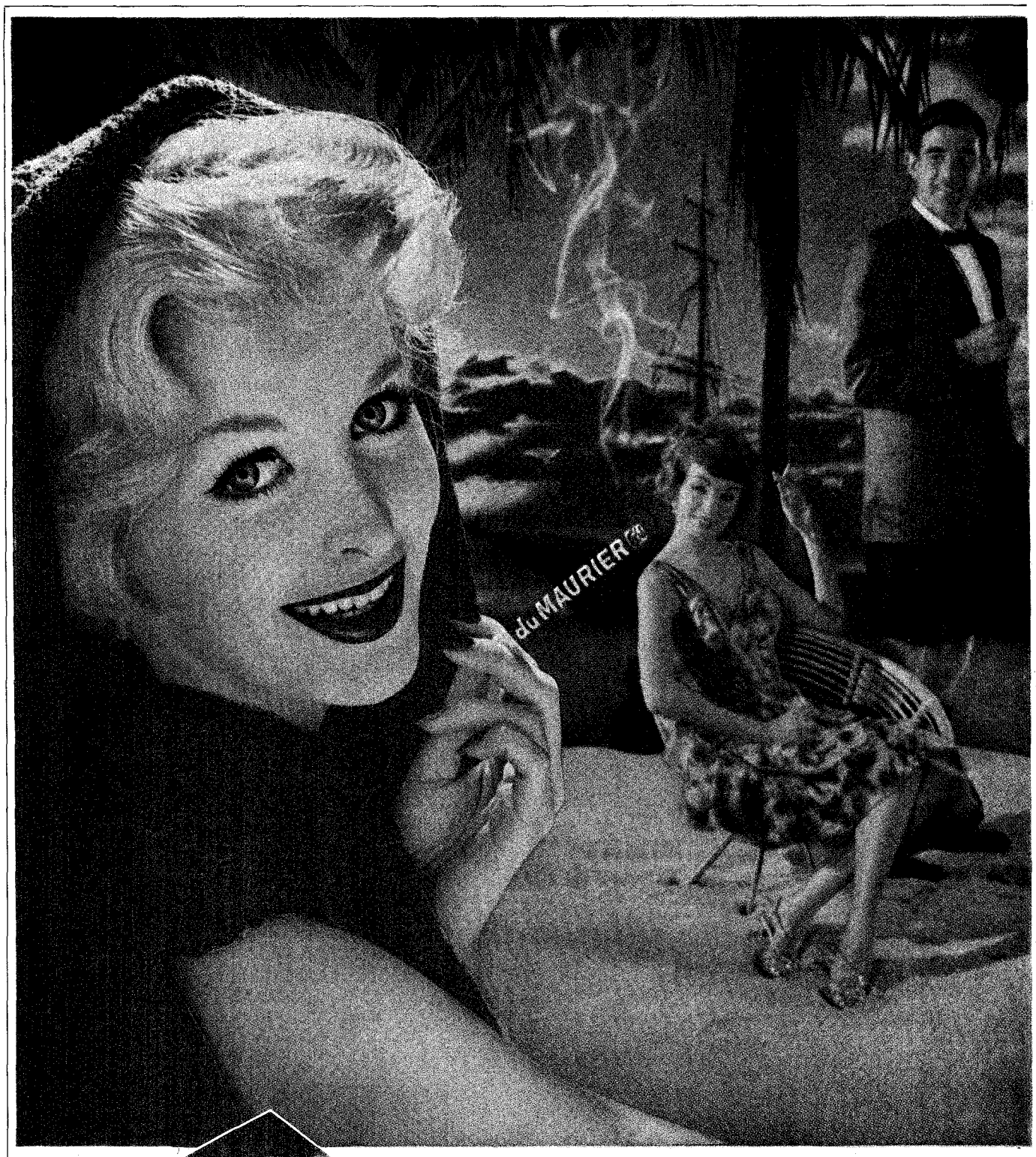
"I got to." Tom's lips tightened. "I been hiding out them witnesses ever since the shooting. Milly could tell you. She plumb talked me into it. And I'm ——" He glanced apprehensively at Milly. "I'm danged," he said, "if I'm going to see 'em wasted."

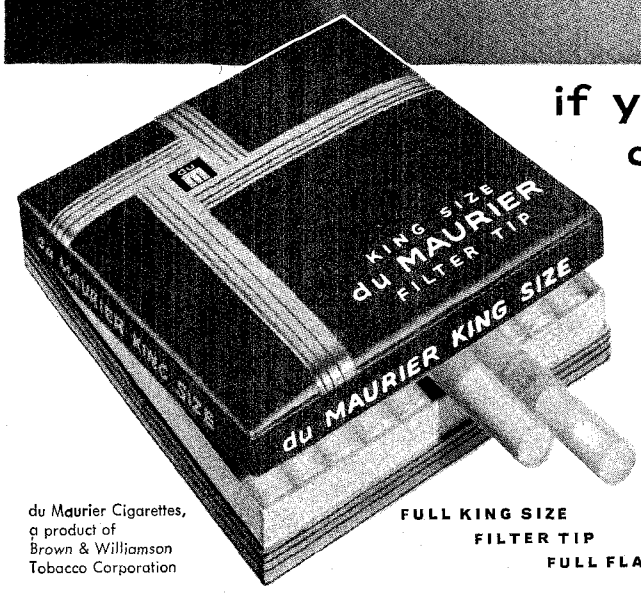
Barney turned ominously on Mildred, who was putting needles and thread away in a sewing basket.

"It'll be tomorrow night," she said quickly.

"How do you know?" demanded Barney.

"It's all round the town," said Tom. "They're aiming to move Dan over to Phoenix for safety. The Stapton crowd will use that to start things poppin' when it's announced tomorrow morning. That





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don't give us much time. Somehow we got to get hold of some guns without them knowing it."

"Barney's attended to that," said Mildred.

"Me?" Barney jumped like a goaded steer.

"Well, it was you who thought of it." Calmly she met his astounded gaze. "Of course it was mother who packed them in with the bedding, because I told her to in my note. But it was Barney who said we'd need them, and Uncle Joe figured what we'd need."

"What did he send?" asked Tom.

"Two ten-gauge shotguns and a couple of Winchesters, with more shells than I hope you'll need. Mary will leave them in your room, wrapped in the laundry."

"Good enough!" Tom strode to the window. "Tomorrow night. There'll be details to cover. The sheriff ——" He turned on Barney. "I can't be seen with him. You'll have to find some way to parley with him and line him up."

"Barney figured on that too," said Mildred shamelessly. "Sheriff Bassett says he'll hold them as long as he can. If he can't, he'll tip you a signal. When he throws up one hand like this"—she threw her left hand aloft—"it'll mean you've got to start shooting."

Tom looked at her with admiration, Barney with stupefaction. "You fixed that?" Barney demanded accusingly.

"Of course not!" Mildred tilted her chin, all dignity. "Mrs. Bassett did. I got to their house just when the sheriff was home to lunch, and she heard me talking. She's got no more use for Elvira Stapton than the rest of the women in town, and I guess what I said must have made her think Elvira had Sam Bassett on a string. Anyway, she convinced him, and he's playing in with you."

"Lord a'mighty!" There was awe in Tom's voice.

"Don't seem like there's much left for us to do," said Barney with marked resignation.

"More than you think," said Tom. "It's a game where you can't afford to miss a trick."

"I'll leave you men to your planning," said Mildred with becoming humility, and slipped away into the laundry.

There was no moon the following night when Barney stood at a window of Tom Hibben's room and peered down through the slats of the shutter on the street below. He knew that now it was all or nothing. With no more interference from the women, he and Tom were going to save Dan Purvis for a fair trial or start a war that might be fought to a finish right here in the darkness of this room.

He could see the small groups of men moving restlessly, watching the dark square door of the adobe building across the street which was the jail.

"Loosen up," whispered Tom. "Quit millin' around." He sat by the other window in a chair he had occupied ever since suppertime, when Lank Forster had talked him into giving up his pistol and advised him to go up to his room and stay there. Barney marveled at his monumental calm.

From the distance sounded the stamp of hoofs, the jingle of tossed bridles. Barney peered out again. "There's a buggy or buckboard rode up, down there at the corner," he said. Tom didn't answer and Barney couldn't relax. "Must be near midnight," he muttered.

"'Round ten-thirty," said Tom.

"Can't be." That afternoon, while the town had been blazing with harsh oratory and bitter challenges to whip the doubters into line, Barney had hired a mount from Spencer Brale and very noticeably had ridden out of town toward the mines. Returning by devious ways he had reentered the town on foot and unseen as soon as darkness fell, and since then he had lain so long in this room that he could have sworn it was now near dawn.

A murmur sounded from the waiting men below. It rose and blended with a deeper, stronger murmur that came from farther up the street.

"They're comin'," said Tom. He slid to one knee at his window, a heavy shotgun in his hands. Barney picked up his own gun and knelt.

The murmur swelled to a rumble as a black mass of men came scuffling into the space in front of the jail, absorbing the small, dark groups that waited there. From in front of the mob Lank Forster's voice rose above the rest. "Open up!"

Taking courage from it, other voices joined in, then others, until the mob roared.

The jail door swung open and Sam Bassett stood black against the lamplight inside. Cradled under one arm he carried

... ...

Indian Summer Day

By Betty Jane Balch

This day was downy soft
as wings,
Sweet with the smell of
summer things,
And we who were thinking
winterwise,
Blinked at the gossamer
surprise.

We said in the silken
afternoon
That this was a day left
out of June,
But suddenly, all over
town,
Denying it, leaves showered
down.

... ...

a sawed-off shotgun, his red hair and beard flaming in the light behind him. The mob fell silent.

"Now!" breathed Tom. They had taken the sashes from the windows and the lowest slat from each shutter to make a gun slit. Through these they silently thrust the muzzles of their guns.

"What's up, boys?" shouted Bassett.

"Dan Purvis!" yelled Lank. "We want him!"

Again the mob joined him in a rising, deep-throated roar.

"Not tonight!" Bassett's gun swung into position. "The first man sets foot on this step," he announced, "gets the full charge in his belly."

For a moment it seemed to Barney as if all courage flowed out of the mob in the silence that followed. And it was in that moment he heard the latch click behind him. He was aware that Tom spun around, and then heard the hurried whisper, "It's me. Mildred!" And she was beside him.

He couldn't talk. He could only crouch there, sighting his gun, waiting for Bassett's signal.

"No good, Sam. There's fifty guns on you. Hand over the keys!" Lank shouted it loud and the mob gained courage from the sound of it.

"You're covered, Lank," snapped Bassett. "From behind! By one man who knows where to put 'em."

"Tom Hibben!" Lank swung around with fear in his voice, but the mob shoved forward and he knew he couldn't back out.

"Brace him, Lank!" yelled a voice. "He's bluffing!"

Lank cursed, one hand making for his gun. "Don't reach for it, Lank!" snapped Sam.

An extraordinary stillness fell. Then from the corner where Barney had dimly seen a buggy or a buckboard, came the sharp lash of a woman's high voice.

"What are you waiting for, boys?" cried Elvira Stapton.

Barney felt himself thrust aside. He heard the quick hand on the shutter latch, saw the shutter flung wide, and heard Mildred's voice, clear as a bell, sound out across the night.

"They're waiting to know which man you'll take over next!" she cried. "Now that Castene is gone!"

Barney saw white faces turn up toward him from the mob, and he knew that they'd seen the trap. Fearing gunfire, he grabbed Mildred and pulled her to the floor. Then somebody laughed.

"How about you, Lank?" came a yell from the crowd.

"And you, Spence Brale?" shouted the sheriff. "Does your wife know you're out tonight?"

The mob roared again, but now with a ribaldry that spread like a brush fire. Black figures separated from the fringes of the mob. As if haunted by sudden visions of baleful wives, men were wriggling out from the heart of it, until, milling in confusion, the crowd split into fragments that seemed to melt away. From the corner came a clatter of hoofs and the grind of wheels as a buggy or buckboard was driven furiously away.

"You can pull off your boots again, son," said the voice of Tom Hibben. "It's all over but the drinkin'."

But Barney was beneath the window with a brown head upon his shoulder. To his pure astonishment Mildred had broken down in tears.

"Now, Milly," he murmured. "Milly!"

"I'm so ashamed!" she sobbed. "I shouldn't have spoken like that. You'll despise me, now!"

"Despise you?" He rose, lifting her to her feet. Tom had found a match, and Milly's tousled hair shone in the glow of the lamplight. "Like this!" He kissed her. "That's how much I despise you!" he mumbled. "You just plumb dragooned them, Milly. Without a shot fired and no man hurt!"

"And that Stapton woman," Tom chuckled. "She won't ever forget how you stampeded the men she was counting on."

Barney released Mildred and stepped close to Tom. "She'll want to even the score," he said quietly. "We've got to arrest her and hold her."

Tom laughed. "Don't worry," he said. "That lady's plumb ruined in this camp. If she don't pull her freight in the mornin' I'd be surprised if a deputation of womenfolk don't conspire to help her out of town."

Reassured, Barney turned back to Mildred and found her regarding him with admiration and the glitter of newly discovered possibilities.

"Barney!" she cried. "You handled it splendidly! You'd make a marvelous sheriff!"

For an instant Barney gaped at her, speechless. Then he sighed with resignation. He knew now that some day he was going to be a sheriff, and that when he was he would have to be marvelous.

THE END

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The Brainwashed Husbands

(Continued from Page 37)

interrupter, "'there are certain standards of conduct and architectural conformity that must be maintained, therefore ——'"

"It's about time we got to that word."

"'—therefore it is hereby resolved that we, the citizens of Hasty Heights, do hereby agree that the Lester J. Cadwallader family has violated the unwritten laws of this community and should be asked to move forthwith—or as soon as they can find a buyer for their ranch house.'"

There was general applause and a few shouts from the men of "That-a-girl, Pearl."

Mrs. Oaks hitched up her blue jeans, beamed at those nearest her and sat down. Deirdre Hammermeister rapped her gavel. A tall, angular man stood up at the back of the room. He ran a hand awkwardly through his hair, which was inclined to straggle.

"I object," he said.

"On what grounds, Mr. Cadwallader?"

"On the grounds that I've been convicted without a fair trial."

There were shouts of derision, mainly feminine. But then Max Carmichael's voice made itself heard. Max was a heavy-set man with a florid face and a commanding air.

"He's right. He wants a trial. Let's give him one. Not that there's any question about the verdict, of course."

Deirdre looked thoughtful. She and her husband, Kismet Hammermeister, had moved into [illegible] Heights in the fall of 1951 before the streets were paved or the sewers connected. She was conscious of her responsibilities as a pioneer settler.

"All right," she said finally. "I have a proposal to make, Mr. Cadwallader. We'll hear your side and you'll hear ours. But on one condition."

"And that is?"

"That if the rest of the association membership remains unanimous in its conviction that the chief civic improvement that could be made here would be for the Cadwallader family to move, you will do so as promptly as possible."

"And if the association is not unanimous?"

"There isn't much chance of that, Mr. Cadwallader."

"But if it isn't?"

"Then I, for one, will admit I'm wrong. Are you willing to go ahead on those terms?"

The angular man looked down at his wife. Ellen Cadwallader was a small, pretty woman, the only one in the room who was wearing a dress instead of shorts or blue jeans. She nodded decisively.

"O.K.," he said. "Who's going to act as attorney for the defense?" There was a long moment of silence. He looked slowly around the room, his face grim. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "I see. All right, then. I'll handle my own case."

Deirdre appointed herself judge, of course, and Carmichael, who had a law office in the city, was picked as prosecutor. The members of the association were enrolled en masse as the jury. Kismet Hammermeister, at his wife's order, moved a small brown table to the front of the auditorium and put a folding chair next to it to serve as the witness box.

Carmichael buttoned the top button of his red-striped sports shirt to lend an air of legal dignity to the proceedings. He walked to the front of the hall and called his first witness, Pearl Oaks.

"Now let's see," Max said. "The first thing to do is get the charges straight. If it's O.K. with you, Deirdre, I'll define them."

"You have the court's permission," Mrs. Hammermeister said, getting into the spirit of things.

"If your honor please, then," Max said, winking at his wife, Louise, who winked back, "the Cadwalladers are charged with, among other things, architectural primitivism, failure to conform, and the violation of the mores of suburban life." He turned to Cadwallader, who had moved to a folding chair at the front of the room. "Is that fairly put, Les?"

"I guess so."

"All right, then." He regarded his witness. "Pearl, is it true that Cameron Cash, the friendly real-estate man, in his infinite wisdom saw fit to make all the houses of Hasty Heights homogeneous?"

"If you mean do they all look alike, yes."

"And it is likewise true, is it not, that in the history of this suburban development any changes made in the original pattern have been minor ones?"

"That is correct."

"That is, all the changes were minor until the Cadwalladers moved in last year?"

"Exactly. They just don't fit in. As I was saying to ——"

"Never mind, Pearl. Now will you tell the jury what was the thing that gave you your first inkling that the Cadwalladers were not true Hasty Heightsites?"

"Their lawn. They used a hand mower to cut it."

"And did you question them about their failure to follow the suburban pat-

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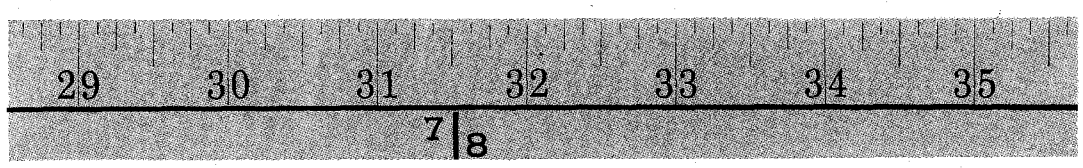

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tern, which calls for at least one power mower in every garage?"

"Naturally. I thought at first they couldn't afford one. I offered to lend them ours. Les Cadwallader turned me down."

"Did he give a reason?"

"He said his lawn, like the others, measures forty-two by one hundred three feet and he thought a hand mower was sufficient. Besides, he said, he preferred the smell of new-cut grass to the odor of half-burned gasoline."

"Did you point out to him that every Heights family has, at the very minimum, a twenty-inch rotary and furthermore that some of us are making payments on mowers that you can ride behind in a bucket seat?"

"I did. He just grinned and kept pushing his old-fashioned model."

"What happened next to add to your realization that we had a character in our midst?"

"He had a stopped-up drain. I was over having coffee with Ellen when it happened and I ——"

"Is having a stopped-up drain so unusual in the Heights?"

"You know as well as I do that it isn't, Max Carmichael. But do you know what Les did as soon as Ellen told him about it?"

"We all know, but let's get it on the record."

"He called a plumber."

"You mean before he tried to unstop the drain himself?"

"Yes. He just walked over to the phone and dialed the number."

"You were shocked, of course."

"I was speechless. If you can imagine me speechless. Harry wouldn't dream of calling a plumber or carpenter or television repairman before he's tried to fix things himself."

"Successfully?" Cadwallader inquired softly.

"I object to the question as immaterial and irrelevant," Max shouted. "The spirit of do-it-yourselfism is what counts, not the end results."

"Objection sustained," Deirdre ruled. "We all know your Harry couldn't fix anything more complicated than a ham sandwich, Pearl, any more than my Kismet can. But the poor dears do try, and that's the important thing."

Everyone turned and looked at Kismet, who grinned sheepishly and crouched lower in his chair. Max turned back to the witness.

"Tell me, what happened next?"

"Everybody knows about the dogwood trees."

"In the Heights, Pearl, everybody knows everything about everything. But this is a trial and it must all be spelled out on the record. As I recall, a vote was taken in this very room to plant two dogwoods in the front yard of every house in the development."

"That's right. And we all planted them too. Except the Cadwalladers. Les planted three sycamores."

"And not even the European variety, I believe. Did you ask him why?"

"Everyone asked him. All he'd say was, he liked sycamores."

"Now tell us about the Cadwalladers' lamps."

"Lamp, you mean. Singular, not plural. They wouldn't put one in their picture window."

"Elaborate, please."

"Well, everyone knows that if you have a picture window you must have a large table lamp set exactly in the center of it. But Ellen Cadwallader wouldn't do it."

"Did she say why?"

"Only that she had no wandering boy she was waiting for. I considered that a snide remark. My Harry comes home as promptly as anyone, except when he stops for a quick one before the train and gets talking about golf, and that doesn't happen more than two or three nights a week, and the last time it happened I told him ——"

"Just answer the questions, Pearl. Do I take it, then, that Ellen Cadwallader is as intransigent as her husband?"

"As much of an odd-ball, you mean? Well, I'd hate to say that about anybody, but she does want to be different. When it's her turn to entertain the Thursday Afternoon Bridge and Cheese Dip Society, she sometimes serves cake and ice cream."

"Instead of the obligatory cheese dip?"

"Exactly. And that's not the worst of it. She completely ignores the Blackwood convention. It was only three weeks ago when I was her partner and I bid four no-trump and she passed."

"Did you make your bid?" Cadwallader inquired.

"I went down five tricks, redoubled, but that has nothing to do with it."

"And if Ellen had given the correct Blackwood response of five clubs, showing no aces, would that have prevented the debacle?"

"Let's see, now." Pearl leaned back and ran a hand through her short-cropped hair. "I had the ace, king and two small spades; the queen, jack, ten of ——"

"I object," Max shouted.

"On what grounds?" Deirdre inquired.

"On the grounds that we'll be here all night if Pearl gets started replaying bridge games. Anyway, she's no authority. The last time she was my partner, she didn't know the Jacoby transfer from second base."

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"Oh, is that so?" Pearl said. "Well, anybody who opens one no-trump with only fourteen points, like you did, had better ——"

"We'll argue bridge some other time," Deirdre interrupted. "We have a more serious matter before us."

"It's pretty darned serious when your partner passes a one-no-trump bid when she's got twelve points and a string of six spades," Max grumbled. "But all right, we'll get back to the Cadwalladers. What other idiosyncrasies have you noticed about them, Pearl?"

"You want the worst one now or later?"

"Let's clear up the smaller ones first. Like Les's martinis."

"Yes, he does use more than five drops of vermouth per shaker, doesn't he? And gin instead of vodka or tequila. But did you know that when he and Ellen are alone, they don't even bother to make them at all before dinner?"

"I've heard that, but I hardly believed it."

"I think," Deirdre broke in, "that we ought to expedite matters. All the things you've mentioned are bad enough—especially those sycamores. I've never forgiven Les Cadwallader for those sycamores. But we are all broad-minded people. We might have ostracized them for such things, but we wouldn't have had to ask them to move if it weren't for the way they've butchered their house. What we are really trying them for tonight, in my opinion, is architectural mayhem."

"To wit," Max said, nodding, "tearing out their picture window and substituting a smaller one. To wit, covering up the knotty pine in their breezeway with wallpaper. To wit"—he paused and raised a finger aloft for emphasis—"to wit, and worst of all, adding a porch to their ranch house."

"That porch has got to go," Pearl said. "It makes their place look like the 'before' picture in a home magazine."

"Frankly," Cadwallader remarked, without rising from his chair, "I often prefer the 'before' pictures."

"You will have your chance to make a statement later," Deirdre told him sternly. . . . "Are you through with Pearl, Max?"

Alicia Appleby, a blond and determined young woman in the second row, leaped to her feet. "Let somebody else have a chance. I live right across the street from them, and I've got some things I want to say about that porch."

Reluctantly Pearl stepped down. Alicia took her place. "Ask me about the picture window first, Max."

"Who's prosecutor here, anyway? I'm perfectly capable of figuring out my own questions."

"Or ask me about the Bermuda shorts. Do you know Les is the only man in the Heights who doesn't wear them? And do you know he sat down on his lawn and guffawed the first time he saw my husband, Rodney, in his plaid shorts with a belt in the back? And do you know that he said that from the rear Rodney looked like an Ivy League bagpipe?"

Kismet Hammermeister clapped a hand over his mouth, but didn't quite suppress the burst of laughter. Deirdre glared at him. He was, she told herself, a trial to her. Carmichael frowned at Alicia.

"If you don't mind, I will propound the questions. Tell me, in your opinion, why did the Cadwalladers do away with their picture window?"

"They said they were tired of the picture."

"That was the only reason they gave?"

"Those were Les's very words. I don't pretend to understand what he meant."

The defendant unfolded his legs and stood up. "Would you mind telling the jury what the picture seen through my former picture window consisted of?"

"I object," Max shouted. "First the witness asks herself questions, then the lawyer for the defense asks her questions. When do I get a chance?"

"Oh, be quiet, Max. I want to hear the answer to this one," Louise Carmichael said, and her husband subsided.

Alicia glared at Louise and said that, as everyone knew, her house was directly across Sweet Pea Drive from the Cadwalladers' house. Their picture window used to be opposite her picture window.

"So is it not correct," Cadwallader inquired mildly, "that when I looked out of my living room I saw your living room, and vice versa?"

"And what's the matter with that?"

"And isn't it so that on one occasion, when Ellen and I got into an argument about whether Jimmy, who is four, was old enough for a bicycle, you and Rodney pulled up your butterfly chairs and sat there in front of your window all evening watching us waving our arms around?"

"We have a perfect right to look out of our own picture window."

"Granted. But I contend you have no inherent right to gaze into mine."

"There's an unsuburban statement if I ever heard one," Max shouted, stepping forward. "And now, Les, if you're through badgering my witness, I'll get this trial back on the track." He turned to Alicia. "Let's get down to the nub of the matter. When did you first discover that the Cadwalladers were going to add an old-fashioned porch—with a railing, for heaven's sakes!—to their contemporary?"

"About as soon as they decided, I guess. I saw them studying some blueprints one night in their living room, so I knew something was up."

"Was this after they replaced their picture window?"

"Yes. I can't see in as well as I used to, but ——"

"Never mind that. Did you inquire what was afoot?"

"I did. Ellen came right out and admitted they were going to build a wooden floor on their patio, put a roof over it and enclose it with a railing."

"Did she say why they were going to commit this atrocity?"

"I didn't ask. I felt too ill. Imagine spoiling a ranch house that way!"

"That was the end of your conversation?"

"I haven't spoken to Ellen Cadwallader since. I realize, of course, that it couldn't have been her idea. No woman would ever do a thing like that voluntarily. But when a wife can't prevent a husband from making a fool of himself, she's a traitor to her sex."

"Who bought Rodney those tartan shorts?" Cadwallader inquired softly.

Kismet Hammermeister started to choke over in (*Continued on Page 68*)

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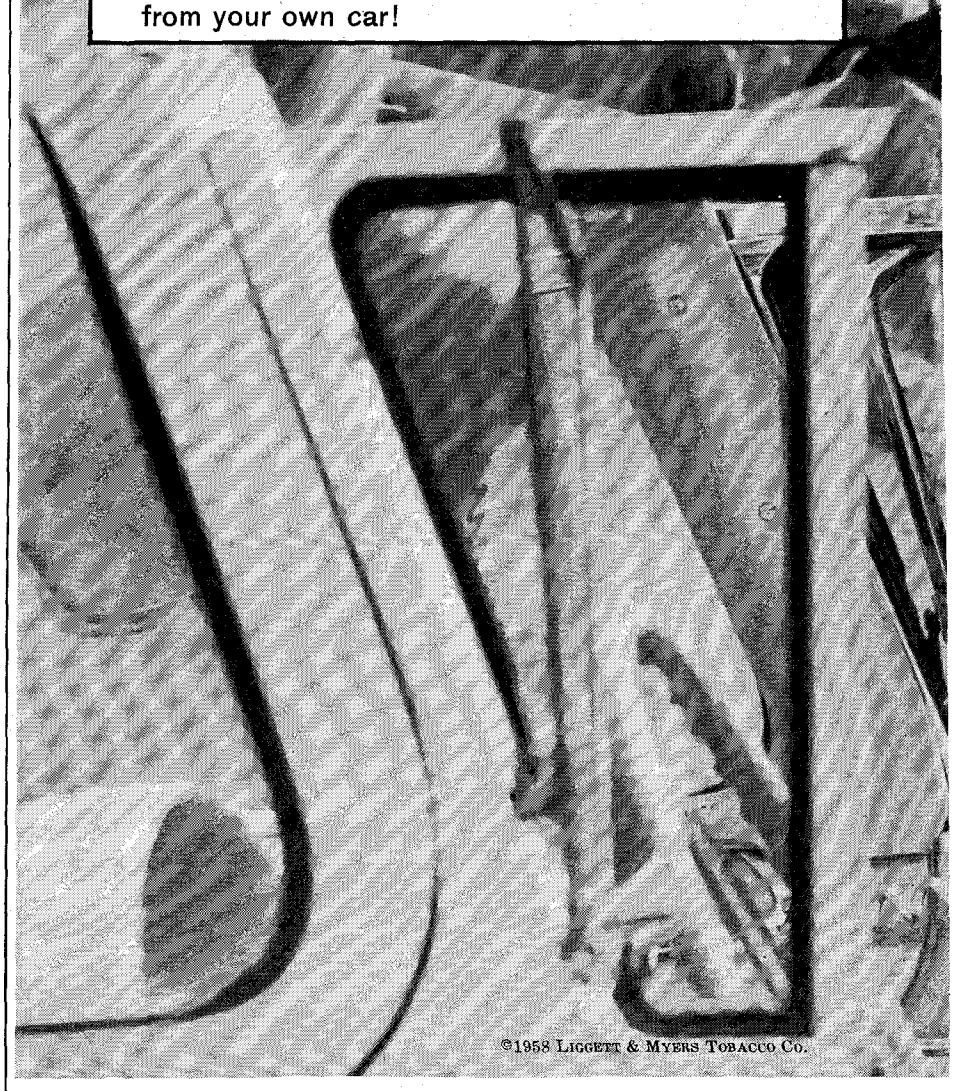

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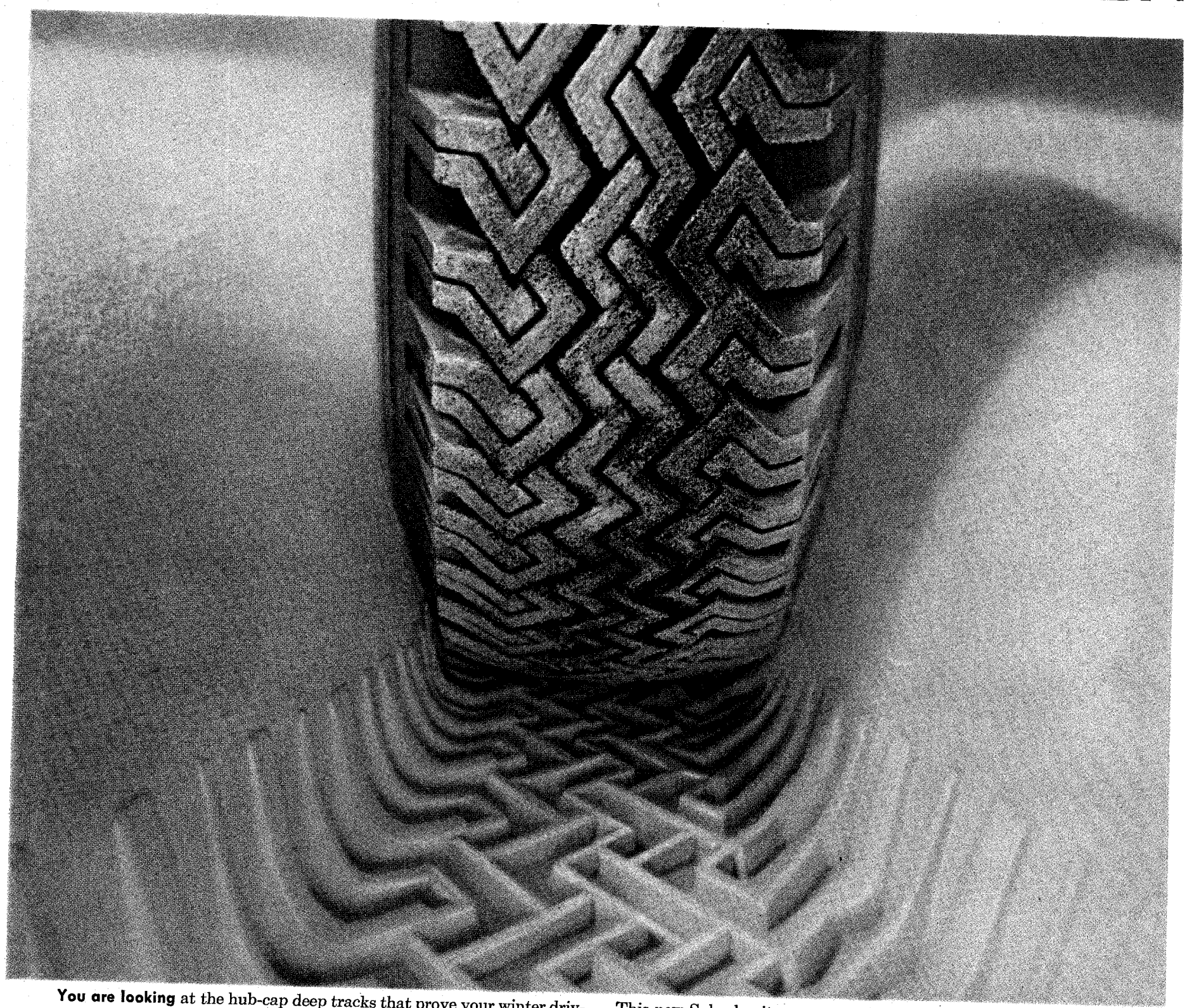

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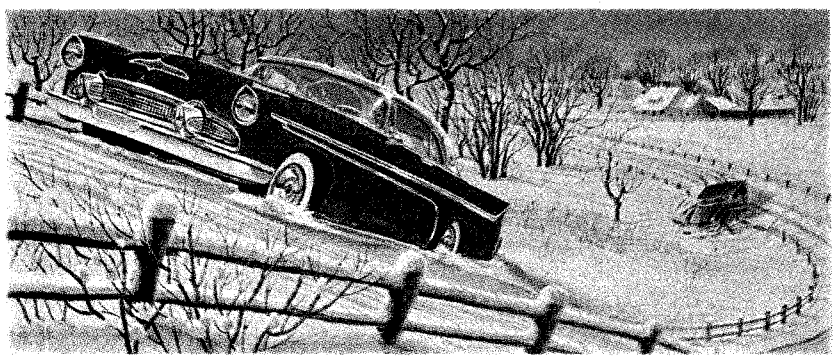

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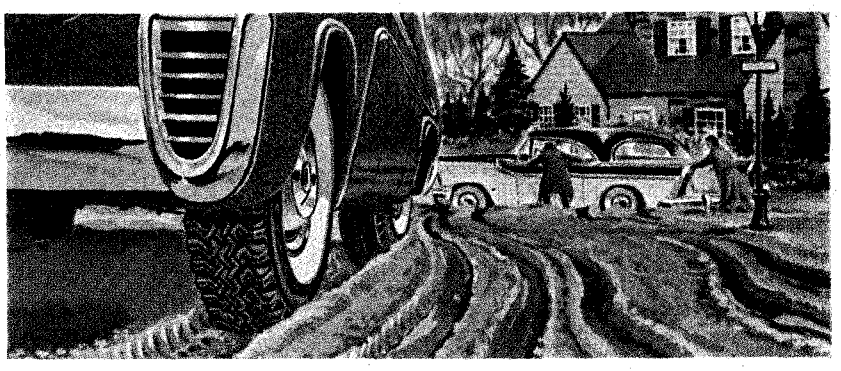

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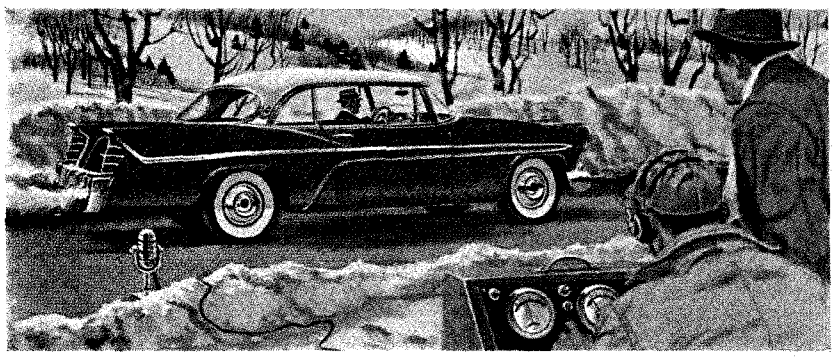

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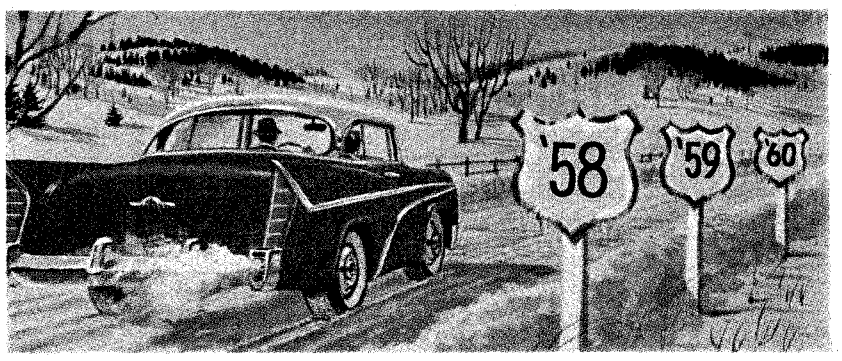

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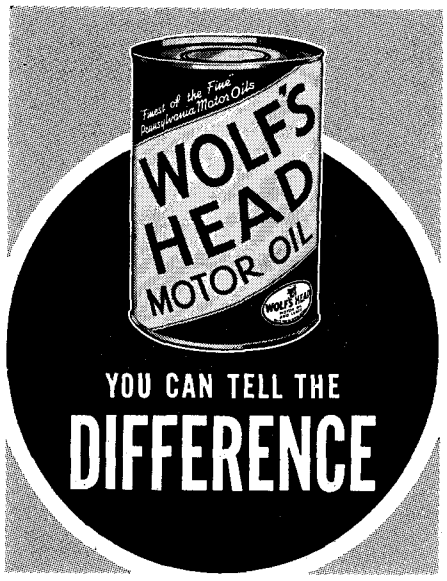

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BEAR BRAND Hosiery CO.
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Guaranteed Quality Hosiery Since 1893

(*Continued from Page 64*) his corner of the room. Deirdre frowned a warning at him and ruled the defendant's question out of order.

"Max, do you really think you need any more witnesses?" she asked. "After all, the association members—that is, the jury—are well aware of what has happened. They've all seen Les out there with his feet propped up on that railing."

"He looks so contented, sitting there," Alicia put in. "While my Rodney and the other men are doing something useful, like making birdhouses with their power saws or pulling up the crab grass, he's over there leaning back in his chair, smoking his pipe, reading a book. Those feet of his on that porch railing are a bad influence on the other husbands. They've got to go."

There were feminine murmurs of agreement. Max looked around the room with the trained eye of a lawyer. The jury, he could see, was in his pocket. It was a good time to quit. He nodded to Alicia to step down.

"The prosecution rests," he said, and settled confidently into a chair.

Cadwallader climbed to his feet. He thrust his hands into his pockets and faced the hostile room. For a moment, doubts assailed him. Was it possible that they were right and he was wrong? Would the wise course be to admit it, to promise to change his ways, to conform? He caught Ellen's eye. He straightened his shoulders. She, at least, was on his side. There was no turning back.

"I may as well admit at the outset," he said, "that I'm guilty as charged. I do not own a power mower. I do not now have a picture window, and when I did have one I did not have a lamp centered in it. I do not consider the very, very, very dry martini the noblest work of man. And I will admit that a porch looks somewhat incongruous on the kind of houses that Cameron Cash, the friendly real-estate man, has sold us. My defense is simply this: I believe that even in Hasty Heights there is room for some small stirrings of individuality. And I will endeavor to prove that I am not as alone in that opinion as might be supposed. For my first witness, I wish to call"—he paused and waited until the room was quite quiet—"Kismet Hammermeister."

Deirdre half rose from her chair. Kismet sank lower in his. Those in the back of the room stood up to get a better look at him. There was a stirring, a rustling, a sharing of whispers.

"What," Deirdre demanded, "has my husband got to do with this? . . . Kismet, what have you been up to? Come up here and explain yourself."

Hammermeister walked reluctantly forward and sat on the edge of the chair next to the brown table. He peered reproachfully up at Cadwallader.

"I'm sorry," Les said. "But I'm fond of my house in the Heights—don't ask me why, because I couldn't tell you—and I have to use desperate measures. Still, if you'd rather I didn't question you, Kismet, I won't."

"You can't stop now," the judge said, fixing the witness with an icy stare. "If you don't question him, I will."

"I don't know what this is all about," Hammermeister said. He cleared his throat and attempted a smile. "Whatever it is, I plead not guilty."

"Have you got some silly notion about boarding up our picture window or something, Kismet? Because if you have ——"

"No, no. Nothing like that. You know me better than that, dear."

"No woman can ever be sure of how a man will behave," Deirdre said, sinking back wearily in her chair. "That's the cross we all must bear. Ask your questions, Cadwallader. . . . And remember, Kismet, I'm listening carefully."

"I'll make it as easy on you as I can," Les told the witness.

Hammermeister squared his narrow shoulders. "Ask ahead. I have nothing to hide."

"Of course you haven't. All right, then, tell me this. Where were you on the night of August twenty-fourth between ten and eleven o'clock?"

"I don't know where *he* was," Deirdre interrupted, "but I know where I was. In Poughkeepsie, visiting my sister. . . . Answer the question, Kismet."

"I don't remember."

"Would it refresh your recollection," Les continued gently, "if I asked whether you didn't run into me down at the Heights supermarket, and we got to talking?"

"I remember now. I'd gone there to buy anchovy paste."

"You are fond of anchovy paste?"

"I love it." He leaned forward and spoke confidentially. "Whenever Deirdre goes out of town, I buy some and bring it home and spread it on crackers. I eat it while I'm watching the night ball game on television."

"Deirdre, I take it, does not approve of anchovy paste?"

"She can't stand it. She can't stand the ball games either."

"And so, when she is away, you indulge yourself?"

"I didn't think she'd mind. After all, I always sweep up every cracker crumb." He turned to the judge. "You don't mind, do you, dear?"

"Keep talking," Deirdre said grimly. "Just keep talking."

"Now on the night in question," Les continued, "isn't it true that I suggested you come home with me from the store and watch the game on my set?"

"That's right. And you said I could bring along my anchovy paste. I thought that was mighty decent of you."

"And after the game was over, what did you say to me?"

"I told you I'd better be getting home. It was past my regular bedtime."

"And I talked you into sticking around awhile, didn't I?"

Kismet avoided his wife's eyes. He nodded miserably.

"What did we do then?"

"We got a fresh box of crackers and went outside."

"Outside, Kismet? Remember, you're under oath."

"Well, not exactly outside, I guess. We went out on the ——" He paused, searching desperately for a euphemism. "We went out and sat where your patio used to be."

"We went out and sat on the porch. You had your crackers and anchovy paste and I had a bag of salted-in-the-shell peanuts. Isn't that right?"

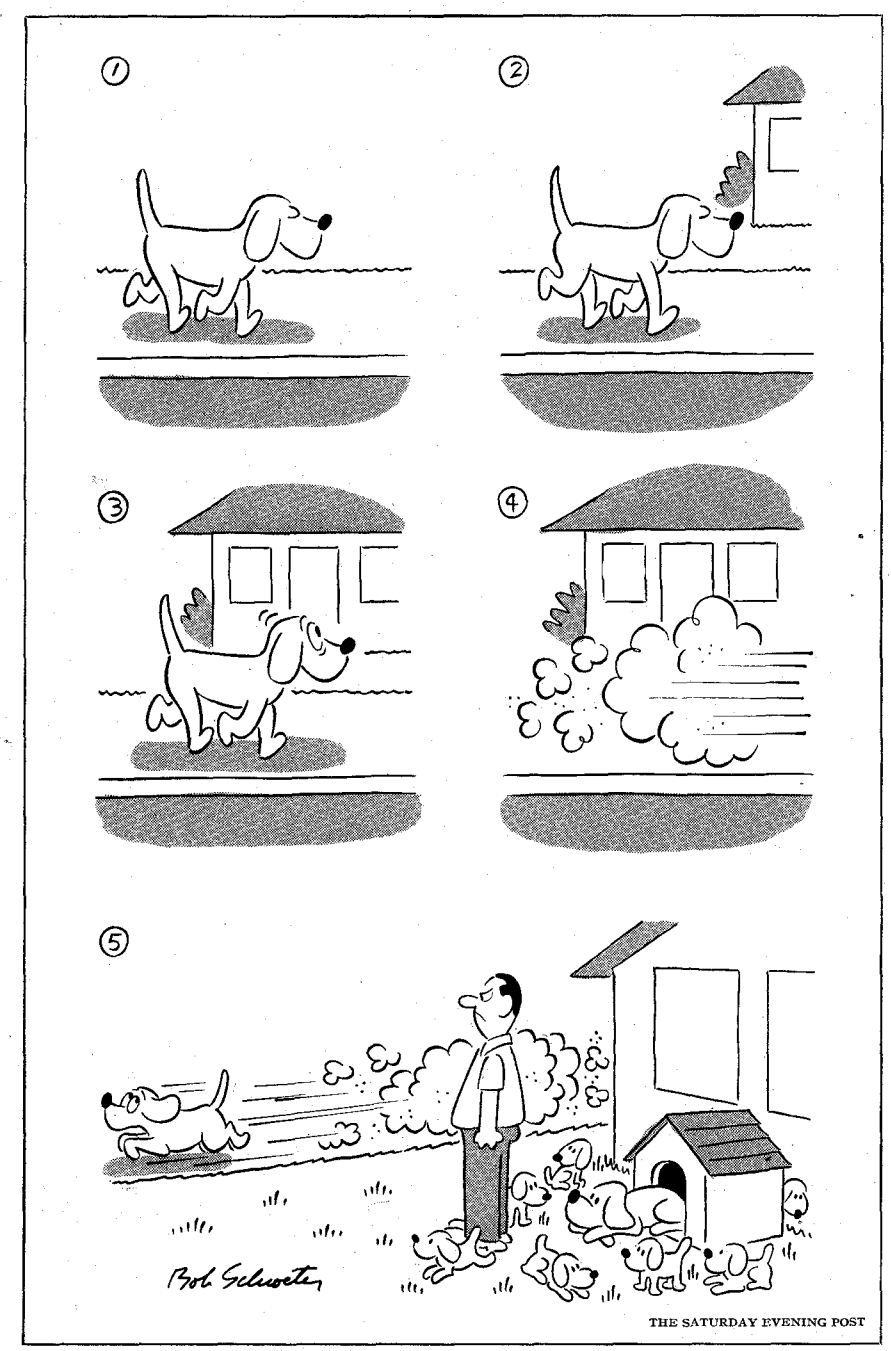
"I object," Carmichael shouted. "Kismet is not on trial here."

"Shut up, Max," the judge ordered. "I'm learning a lot. The witness is directed to answer the question."

"We went out on the—on the ——"

"The porch?" Les suggested.

"Yes. I still had about half a tube of the anchovy (*Continued on Page 70*)



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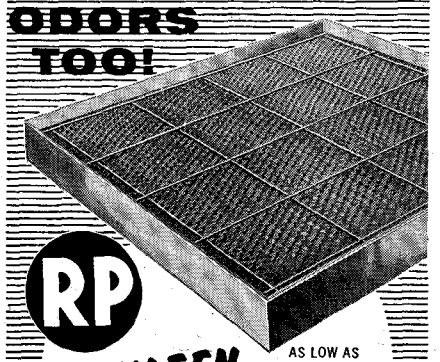

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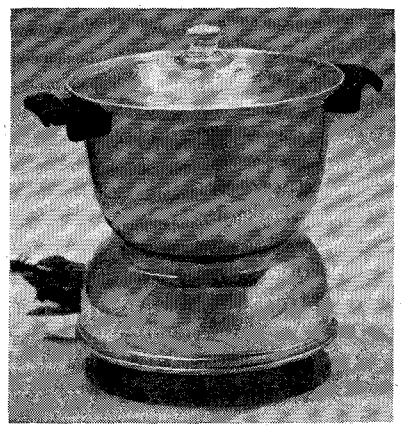
CORN POPPER



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Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. Offer good in continental U. S. only, until March 31, 1959. Sorry, no corn popper sets may be sold for cash.

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443 Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

(*Continued from Page 68*) paste. I'd been nibbling at it during the game, but it's too salty to eat fast, and anyway I wanted it to last."

"What did we do next?"

"We sat down."

"On what kind of chairs?"

"In rocking chairs." He looked at his wife. "There were only two chairs on the"—he swallowed—"on the porch. And both were rocking chairs. So I had no choice."

"And what did we do then?"

"We talked."

"Yes, but before that?"

"I don't remember."

"Didn't we lean back in our rockers and put our feet up on the railing?"

Hammermeister looked around appealingly. Everyone was staring. He folded his arms and pressed his lips together. He shook his head. "I refuse to say."

"On grounds that your answer might tend to incriminate you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, admitting for the sake of argument that we sat down and put our feet up on the wrought-iron railing ——"

"I haven't admitted a thing, and you know it."

"—isn't it true that you told me the house where you lived when you were a boy had a porch?"

"I might have. I was in a reckless mood that night. But I didn't expect to be quoted."

"And didn't you also say that sometimes you wished you had a porch you could go out to, and put your feet up and get away from the television set?"

"I'm a happily married suburbanite, Les Cadwallader, and I don't think it's very sporting of you to ——"

"All right, I withdraw the question. Would you be willing to tell the jury what we talked about out there on the porch?"

"About the Heights, mostly, and about commuting; how much time we waste riding those trains back and forth. And I asked you why, if you didn't like it here, you didn't go back where you came from."

"And do you recall my answer?" Les asked.

"You said you'd like to, but that where you came from is full of ranch houses now too. And I said the house where I'd lived as a boy had been bought by some people from Upper Sandusky, Ohio, who've ripped off the porch and painted the whole place puce."

"Tell me, Kismet. Be honest. Did you enjoy the evening?"

"Well, it was different. You didn't insist that I listen to your hi-fi, the way people usually do, and your wife didn't make me sweep up the cracker crumbs. I was grateful for that."

"And you did enjoy putting your feet on that porch railing, now didn't you?"

Hammermeister clenched his hands on the edge of the table. He stared wildly about the room, his eyes finally coming to rest on his wife's face. He jumped to his feet.

"I didn't," he cried. "I didn't, I didn't. I hated it. All the time I was there I was wishing that I was sitting in a butterfly chair on a flagstone patio. I was wishing that you were like the other neighbors and would take me into your recreation room to show me something you'd made with your jigsaw. You're not going to trap me and drag me down, Les Cadwallader. You're not going to ruin my gracious living."

Hammermeister fairly galloped back to his chair in the third row and sank into it, burying his face in his hands. Deirdre allowed herself a triumphant smile. "I hope you're satisfied," she told Cadwallader. "Kismet won't sleep a wink tonight. But you must realize now how absurd your attempt to blacken his good name has been. Have you anything else to offer in your own defense?"

"No—no, I guess not. I know when I'm licked. I was going to call some of the other men who have sneaked over to my porch—after dark, on nights when their wives weren't around—and have rested their feet on the railing. But I can see it would be no use. They'd deny everything. I guess I can't blame them."

"Are you ready for the vote?"

"I am. Of course, it's obvious the way it will go. How I'm ever going to sell my house, I don't know. No woman will ever allow her husband to buy it."

"That's your problem, Cadwallader, not ours. For my part, I hope it stands vacant forever as a monument to male stupidity and a warning." She looked around the room, smiling. "You are all witnesses to the promise Lester J. Cadwallader has made to move away, if the vote against him is unanimous, and take his outlandish ideas with him. Hasty Heights will once again be a happy, well-knit community. Now, is there anyone here so foolish as to vote against the majority?"

She waited. Cadwallader searched the faces. Don Seabright? Don had admitted to him once that he hated being awakened at six o'clock every Saturday morning by the snarl of power mowers. But Don was staring steadfastly at his shoes. Harris? Mike had once remarked on the commuter train that he was tired of sitting behind drawn drapes in his living room when he wanted privacy. But Mike was avoiding his eyes. Les shrugged. He looked at Ellen and then he looked away from her.

"All right," he said. "You win. I'll see a real-estate agent in the morning."

"No," someone said.

Cadwallader looked up, startled. Deirdre jumped to her feet. "Who said that?" she demanded.

Kismet Hammermeister stood up, his face red, but his shoulders back. "I did. I said it."

"Am I to understand that my own husband is voting in this man's favor?"

"I ——" Kismet started to sit down. But then he changed his mind. "I have a right to my own opinion, dear."

"And your opinion, I suppose, is that a monstrosity of a porch is a suitable addition to this community?"

"I don't know. I don't know whether it is or not. I'll admit it looks funny. But by golly, those rocking chairs were comfortable. And when a man comes home at night it would be mighty pleasant to have a railing to rest his feet on."

"And sit there gorging himself on anchovies, I suppose?"

"Yes. Yes, by George. Yes."

Seabright was on his feet too. "I don't like Bermuda shorts," he said, looking around defiantly. "I don't care who knows it. I just don't like them."

"Count me in on this revolt of the downtrodden," Harris shouted. "I'm going to sell my power mower. Let the crab grass grow."

"You are not," Mona Harris told him. "You are going to do no such thing—and will you please stop waving your arms around."

Several other men were standing now, demanding to be heard, their wives pulling frantically at their sleeves. Everyone was talking at once, but over the hubbub Louise Carmichael's voice could be heard loud and clear.

"I say, if we can't lick 'em, join 'em. If we all added a porch, that would make all the houses alike again, and anyway it would be a good place for the kids to play on rainy days, and I think ——"

"Oh, shut up," Max Carmichael told her. "If a man can't even win a case when his own wife's on the jury ——"

Deirdre pounded on the table, demanding order, but it was Cadwallader who finally got it. "I move," he shouted, "that this meeting be adjourned. And anyone who wants to come is invited over to my house. We'll sit in the cane-backed rockers and put up our feet and ——"

"—and eat anchovy paste," Kismet cried, starting for the exit. Cadwallader squeezed his wife's arm happily and they followed, with Harris, Seabright, Mrs. Carmichael and half a dozen others falling in behind.

"Come back," Deirdre cried. "Kismet, come back."

He stopped and looked back toward her over his shoulder. He cleared his throat. He smiled bravely. The room was quiet suddenly, and he spoke softly. "Leave a light burning in the center of our picture window, dear. When the anchovy tube is empty, your wandering boy will come home." THE END

"I'd like to report an accident."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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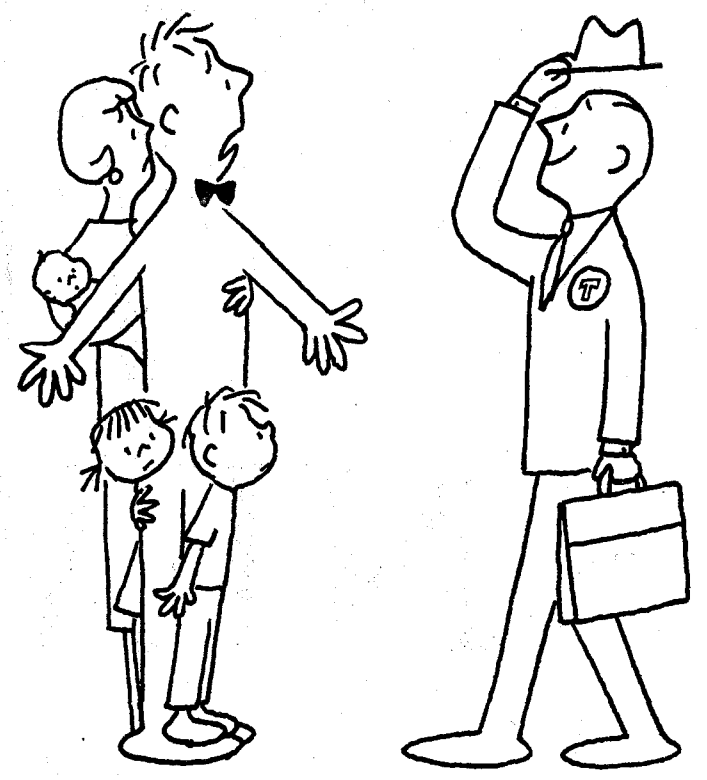
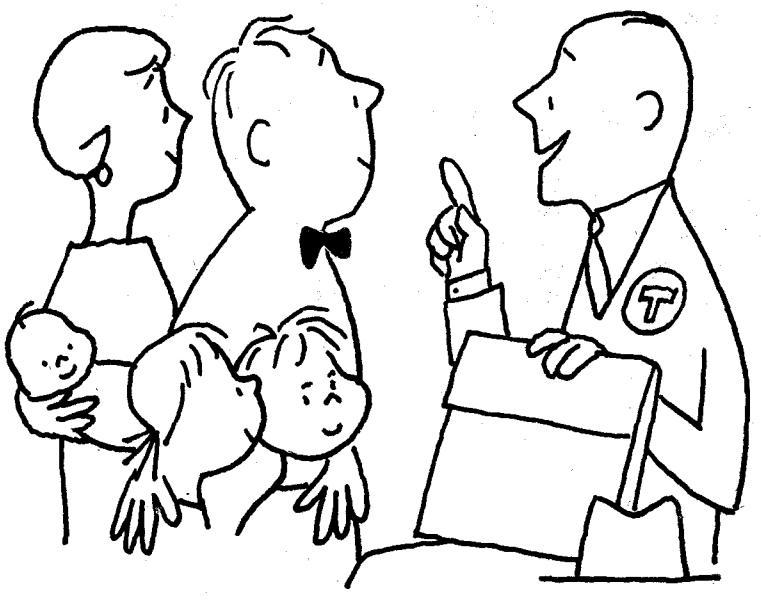
1.

A dynasty of Taylors—that's what young Bob vowed he'd found.
He took a spouse and built a house with ivy wreathed around.
Before five years had passed him by, his children numbered three—
And only then it struck Bob: "Ouch! This all depends on *me!*



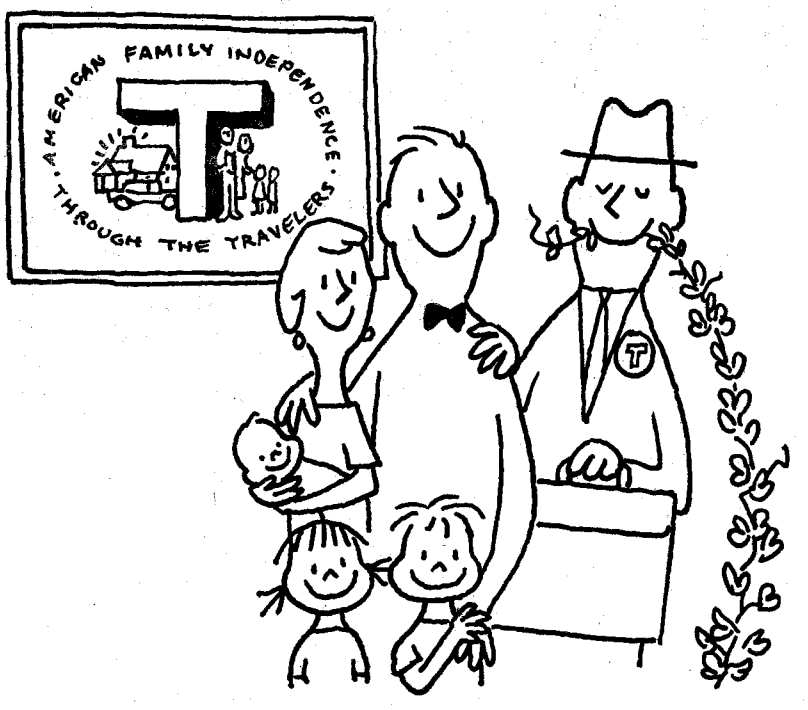
2.

"My lovely wife, my cherubs—all this life we've fondly cherished
Would turn to woe (where would they go?) if suddenly I perished!
A damage suit—a fire—a theft—they'd bring us evil days.
Please, Travelers man, design a plan to safeguard *all* always!"



3.

"Why that we can," said Travelers' man, "now first let's scrutinize
Your worldly goods, your income—figure out where peril lies.
A monthly payment Budget Plan—that's what we'll shape for you
To cover life and home and car—to guard the Taylor crew."



4.

Now armored by their Travelers plan, The House of Taylor stands
Aloof from all adversity—they hold the upper hands.
American Family Independence—monthly payments buy it;
So call your trusty Travelers man—he'd like to have you try it.

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New things, great things, reward you in this '59 Dodge. Seats swing to welcome you in. New HC-HE engines—high compression, high economy—whisper their promise of eager performance at substantial savings. Orderly rows of instruments gleaming panel welcome you to the first dimension car, with fingertip control of driving, and weather. New Level-Flite Torsion-Aire introduces you to three dimensional comfort—ride control, road control, load control. It keeps you on an even keel at all times. Outside mirrors adjust from inside. Inside mirrors adjust themselves electronically to banish glare. All this is great. But the final reward is the greatness built into this Dodge. It is deep down, through and through, and thoroughly satisfying.

Open this page to 1959's new shape of motion ➤

NEW '59 DODGE

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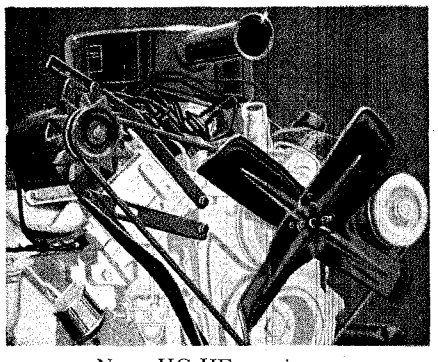
New Swing-Out Swivel Seats invite you to step in and discover the newness and greatness of the '59 Dodge. Get aboard, swing in, and the seat locks in place. Pull down the center arm rest. You are in a position of wonderful control, wonderful support. And now . . . *take off!* You have never seen, felt, owned anything like it.



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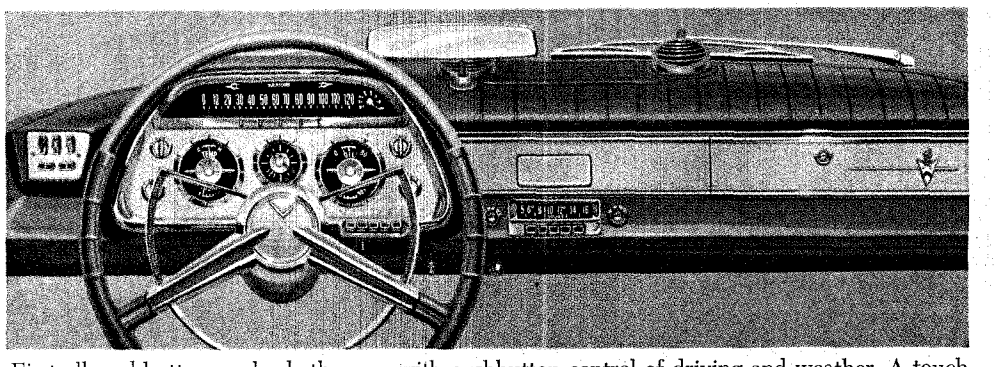

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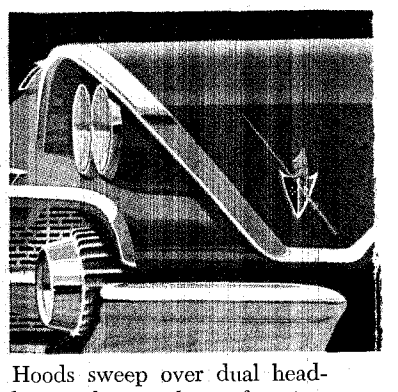

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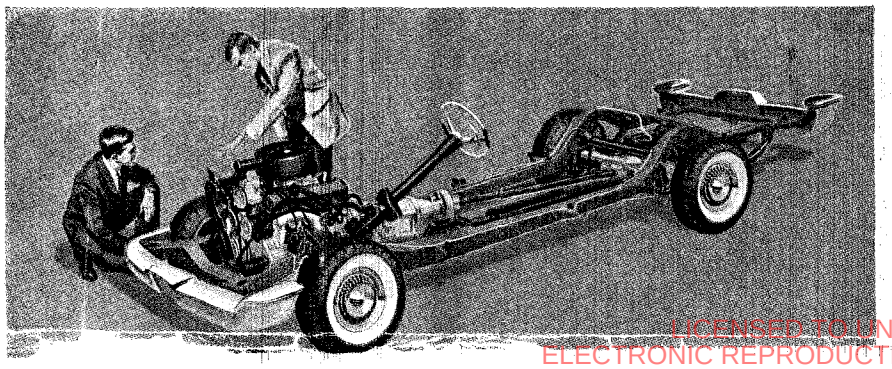
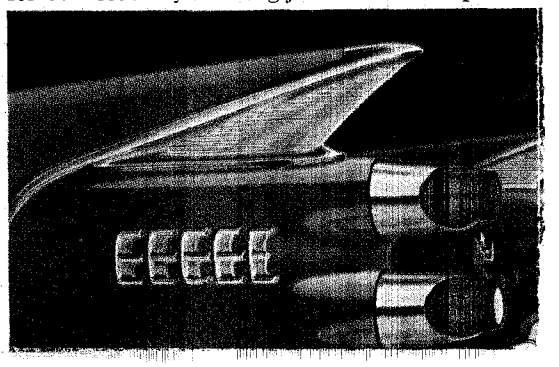


Finger-tip TorqueFlite take-off delivers more thrust to the rear wheels.

Crisp and saber-keen, the new Swept-Wing look for '59 is set off by thrusting Jet-Trail Tail Lamps.



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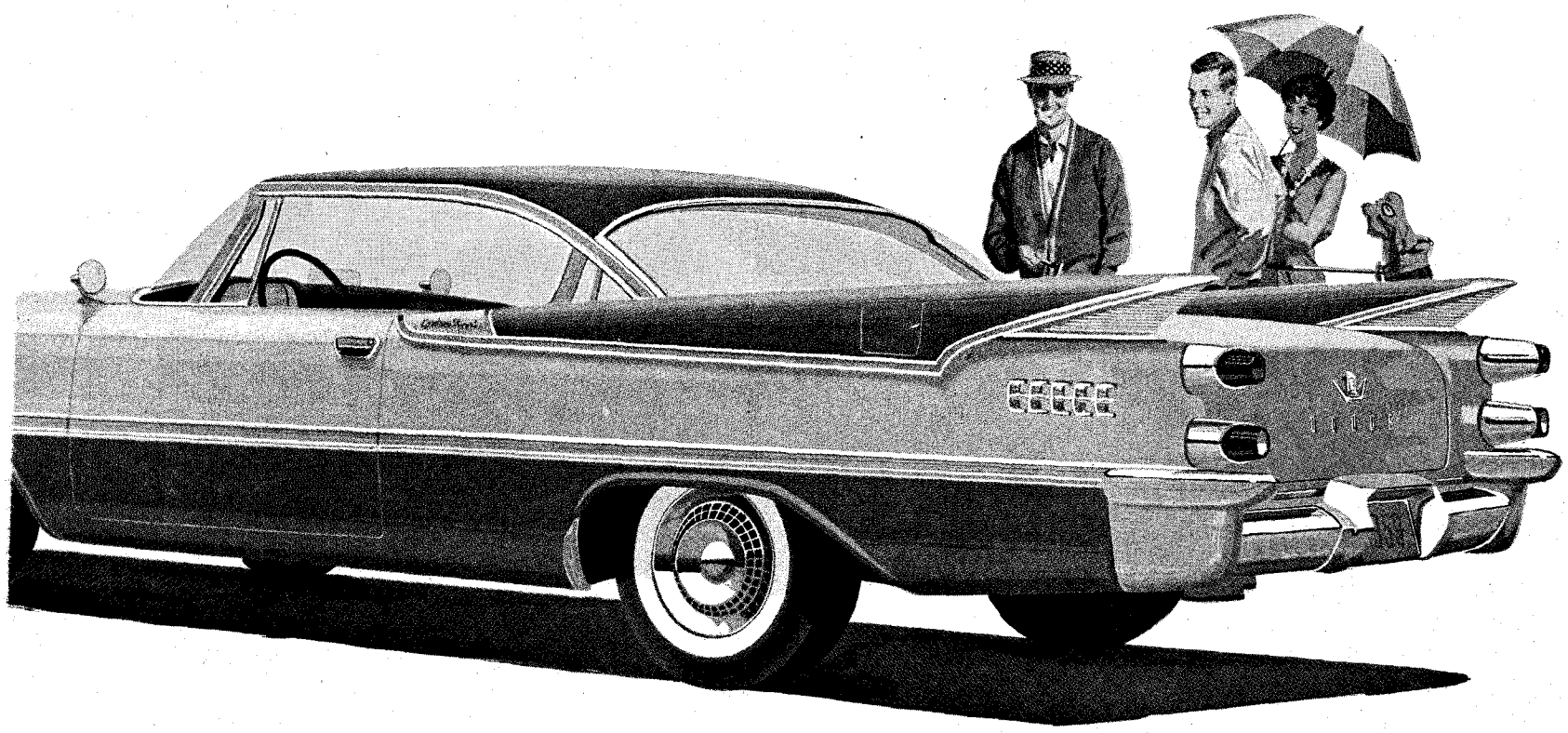
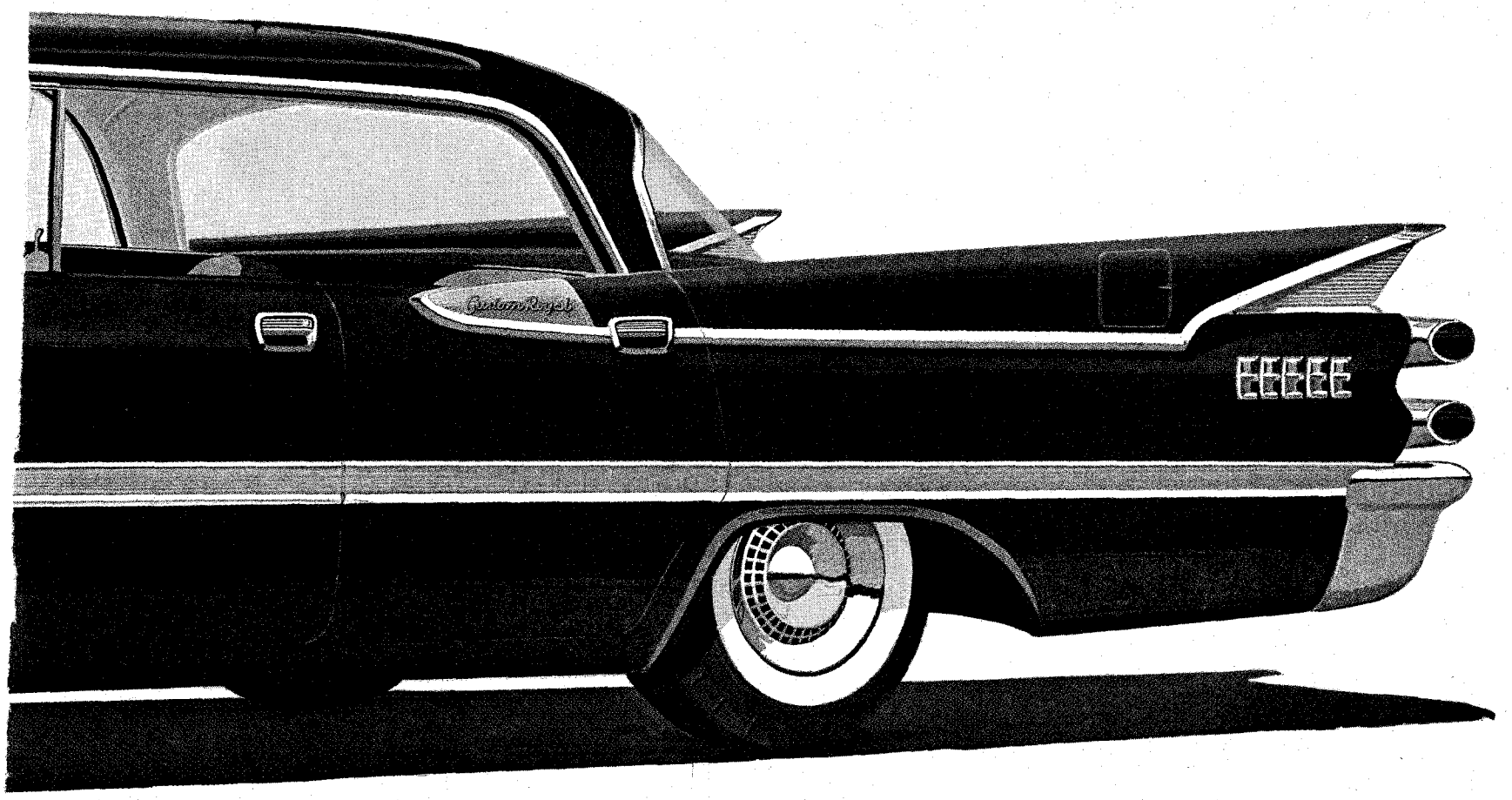


'S GREAT ! SO MUCH THAT'S DODGE !



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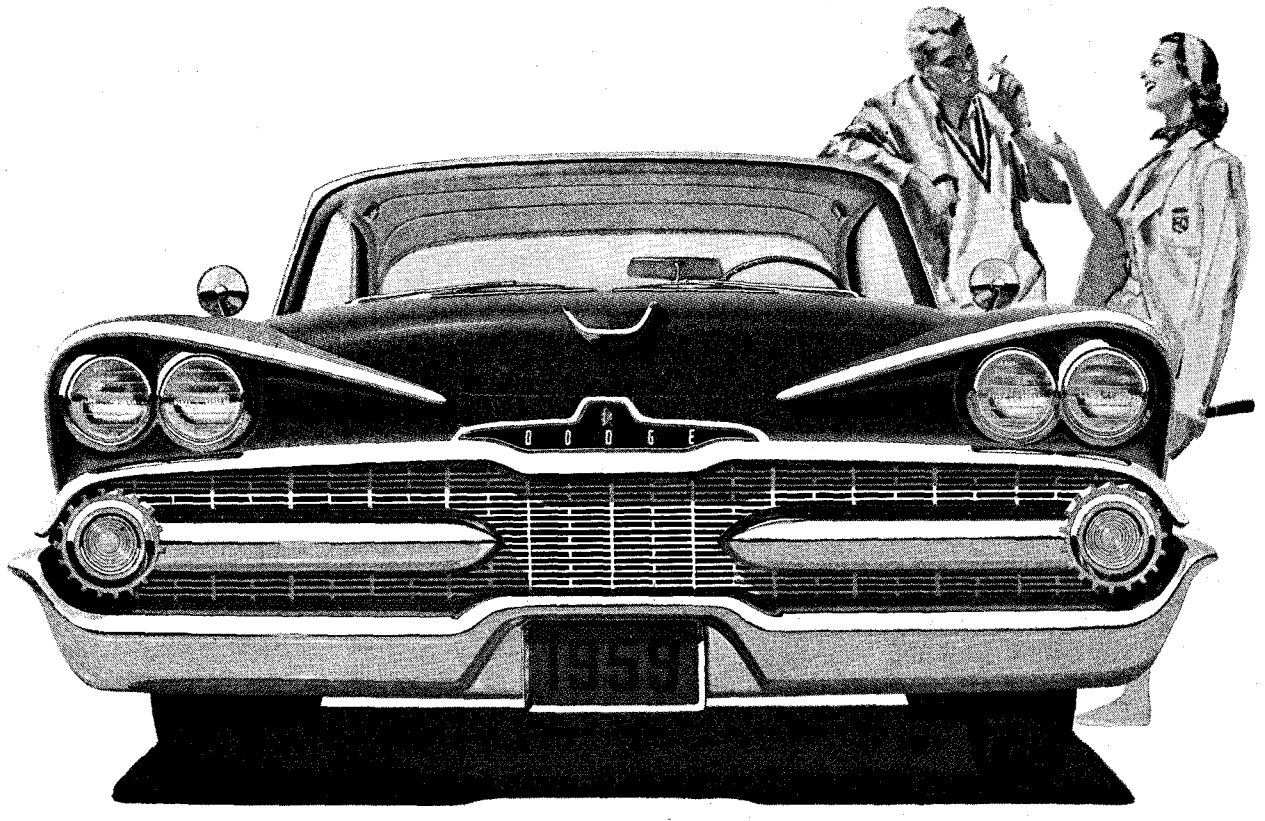
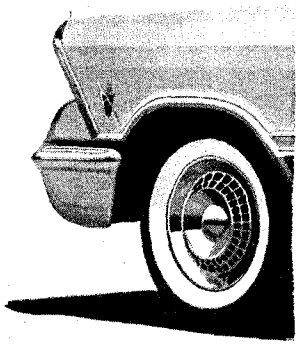
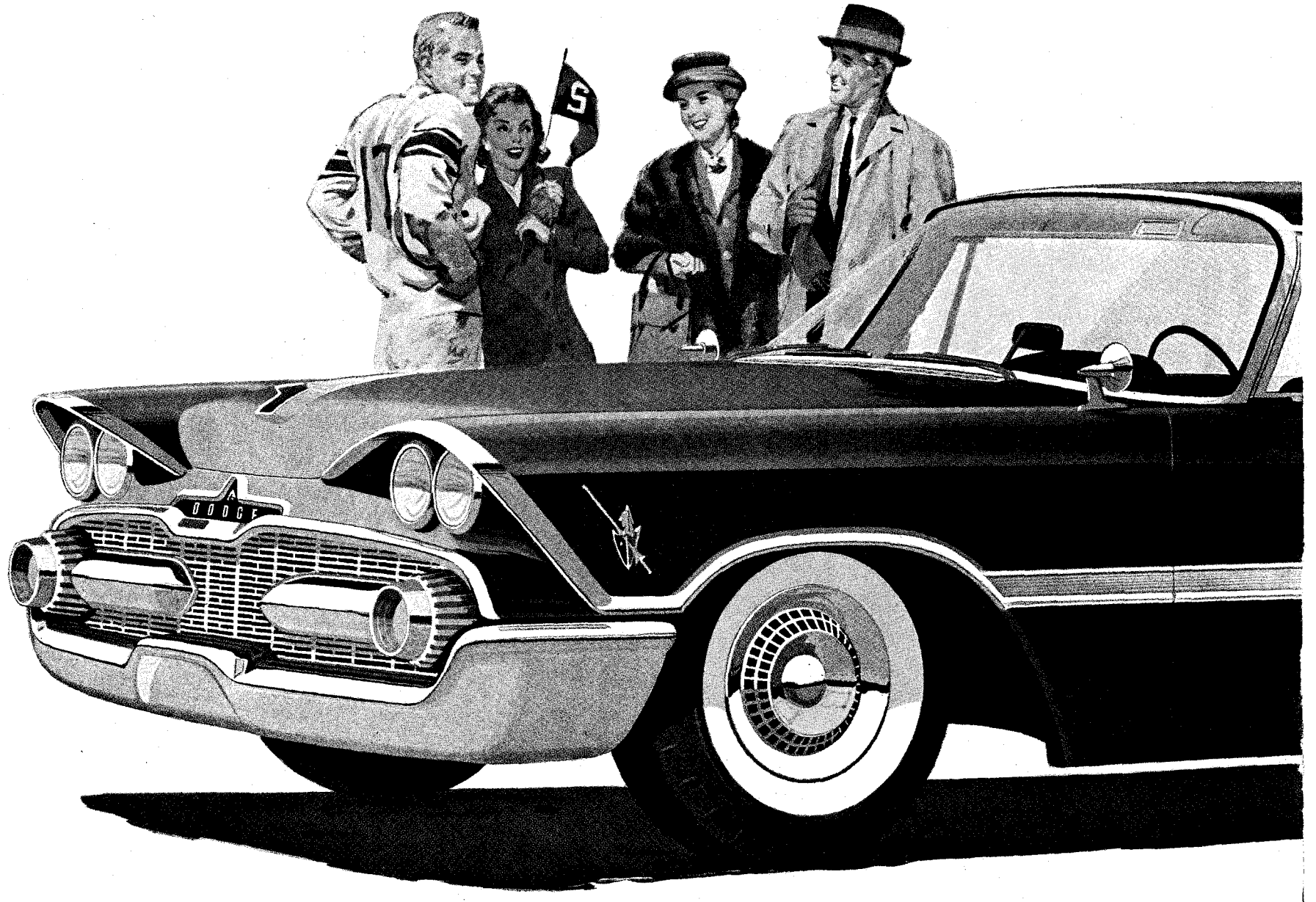




SO MUCH THAT'S NEW!

SO MUCH THAT



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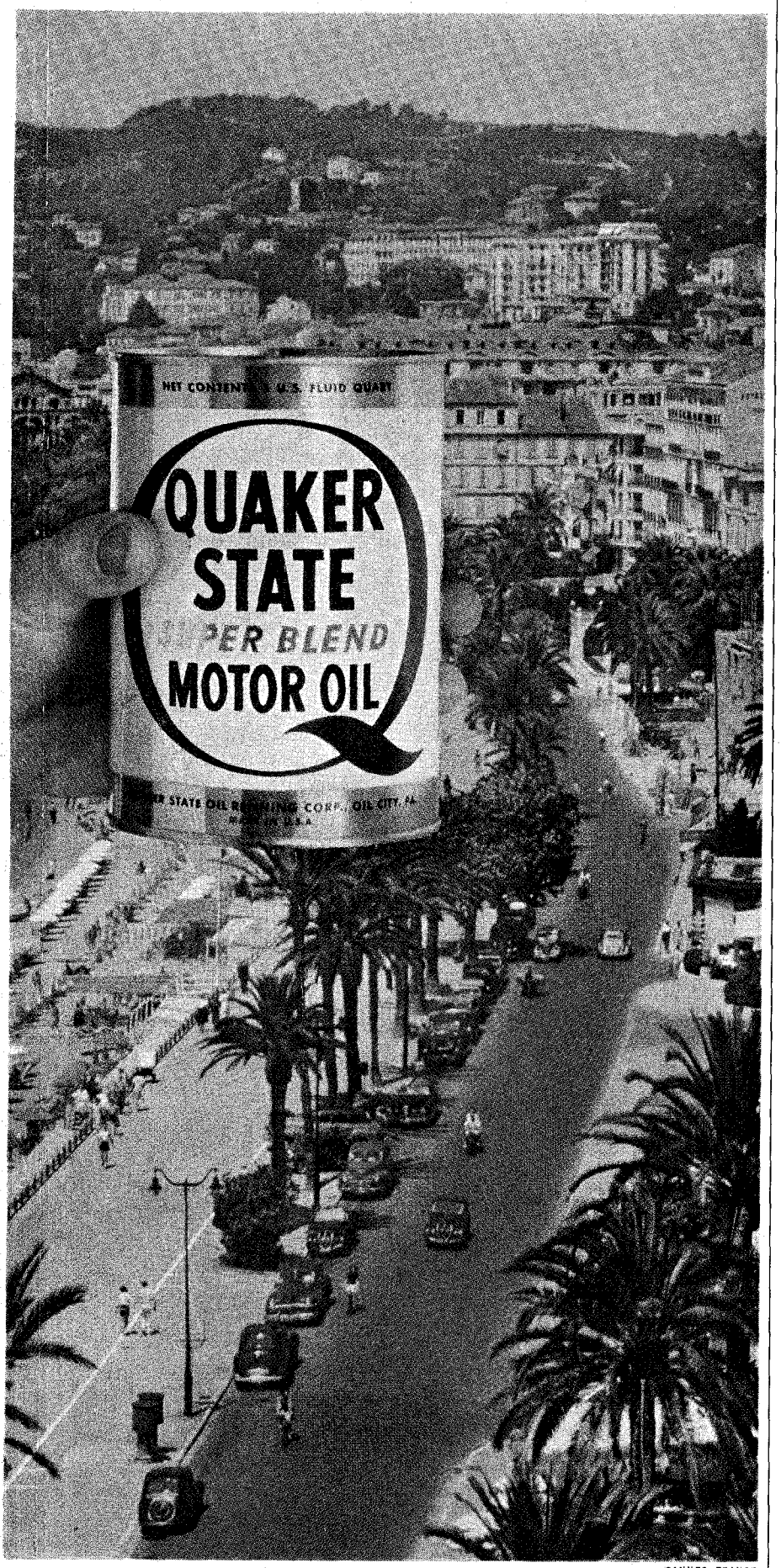

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The Touchdown Makers

(Continued from Page 26)

bare legs as he ran, and to enjoy the way a sailing football caught the early glints of the sun. Not until the muscles of his legs were bunched and knotted, and his arm so numb that he could barely reach the targets would he call it a morning. One or two of his fellow students, strolling to breakfast in the dining hall, might notice him then: a tall, tired boy clumsily balancing an armload of footballs up the ramp into the gym.

In the spring came a letter from Boston: Coach Wilberman himself would drop by in a few days with a contract. To Hobert this was the crucial moment; he was nervous. For weeks he and Sally had thought of nothing but the contract to be signed. How much should Hobert demand? They decided he should start at fifteen thousand dollars, being prepared to accept ten. The successor to Obeck should be worth at least that. Most important to both was a five-hundred-dollar bonus for signing. With that they could be married.

In his hotel room, the coach outlined the contract, then passed the document to Hobert. Glancing at the contract, Hobert waited nervously for the bargaining to begin.

"If you'll just sign there ——"

The salary figure had already been typed onto the contract. It called for six thousand dollars.

"Six thousand," said Hobert hollowly.

"You're not Obeck, you know," said Wilberman with a smile.

In his disappointment, Hobert's eyes blurred. The contract was heavy in his fingers.

Wilberman explained the terms. Hobert would join the team on July twentieth. The first payday was October first, if he made the team. If he didn't ——

"I would receive nothing?" said Hobert huskily.

"It's a standard contract."

"Six thousand," murmured Hobert.

"That's about average," said the coach, who had considered offering seventy-five hundred. He was pleased now that he had rejected the notion. He could see Hobert would sign for six. "What had you thought of asking for?"

"I don't know," said Hobert. "I don't know." Overwhelmed with dejection, Hobert stared at the contract. "But ——"

Despondently, nervously, Hobert lifted the contract, then put it down again.

"What did you want to say?"

Hobert said, "Isn't there a—a bonus for signing?"

The coach laughed easily. "Whatever gave you that idea?"

The laugh dashed all Hobert's hopes. He gazed at the contract. There would be no bonus, no marriage. How would he ever tell Sally? They had constructed such elaborate dreams.

"We never give bonuses," said Wilberman, adding the mental reservation: *Except sometimes to big names. Scrimmage meat like you we can get for nothing.*

Wilberman was bored. He was a big, unimaginative man, physically gentle, like most football players, but also a little shrewder, a little more ambitious, a little more ruthless than most coaches. Haggling over a contract like Hobert's was meaningless, and therefore irritating. There would be no bonus. It did not matter what figure the boy signed for; he would probably not last to collect any of it. Wilberman considered himself a kind man because he never, in his annoyance, explained just this to a player.

Hobert swallowed. He had promised Sally the bonus; he had promised their marriage. He could not sign. He shook his head. He could not sign.

"What do you need the money for?" asked Wilberman then.

Hobert, stammering, told him.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty," the boy mumbled.

"How old is the girl?"

"Twenty."

"Hell," said Wilberman, "I didn't marry till I was thirty-two. Too busy playing football. Why not wait a few years?"

"No," said Hobert. "No." His voice sounded throaty and desperate.

Wilberman switched abruptly to small talk. Hobert, with Sally, had spent the day across in Mexico. Soothingly, Wilberman asked what he found interesting there. Hobert admitted he enjoyed the bullfights. He began to speak nervously of the ritual, the beauty, the emotion.

To Coach Wilberman, this kind of talk was meaningless. It had nothing to do with football. He considered any subject not entirely American to be vaguely suspect, perhaps tied up in some way with the Communists.

Wilberman's hand pushed the contract across the table at Hobert. His voice was expert, convincing. Hobert clung desperately to his hope. He could no longer answer the coach's arguments. Some of them he no longer understood. He was like a dazed fighter, hanging on while his dream of the championship slipped away.

The interview terminated, Hobert went home. Crushed, exhausted, he stared at the telephone, thinking of Sally, who waited for his call.

Near midnight, she called him. "I've been so worried, Bobby. What's happened?"

"Still negotiating," he said tightly.

Outside, darkness hid his defeat. How could he tell her? Restless, unhappy, he paced through the quiet streets. Perhaps he could tell her tomorrow, he thought hopelessly. She would be so disappointed. He felt he had failed everyone—Sally, his parents, everyone.

He felt overcome with defeat. In his mind, the coarse, confident voice of the coach droned on and on. It had worn him down until he could not decide what to say, what to do and, dimly, he knew only that this was not what he had expected. In the end, submissively, he had signed.

From the way Wilberman folded the document, controlling the slight smirk on his face, Hobert was aware that the coach had known he would sign all the time.

Now, silently, he promised Sally that he would borrow the money. They would have their marriage somehow.

Robert and Sally Hobert were married on July first, and on their honeymoon drove as far south as Terreón, Mexico. On July fifteenth, in El Paso, Hobert boarded the train for Boston alone. He kissed his new wife good-by at the station.

"Oh, Bobby, I'll miss you so," she whispered as she clung to him. Their embrace was interrupted by the impatient whistle of the train. The boy mounted the steps, holding Sally's hand until the movement of the train

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tore their fingers apart. From the platform he watched her diminishing figure as the train gathered speed. It rounded a bend, she was gone. Hobert stood in the vestibule, wiping away the moisture which blurred his eyes.

The team's training camp was a long bus ride from Boston. It was late afternoon when Hobert arrived. He was unpacking in the dormitory room which had been assigned to him, when the owner, Leonard Smith, entered and introduced himself. Hobert, trying to make an impression of which Sally would be proud, was extremely respectful.

Smith's greeting was boldly cordial. But there was an impression of concealed aggressiveness about him which Hobert noticed and distrusted.

"Got any plans for the rest of the day?" asked Smith, after a moment.

"No, sir. There's a movie in town, I noticed. Might go to that if it's all right with the coach."

Hobert had blond, wavy hair. "You'll probably want to get a haircut," said the owner decisively. "Most of the boys seem to prefer crew-cuts."

"I generally wear mine long, sir," said Hobert.

In the morning, on the field, Hobert recognized many of the famous players. He was both thrilled and awed to be part

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of the same team. He admired the ease with which they joked with one another, tossing balls back and forth as they warmed up for the workout. Here were men capable of great moments, men who knew both the glory and the harsh demands of combat. Their relaxation now heightened Hobert's feeling for the strength, the speed, the control of which they were capable. He yearned to be one of them, to be accepted, to be kidded in that reassuring way, to be depended upon in crisis. At that moment he realized grimly how much he wanted to make the team. He would give all that he had, all that he was. He would never stop trying.

Soon passing practice started, Obeck lobbing the ball easily to the first dozen loping receivers. He was followed by Rocco, the substitute quarterback of the previous season.

"All right, Hobert!" barked Coach Wilberman.

By this time Hobert's determination to make good was so intense that he had reached a state of acute nervousness. His mouth was dry. His arm felt numb. He sprang behind the center, seized the ball and flung it hard and wildly across the line. The receiver, a veteran named Dusty Plog, had not yet turned for the ball as it spanked him stingingly in the buttocks. Plog yelped, clutching himself, and leaped a yard into the air.

Silence hung like an explosion over the field. There was a moment for Hobert to realize the awful gravity of his blunder; then the laughter started, quickly convulsing the squad. Flushed, mortified, Hobert stared at the turf. The scene reached the proportions of hysteria. Men rolled on the ground, laughing.

"Try aiming the ball a little, Hobert," Wilberman said, when the hilarity had slackened.

Hoping to apologize, Hobert had hurried over to Plog, who kept glowering at him in a comical way. Every few minutes through the morning, Plog would glower at him with mock fierceness, and somebody, watching, would laugh.

Hobert almost despaired of his chances right then. For the rest of the morning, his ears burning, he threw accurately, at medium speed. In the days following, he was professional, outwardly relaxed. But the joke remained disturbingly alive. Plog supported it by occasionally running pass patterns with his hands clapped over his buttocks—"you cain't fault a man fo' takin' the proper precautions." Once he even reported to practice with the lid of a garbage can tied to his waist, guarding his rear like a shield—"Hobert has done spotted my weakness." Plog's antics were a popular success.

Hobert did not know how to react. He could throw accurately and stingingly. He might have set the garbage-can lid ringing like a cymbal with a rifled football or lashed the backs of Plog's hands like a whip. If he could divert the laughter from himself to Plog ——

But he did not quite dare. Above all things, Hobert longed to be accepted as a member of the team. To humiliate Plog, even for a moment, might alienate the veterans permanently. It seemed better to him just to smile, pretending he did not mind the kidding.

Lacking opposition, the wisecracks appeared to quicken after that. By now Hobert needed a haircut badly. He was not against a trim; he simply hadn't had time. Every spare moment was given to studying plays, so eager was the boy to make good. The others took to calling him "Elvis" after the hillbilly rock-'n'-roller, and the name, to Hobert's dismay, stuck. Soon it was Elvis-this and Elvis-that, until scarcely anyone called him anything else. He had his hair cut as soon as he decently could, but it was too late.

Hobert lacked the tenacity to keep smiling. He grew lonely and morose. He longed to go home, to hold Sally in his arms again. They had had so short a time together. Football filled Hobert's daylight hours. At times it seemed his body had never known other sensations. Before dinner, fatigued and thirstily gulping soft drinks in the dormitory, Hobert would sit with other rookies, discussing which of them would be the next to be cut from the squad. It was a cheerless kind of companionship, rather like soldiers wondering about survival, but it was something. In any case, it was preferable to the empty evenings, the long hours of staring dully into his playbook. He would write long, tender letters home, then walk the mile and a half into town to mail them. Homesick, Hobert imagined that the coaches were waiting for him to quit, expecting him to. How could he hope to beat out the experienced Rocco for the quarterback job with Obeck?

He was sustained by the yearning that he had to make the team, and by his dogged belief in his ability. It was not that he longed to be counted among the heroes of the game. What he wanted was the company of his teammates, to live the pregame tension, to match his own strength and nerve against that of other men, to be part of the heroic struggle. Then, too, Hobert so admired the easy grace, the acutely developed skills of the regulars, that the desire to be one of them seemed the noblest of ambitions.

His chance came when the team broke camp to play exhibition games in key cities, moving west in great jumps.

In Buffalo, being nervous, Hobert was no more than adequate. In Chicago, relieving Obeck in the third quarter, he

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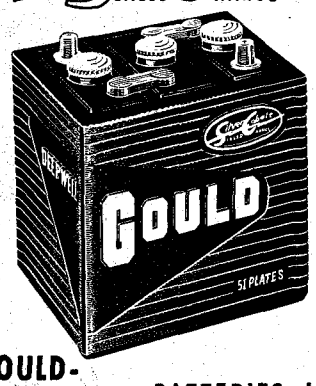

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passed for one touchdown and scored a second on a quarterback sneak. In Minneapolis, against the Redskins, he replaced Rocco, and on the second play of the second half his nose was broken by the upthrust shoulder guard of an unknown tackler. Groggy, dripping with gore, Hobert stumbled in dismay to the bench. The injury might keep him inactive for weeks; he would never be able to overcome such a handicap.

Gauze rammed up his nostrils stanched the blood, and he was ordered back into the game. He looked surprised, then defiant. It was a meaningless game; he was hurt. Hobert understood that the coaches were questioning his courage, and he ran back onto the field. Breathing through clenched teeth, he hurled one pass after another in a march downfield which culminated in the tying touchdown.

When the game ended, the coaches were surprised and silent. But Hobert was in too much pain to taste his triumph. He was grateful when Doctor Goetz, the team physician, gave him pills to make him sleep.

The next city on the itinerary was Seattle, and there, as he strolled alone through a warm summer evening, Hobert came upon a sign for a flower show. The boy wanted to go in. The place was three blocks from the hotel, and he wondered what the players would make of it if they found out. He hesitated; then thought: *I've proved my courage. There's nothing to worry about, is there?* Nonetheless, he felt vaguely guilty, vaguely troubled, as he entered the hall. Perhaps they would misunderstand.

Inside, he walked among roses in pastel yellows and pinks, and dahlias as red as bursting fireworks. The enchanting colors caused him to wish for Sally. If only she were there to share his pleasure. Admiring the flowers, Hobert felt enormous relief. The strenuous physical demands of football had tired him more than he knew. For the first time in weeks he felt relaxed.

It happened that he left the exhibition hall just as a group of players passed by along the dark street. Hobert's immediate reaction was one of pleasure. These were his teammates, men with whom he had struggled toward a common goal. Yet he had never felt at ease with them, and now, suddenly, he was filled with misgivings. It was as if he had been found in some compromising place.

"Why, it's Elvis," said a voice.

Hobert could not shake the feeling that he had violated some code, been caught in an act of betrayal.

"You a flower lover, Elvis?" It was Plog's voice.

Under the dark trees Hobert recognized Plog, Obeck and several other regulars.

"Evening, fellows," he said, trying to mask a certain embarrassment.

"Ol' Elvis been raisin' a li'l' hell in there, I bet," said Plog.

The players chuckled at Plog's remark. Hobert, descending the steps, hoped he would be invited to stroll along with the group, but no one said anything and the ranks did not part to admit him. He was obliged to tag along behind for three blocks back to the hotel, while the others spoke among themselves as if he were not there. By the time they reached the hotel Hobert felt less accepted and more alone than ever.

The following afternoon on the practice field he found his helmet stuffed with rapidly wilting flowers. After the calisthenics, the players had dashed to the side lines for their helmets, and when Hobert hefted his, torn petals fluttered to the turf. He glanced up guiltily; some of the players were watching him. He shook the tangled flowers out of the helmet. It seemed that everyone was watching him now, laughing with increasing heartiness at the joke.

Crushed, Hobert nonetheless tried to smile. "Let's play ball, fellows," he said.

The workout ended, he sat in front of his locker removing his sweaty uniform.

Malverde, the publicity man, joined him. "What was that all about?"

Hobert tried to explain. "There was this flower show —— I mean, they were awfully pretty flowers ——"

"I sympathize with you, Hobert," Malverde said in annoyance. "But, honestly, you ought to know better than to frequent flower shows."

"All I want is to play ball," said Hobert huskily. "Why don't they pick on some of the other rookies?"

"Because the other rookies aren't asking to be picked on, that's why."

Some players straggled in off the field, the door banging behind them, their cleats loud on the concrete floor.

When the players had passed, Malverde said, "Are you trying to be different, or what?"

Hobert, his eyes downcast, shook his head.

"Look, Bobby. It's all right to like flowers. I admire them myself. But not here. As a football player you're supposed to be interested in football, television, and that's about all." He placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Try to be more like the others and you'll get along. Don't queer your chances by acting like an odd ball." Malverde stood up. He said earnestly, "I'm your friend, Bobby. Believe what I'm telling you."

"Eighteen years in this business," muttered owner Leonard Smith, "and now I gotta be bothered with a guy who likes flowers."

"He can throw that football, though," said Coach Wilberman.

"The boys treat him like he was contagious."

"Get him out of here," suggested Doctor Goetz. "Send him home before he contaminates the others."

"Is he a sissy, or what?" said Smith.

"When Plog and the others kid him," said Stein, the backfield coach, "he doesn't even fight back. If you ask me, he doesn't have a gut in his body."

"I knew that from the start," said Smith decisively. "That long hair."

"He's a good passer," said Wilberman. "And ol' Rocco don't exactly excel as a quarterback, you know. We could use somebody better."

"Hobert once told me his hobby was observing white mice," said Malverde, remembering an early publicity interview. "He had a dozen of them in this maze."

This information was greeted with resounding laughter.

"He used to feed half and starve half," Malverde went on; "then time them to see which could get through this maze to the cheese fastest."

Everyone was laughing, and Malverde was enjoying the spotlight. Actually, Hobert had been assigned this project in a biology class. Malverde realized he had told the story inaccurately, but declined to correct it. It made too amusing a tale as it stood and he didn't want to spoil it.

"Eighteen years in this business," muttered Smith, "and I gotta be bothered with a player who likes flowers and plays with mice."

"He can throw the ball, though," observed Stein.

"Better than any of us hoped," agreed Wilberman thoughtfully.

Two nights later, against the Forty-Niners, Hobert sustained an ankle injury in the second quarter and was helped from the field. Doctor Goetz accompanied him to the locker room, where, for the rest of the game, he sat on a rubbing table with his ankle packed in ice.

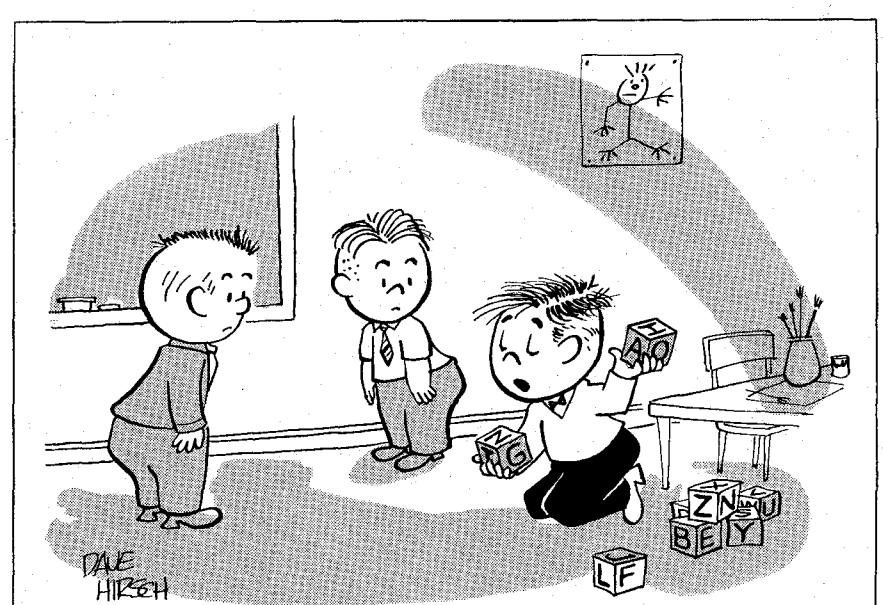
After the game, he dressed, hobbled out to the bus and waited, holding an ice bag on his ankle, while the bus slowly filled up. A buffet supper awaited the team at the hotel. Hobert, his ankle swollen and throbbing, had no appetite for it. In his room he tried to sleep, and for an hour or two succeeded. Then Obeck, his roommate, entered, waking him. Obeck was a silent Texan, thirty-five years old, hair already shot with gray. Off the field he had probably not spoken ten words to Hobert altogether.

"Sorry to wake you, kid," he said now.

For some time after that, Hobert tossed fitfully in the dark. His body ached, but these pains were nothing compared with the hot, throbbing lump of his ankle. The pain grew and grew and grew. No movement would ease it, no position was comfortable. The ice in the bag had long since melted. Hobert dragged himself to the bathroom and refilled the bag with cold water. He had to let the water run a long time for maximum coldness, and when he returned to his bed in the dark he realized that Obeck was lying awake on the other bed, that the noise of the water pounding had awakened him.

For another hour after that, Hobert lay alone with his throbbing pain. Then he picked up the telephone and rang Doctor Goetz. The physician, stupefied with sleep, did not understand.

(*Continued on Page 80*)



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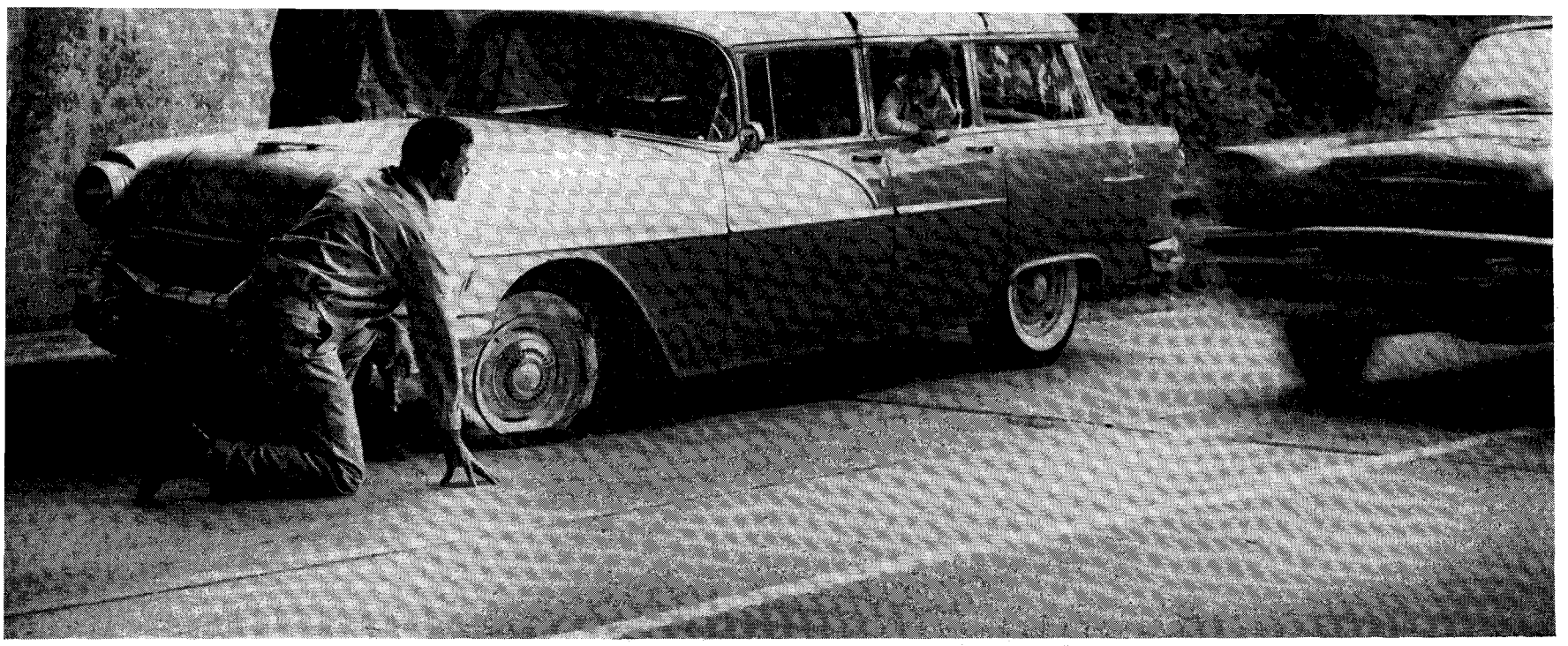

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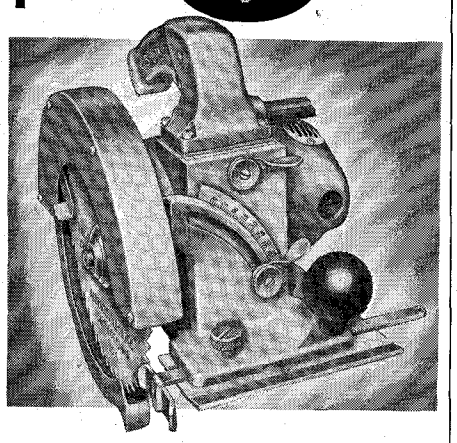

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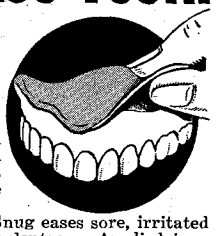

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(*Continued from Page 78*)

"I can't sleep," pleaded Hobert.

"What am I supposed to do?" snapped the doctor irascibly.

"I just told you. Some—some sleeping pills."

The doctor growled that Hobert should have thought of that before going to bed. "Come down here and get them," he agreed finally.

Hobert, his voice cracking from pain and exhaustion, said he couldn't walk.

"If you think I'm getting out of bed in the middle of the night to attend to you, you're crazy!"

"Send one of the trainers."

"Do you know what time it is? You don't care how many people you wake up, do you!"

In the next bed, Obeck sat up wearily. Barely concealing his disgust, he offered to dress and fetch the sleeping pills.

"Maybe after that a man can get some sleep around here," he muttered.

The next morning Doctor Goetz complained loudly about being routed from his bed at three A.M. because "that baby's ankle hurts him." Obeck said nothing, but players and coaches alike were outraged that the veteran quarterback had been used as an errand boy by Hobert, a rookie.

X-rays later that day indicated a sprain, but no break. Hobert, limping and miserable, was now an onlooker at daily practices. His teammates mocked him incessantly, an open derision in which there was no hint of friendship.

Friday came. The team bussed to the train station en route to Portland for a game the next afternoon. Beneath the long staircase which dropped from the street into the station, a wheel chair had been discovered. Above, a half-dozen hooting, wisecracking players lifted Hobert off the ground to "help" him down the steps. Hobert protested all the way, and now, in sight of the wheel chair, he began to struggle silently, grimly, against the arms which held him. He did not cry out; no one would have helped him. The chair was maintained by the railroad for conveying invalids or aged folks to the platforms. What more fitting vehicle—so the gag went—for Hobert.

Wilberman, watching, realized the joke had gone too far, but he could not decide how to stop it. It seemed that any move he might make would only seal Hobert's ruin with his teammates. The coach hesitated, hoping to be saved from a decision. Then it was too late. Hobert, writhing tortuously, squirmed in the wheel chair. Hands bound him fast as ropes. He struggled all the way, face contorted, the veins standing out in his head from the effort he was making. Amid hooting, laughing, he was wheeled ignominiously onto the platform and released. Near tears of rage and frustration, he stood by himself waiting for the train.

Later, Hobert gazed at the passing scenery as the train plunged south. He was trying to work out what to do. There must be some way, he thought, to make them accept him. There must be some way to prove himself worthy of them. What must a man do to make the team? If someone would just tell him, he would do it. He had already determined to play the next day, and had begun turning his ankle this way and that as he sat there, testing it, controlling the pain as best he could.

That night in the hotel, forcing himself to walk naturally, he strode across the lobby and accosted Wilberman.

"Are you going to use me tomorrow, coach?"

Wilberman seemed surprised. "Are you ready to play?"

"I'll be ready," the boy insisted.

"If Doc says you can play, O.K.," the coach told him.

In the morning Hobert stopped to see the physician. "The coach said he'd use me, if it was O.K. with you."

"It's O.K. with me," said Doctor Goetz irritably. "Better men than you have played with worse sprains. Plenty of times."

"I'll have to have some sort of anaesthetic in my ankle before the game," Hobert said.

Doctor Goetz looked at him. The physician's face went dark.

Hobert, sensing the storm to come, said quickly, "I can't play without one. The ankle would never support me."

"Twenty-one years I've been associated with this team," began the doctor angrily. "I never gave an athlete a shot in my life, and I don't intend to start now."

Sea in October

By Margery S. Stewart

Sun makes a gold path on
the sea,
Three gulls rest on the sky,
The long white beach has
no lover
Save the slow wind and me.
I have filled my pocket with
shells,
My ears with conversations,
For the surf is
companionable today,
Frisks at my ankles and tells
Impossible lies about itself,
as if
The sea could ever be
trusted!
No, I will not walk on the
sun's path,
Nor trust in the moon's
skiff,
But I listen as if I half
believed
In such improbable
adventures,
And the sea catches at my
heels
As I pass, not quite deceived.

Hobert, knowing he could never manage what he had to do in the face of so much pain, stared at the floor. His chin quivered. "But ——"

Doctor Goetz was remembering Obeck, who had played an entire season despite a separated shoulder; and Plog, with six teeth kicked out, biting down on some gauze and running back into the game. There had been many others.

"I don't give shots!" cried the doctor. "You don't want to play in that game! You came in here hoping I'd disqualify you! Well, I won't! You're fit to play, Hobert! The only thing wrong with you is you're yellow!"

When Hobert had gone, the physician paced restlessly about his room, muttering to himself. He had seen great players come and go in his time, and he had learned to prize stoicism in the face of pain as the noblest of human virtues.

At noon at the stadium, the athletes lugged their gear from the buses into the locker room. Hobert, among the last to climb down from the bus, was limping. His face looked gray.

"Doc says you're ready," said Wilberman uncertainly.

"I'm ready."

The coach considered a moment. Then he said, "I want you to know this is an important game for you. I won't usually tell a player this, but your case is extreme. It's partly my fault. You deserve to know." Always an inarticulate man, Wilberman now was stammering. "I want you . . . to show me . . . something out . . . there today," the coach said. "Otherwise ——"

Hobert nodded. Neither was looking at the other.

"You sure you're all right?"

In his agitation, Hobert could only nod again.

"I'll start you, then. You can stay in as long as you move the team."

In the locker room, lines of players in various stages of undress waited to be taped. Two trainers worked with rapid, deft movements at the extended ankles on the tables. Across the room, Doctor Goetz carefully wrapped yards of special tape about the damaged knee of his favorite, Obeck.

Hobert, feeling the emotion, the beginnings of tension, ached to be a part of all this. He felt overwhelmed with defeat. Somehow he was not worthy. He watched the horseplay between two ponderous tackles at the water cooler, and smiled a little. He had a chance—a slim chance. If he could excel today, Wilberman had indicated —— As he shifted his weight, the pain shot from his ankle up into his thigh. His face paled, and he knew that the chance left him was not even a slim one. Sweat broke out on his forehead. His ankle would buckle every time he put pressure on it. He would not be able to control it.

His jaw clenched. *I want to make this team*, he thought. *I must make it. I must.*

Determination was not enough, he knew. But he had heard stories, even of running backs, who had been doped up before the game and had been able to play. It seemed this was his only hope. If Goetz would not do it, perhaps he could find a man who would.

He glanced about. The coaches had strolled through the tunnel into the stadium to inspect the condition of the field. No one noticed as Hobert slipped out of the locker room and hurried up the ramp to the street. He stood there, peering around at nearby buildings. He did not have much time. The streets seemed expectantly vacant. There were flags waving atop the stadium, and boys hawking programs at the curbs, and one or two clusters of fans waiting for the gates to open.

Hobert limped across the avenue and down a side street, searching for a doctor's shingle. When he found one, he hesitated a moment, then pulled himself up the steps and entered the building. The doctor had gone to lunch. Hobert glanced at his watch. The nurse was trying to get his name.

The nearest doctor was three blocks farther on. Hobert, harried and in pain, walked them as fast as he could. If this doctor also had left for the morning —— If the coaches should return from the field and find Hobert gone ——

The doctor was closing the door to his office as Hobert hobbled up the stairs.

"I was just going to lunch," the man said.

"It's important, doctor," said Hobert urgently.

The physician studied him a moment, then nodded. "All right; come inside."

Hurriedly, Hobert explained what he wanted; then sat on the table while the man examined his ankle.

"And you want a local anaesthetic?"

"Yes."

(*Continued on Page 82*)

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1. Am I burned up! I come home after a hard day, and when I sit down with the paper to check up on the sputniks, what do I find? The last G-E bulb in my favorite reading lamp is *gone!*

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3. "So!" I says. "It's come to this. My wife's a bulbsnatcher! You oughta know you can get a new General Electric bulb for less than a quarter!" And can you imagine? She starts drippin' tears!

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(*Continued from Page 80*)

"May I ask why?"

"That's not important. Please, I don't have much time."

"I'm afraid I can't do that," the doctor said.

"You've got to!" said Hobert, breathing hard. "You've got to!"

"Apparently you don't understand the risk of shooting a sprain," the physician explained patiently. "A man could injure and reinjure himself and never feel it."

"I understand that. It doesn't matter."

"It matters a great deal."

Despair filled Hobert. "Please, doctor."

"Perhaps if you told me why ——"

Brokenly, Hobert tried to explain about the game, his only chance to make the team, to walk in the company of the great ones.

"What? You want to play football on that ankle? You shouldn't even be walking!"

Hobert tried to get a grip on himself. Shooting sprains was common in football, he pleaded. In college he had known of dozens of cases —— Besides, he was a quarterback—hardly ran at all.

"The fact that it has been done does not make it good practice," the physician snapped. He handed Hobert his shoe and sock. "If you'll excuse me ——"

There were tears in Hobert's eyes. "Please, Doc! Please, please, please!" He began pulling bills out of his pocket. The few singles and fives amounted to all he had in the world. "I'll pay you anything!" he cried.

The physician gazed at him, then at the pile of bills. For a long moment the man said nothing. Hobert's heart ached; his head was pounding. The doctor was evidently moved. "All right," he said then. "If it's that important to you."

A fifty-yard kickoff return gave Boston a quick jump. It took Hobert three brisk, powerful, short passes, plus a dive over tackle by the fullback, to engineer the first touchdown. He came to the bench feeling heady and confident. He had taken the gamble and, apparently, won. He sat watching the defense give ground grudgingly. He could not feel his left foot or ankle. The leg seemed to end at his shin, the rest was dead. It gave him the sensation on the field of running with the whole thing encased in some cumbersome box.

In the game again, Hobert directed his ball carriers into the line on quick, probing thrusts. Then back to the air, the high curving rainbow passes lofted far downfield, as if by some gentle catapult, or short passes over the line, hurled with enough swift, pointed impact to knock down an off-balance receiver.

But two drives in a row stalled short of the goal line. The opposition had stiffened. Now enormous pressure was put on Hobert by hard-rushing defenders, as if they sensed his lack of agility, his unwillingness to tuck the ball under his arm and dash out of the pocket of blockers.

In the huddle, a lineman suggested a quarterback sneak. "They're set up for it, Elvis. Big gain."

Hobert would not have considered it. But he had begun, now that the attack was sputtering, to worry about his ankle. He imagined he had felt twinges of pain. How much longer before the drug wore off? He needed at least another score first. The quarterback sneak seemed an imaginative change of pace. He did not have much time.

The sneak started beautifully, the center wedging the middle guard aside, Hobert sliding off his back, slicing now into the secondary, being hit glancingly, then heavily, head-on. He felt himself falling, but a hurtling blocker crashed into the tackler and he was momentarily freed. He dived forward, regaining partial balance, staggering. Then it seemed that three men walloped him simultaneously. As he was going down, a fourth fell across his lower legs and he distinctly heard something crack.

He expected to hear a cry of pain, but there was none as the pile-up slowly untangled. Hobert gained his feet. His ankle collapsed under him.

He thought, *Oh, my God, that crack I heard was me. Something's broken and I can't feel it.* He felt overcome with panic. The referee gripped his arm and asked if he was all right. Hobert stood up, thrusting his good leg under him, and placing the other foot carefully ahead. It supported him. He felt the shoe, and, through the leather, tested the tape with his fingers. The tape was still tight, but he felt the ankle wobbling as he limped to the huddle. Sweat broke out on his forehead. He was sure something was broken in his ankle.

"You O.K.?" asked Plog. "Want to call time out?"

Hobert shook his head. He had begun to feel the pain now and knew there was not time. The pain came in a quick rush, the lower part of the leg less numb than before, the sharp pains stabbing into his thigh.

A few minutes, perhaps only seconds, were left. Two plays or three to prove all that needed proving, to win his place among the men who played the game. Possessed by the urgency of it, he was nearly frantic from fear and doubt. He peered irresolutely at the goal line, unending yard lines away—a grim vision momentarily blurred by pain. His eyelids fluttered; he bit his lips to deaden the pain. He couldn't do it; there wasn't enough time.

The spasm passed. He summoned from deep within himself one final effort. If he failed, let him fail like a man. He would try—by heaven, he would try.

First down: the short pass was dropped by the fullback.

Second down: a screen pass gained only five yards.

Hobert's face was white from the pain. A substitute stood with the coach at the side line. Dazedly, angrily, Hobert waved him back.

Third down: receivers flooded the defense; tacklers struggled at the thin wall protecting Hobert. They broke through. Still Hobert held the ball, waiting. Then Plog slipped into the clear far downfield. Tacklers slammed into Hobert from both sides a moment after he had loosed the ball. Half smothered, barely conscious, he lay on the torn turf, waiting for the roar of the crowd. A thin smile crossed his lips as he heard it.

The ball, lofted far downfield, fell like a heavenly messenger from the sky. Plog, lunging desperately, got his fingers on it, held it, stumbled and fell out of bounds on the two-yard line.

The Boston kicking specialist sprang off the bench, donned his helmet and warmed up with vicious kicks at the air. Groggy, Hobert could not understand why the man had not run onto the field for the extra point.

Disappointment washed over him as he realized there had been no score. As Hobert pulled himself erect, the pain in his leg was like fire. Still two yards to go. He could hardly see through the pain. Two yards too much. He wanted to cry out from the pain and discouragement. The fullback helped him, and Hobert was half dragged downfield to where the huddle had formed.

"Hobert's hurt," said Stein, the backfield coach, beckoning for a substitute.

Wilberman shook his head. "Let the kid get his touchdown first. He's earned it."

At the side line the two coaches stood together, watching.

Three bucks into the line netted only a yard and a half.

"Give it to me again," growled the fullback.

"Not that," mumbled Hobert dazedly. He called his own signal. He didn't think he could make it. He no longer believed anyone could. But it seemed, dimly through the pain, that he himself must try. It seemed that if he could only cross the goal some enormous reward would be his. No one could help him now; nothing mattered beyond those final few inches. Nothing in the world.

The huddle broke. He was hardly aware of calling the numbers. The lines surged together, and Hobert drove forward with all that was left in him. A tackler hammered into him, another smashed him from the side and he was thrown back. When the pile of bodies was pulled apart, he lay on the turf with his ankle twisted under him. This time he did not get up.

"We cut the shoe away," said Doctor Goetz. "The tape was split apart underneath. We cut it off. I knew something was phony. That's when I noticed the tiny holes where the ankle had been shot."

(*Continued on Page 84*)

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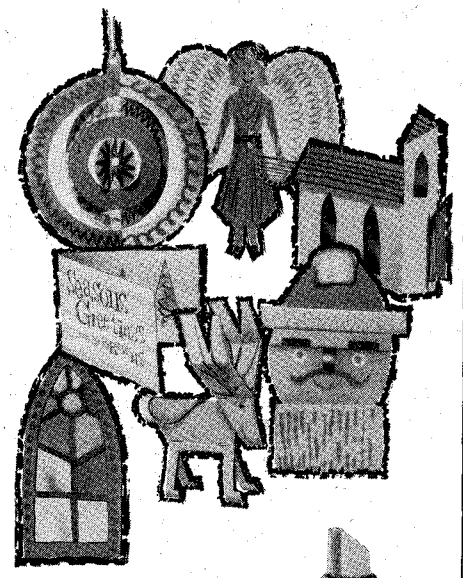

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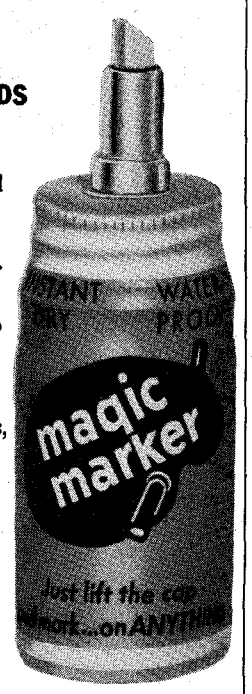

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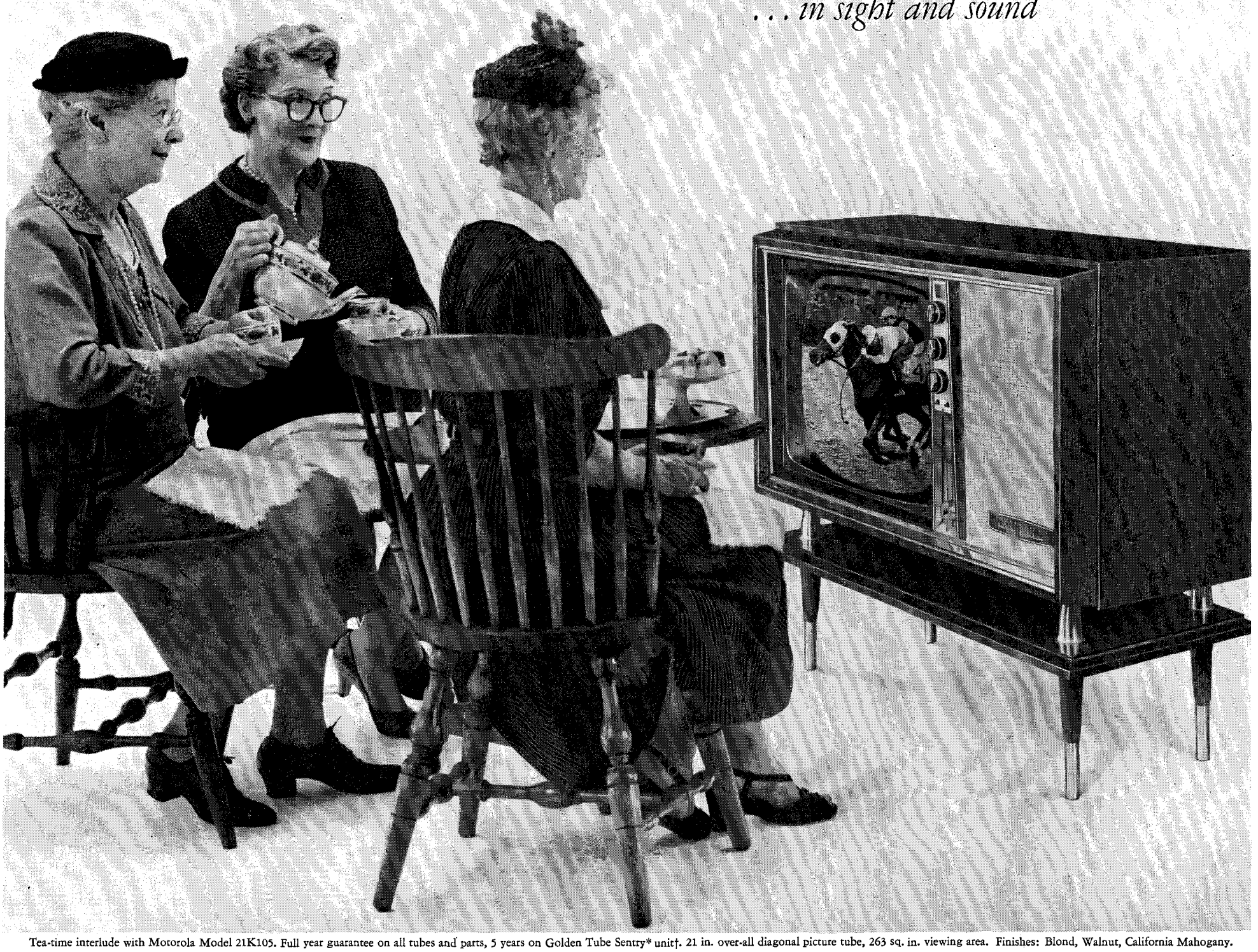

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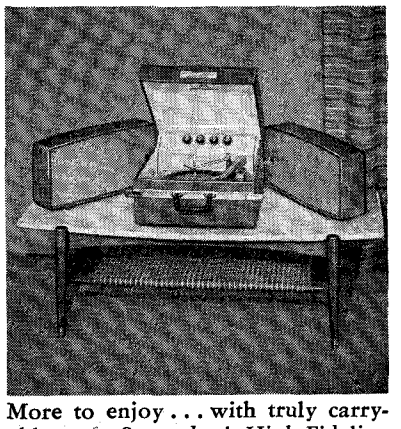

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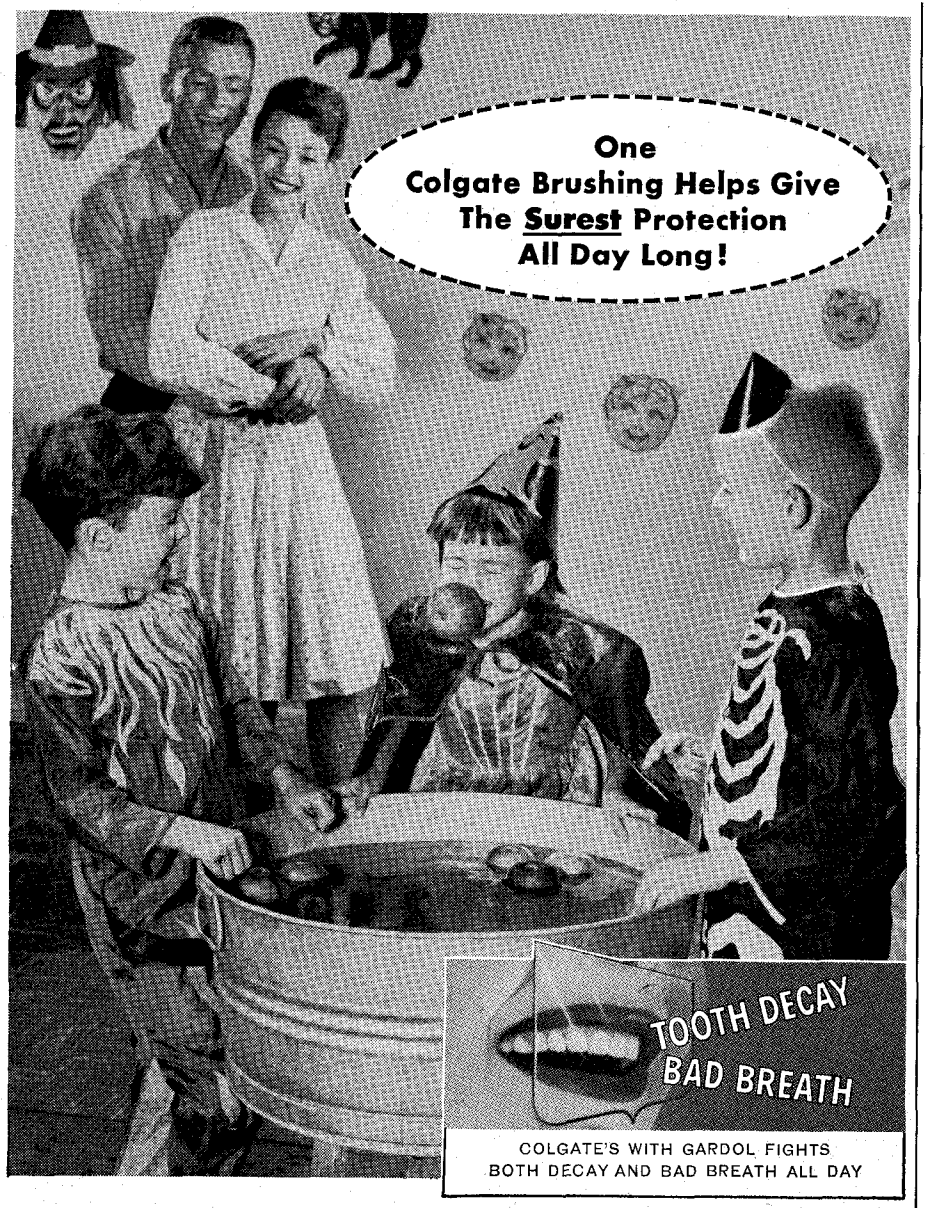

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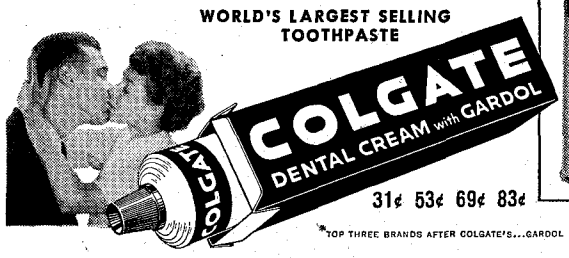

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CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

(*Continued from Page 82*)

"How bad is it?" said Wilberman.

"All torn up inside," the doctor replied. "He'll never play football again, that's one sure thing. He'll be lucky if he walks again."

"He certainly won't play with this team again," said Leonard Smith decisively. "I can tell you that!"

After a minute, Wilberman asked, "Who do you suppose shot him?"

"A local man, I guess. When, though? It couldn't have been too long before the game. That stuff doesn't last forever, you know. The ankle must still have been doped up when he made that last try for the touchdown. I mean, he carried the ball himself, you remember. A man can't plunge into the line like that with a broken ankle!"

For a time, they were silent.

"He came to me before the game," the physician went on. "You know I won't shoot a player. I thought he was hoping I'd say he couldn't play. I never figured him for a crazy stunt like this."

"Well," said Malverde, "you've got to admit it was a pretty game thing to do."

"That wasn't courage," Smith told him; "that was stupidity."

"He was operating strictly from panic," agreed Stein. "What the hell was he trying to prove, do you suppose?"

"He was trying to be a hero!" Smith snapped. "He's yellow as they come in my book!"

"What are you going to do with him?" Malverde asked.

"Pay him off and get him out of here!" the owner barked. "We can't get rid of him soon enough to suit me!"

"Well, he certainly threw the ball well," said Wilberman, after a pause.

Wilberman reflected, *Somehow, this was my fault. I could have prevented it.* Then he thought coldly, *Hobert willfully defied orders; he deserves whatever suffering has come his way. Still*—a little wistfully, *that pass to Plog was a beauty. Hobert had the ability; he just wasn't man enough for the game.*

Hobert, on crutches, his left leg encased in a heavy cast, rapped on Smith's door.

"Come in."

Smith was sitting at a desk, and he did not look up or ask Hobert to be seated. While Smith continued writing, Hobert gazed at himself in a mirror across the room. His face looked pale and gaunt. His nose was flatter and there were dark circles under his eyes. He looked older, yet he felt good, considering, curiously strong and independent. He sensed that he had learned something pretty important, primarily about himself, but about the world too. But he could not decide what it was.

Smith now glanced up and regarded him coldly. Hobert believed that he read contempt in the owner's face. A few days ago that would have been upsetting, but it no longer was. In a few hours Hobert would be on his way home. He was looking forward to seeing Sally, his wife. And thinking about her, a smile parted his lips.

"What's so damn funny?"

"Nothing," said Hobert. He made a conscientious effort to stop smiling.

"I suppose you think that was a pretty smart trick you pulled."

Hobert's gaze dropped to his cast. "I hardly think that."

"May I ask what you were trying to prove?"

Hobert started to try to explain. But Smith would not have understood. "Nothing," Hobert said. "Nothing at all."

Smith shoved an airline ticket into his hand. "That will get you home. When it's time for your cast to be removed, have your doctor send me the bill. Now ——" Smith's fingers drummed on the desk. He picked up Hobert's contract. "According to the terms of your contract, you must be paid full salary for all games which you are prevented by injury from playing. In your case, that would mean the entire season. You know as well as I do, Hobert, that you voided this contract when you decided to defy Doctor Goetz, and paid that civilian doctor to shoot your ankle."

Hobert nodded. "I know."

"I don't owe you a thing beyond written notice that your contract has been terminated."

"O.K.," Hobert said.

Smith had never been an athlete himself. Owning a pro team had been a vehicle for hero worship to him. He had learned to admire famous football players above all things. In his heart he showered them with adulation. For many years he had read scarcely anything except football magazines, had had hardly a thought not concerned with football. The strength, the nerveless determination of the great players thrilled him beyond words. He had accepted their hard code as his own, although some might argue that he had not earned on the playing field the right to do so. A boy like Hobert, who had failed according to this code, was to Smith an object of aversion.

"I'm proud of this team," said Smith aggressively. "I've worked hard to insure its proud name. Here." He thrust a check at Hobert. "I wouldn't want anyone to think the Boston club had treated you unfairly. That's a check for six thousand dollars. Your entire salary. Believe me, you don't deserve a cent of it!"

Hobert gazed at the check and a slight smile came across his face. He thought of all the check would buy, how well he and Sally could use it to get started. Then it seemed to him that whatever it was that he had learned, the quietly independent feeling would be lost if he accepted the check.

Something in his expression as he hesitated infuriated Smith. "Let's get this clear, Hobert: There was no excuse for what you did. It was ordinary stupidity. Admit it, you panicked. To me, all you proved was how yellow you are. That I knew the first day I ever saw you!"

Hobert held out the check. "I don't need this," he said.

"What?"

"As you say, I don't deserve it."

"Take it," said Smith contemptuously. "Take it and get out of here."

"I'm afraid there isn't room for it in my bag," said Hobert. He tore the check up, the pieces fluttering to the floor. "Good-by," the boy said. He turned on his crutches and hobbled from the room.

A few minutes later, Coach Wilberman entered the room.

"That's the last we'll see of Hobert," Smith said.

"I just passed him in the hall," observed the coach thoughtfully. "He thanked me, wished the team luck. He seemed quite cheerful."

"That's one bad apple I was glad to get rid of."

"The boy had a lot of natural ability," the coach mused. "It's a pity. He just didn't have enough character for the game."

"He'd never have made a football player," said Smith. His voice did not sound as aggressive as it usually did.

"No. He'd never have made a football player."

Smith was picking up the pieces of the check. "No guts. It's as simple as that!"

THE END

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I Lived With the Russians in Antarctica

(Continued from Page 25)

IGY scientists on board. Our Navy men, bone-dry at sea since the days of Josephus Daniels, are not necessarily averse to a friendly glass ashore. A few of our salts, thirsty and out of drinking training, eagerly accepted the hospitality pressed upon them. Except for my successor, Morton Rubin, these were the first Americans I had laid eyes on since leaving Capetown more than a year before. With both the Australians and the Americans I was pressed into service as interpreter, guide, counselor, diplomat and nurse.

I was overjoyed to see all these visitors; naturally, I had my times of homesickness for my own kind. But I may add that my long stay, alone among the Russians, was one of the most interesting and stimulating periods of my life. They are a remarkable people, living under a political rule that seems strange and intolerable to us. It is with my impressions of, and experiences with, my Russian companions as human beings—not as political creatures—that this article is mainly concerned.

I think most Americans will be interested in the Russians as I saw them. Certainly they were a revelation to me. These people have lived for decades behind the curtain of dictatorship and censorship. We tend to think of them as "faceless men."

I used to wonder whatever became of those characters depicted by the great Russian writers before the 1917 revolution—by Tolstoi, Turgenev, Chekhov; by Gogol and Dostoevski. And—yes—by Maxim Gorki in his autobiography of his prerevolutionary childhood and university days. They were characters of extraordinary variety, color and zest; good and evil; heroic, comic, grotesque or tragic—as sharply differentiated as the characters of Balzac, Dickens, Fielding, Mark Twain or Tom Wolfe.

Where are such vivid characters now? I found the answer at the Russian base in Antarctica. They are still around, as individualistic as ever. With this important exception—they did not seem to have the inquisitiveness and critical approach toward politics that you would find in a similar group from a country long used to self-government. Also, I found that they knew little about how non-Communist peoples live today. But then, I thought, how much did I really know about their normal life back home?

Naturally, I did not see the sodden, ineffectual or psychotic types one sometimes finds in the old masters. The men at the base had been carefully selected for this rigorous duty and honor. From cooks to sea captains, from scientists to tractor drivers, from Communist "political officer" to the pilots of planes and helicopters, they were persons of proved ability and stability. Some might on occasion drink heavily, but they were on the job, red-eyed yet alert, next morning.

I recall so many of my companions with pleasure. Oscar Krichak, my boss, a first-class meteorologist, a frolicsome musician, and the only man on the base who could make a penguin-egg omelet palatable. And bighearted Ivan Alexeievich, the kitchen bus boy and light-verse poet, who was eager to learn a bit of English and to know more about his new American friend. When he would serve me my hot *kasha*, which he called "crima-weets," he would say proudly, "Gude sairveece ees gude beesiness!" And Koloshenko, the brilliant helicopter pilot, who wanted so much to help or advise when news came that a United States Navy 'copter had crashed in flames near McMurdo Sound.

The characters, the individuality, were there—just as in the Russia of old—everywhere except in the field of politics. Even there I sometimes heard sharp criticism of bureaucratic delays and poor planning. However, my over-all impression was that these men felt they were getting along well. It was hard to judge how they would have felt about political changes at home.

My assignment to this unprecedented mission came with little warning. In the summer of 1956 I had been doing my weather job in Washington for two years after returning from a one-and-a-half-year assignment in Hawaii and the far Pacific. Because I now had charge of all observation stations in our United States Weather Bureau, I naturally got caught up in plans for establishing stations in the antarctic as part of the IGY. The IGY was to last from July of 1957 to December of 1958. One of my Canadian friends, who had come to discuss the IGY plans, said, "You Americans sure do things big. Here you are, changing the year to eighteen months."

I had long been interested in the South Polar regions. My predecessor in my job had been on Operation Highjump in 1947. Three of my close friends had been with Byrd's first expedition. The continent was remote, promising a fine sea voyage. And finally, it was a vast blank area in our weather charts for the world. Who could say what significance it might have in forecasting the world's weather? But my own chances to go seemed remote.

Then, one hot day in August, Dr. Harry Wexler, chief scientist for the United States antarctic program, asked me to come to his office. Out of a clear sky he said, "How would you like to go down there and work for the Russians for a year?"

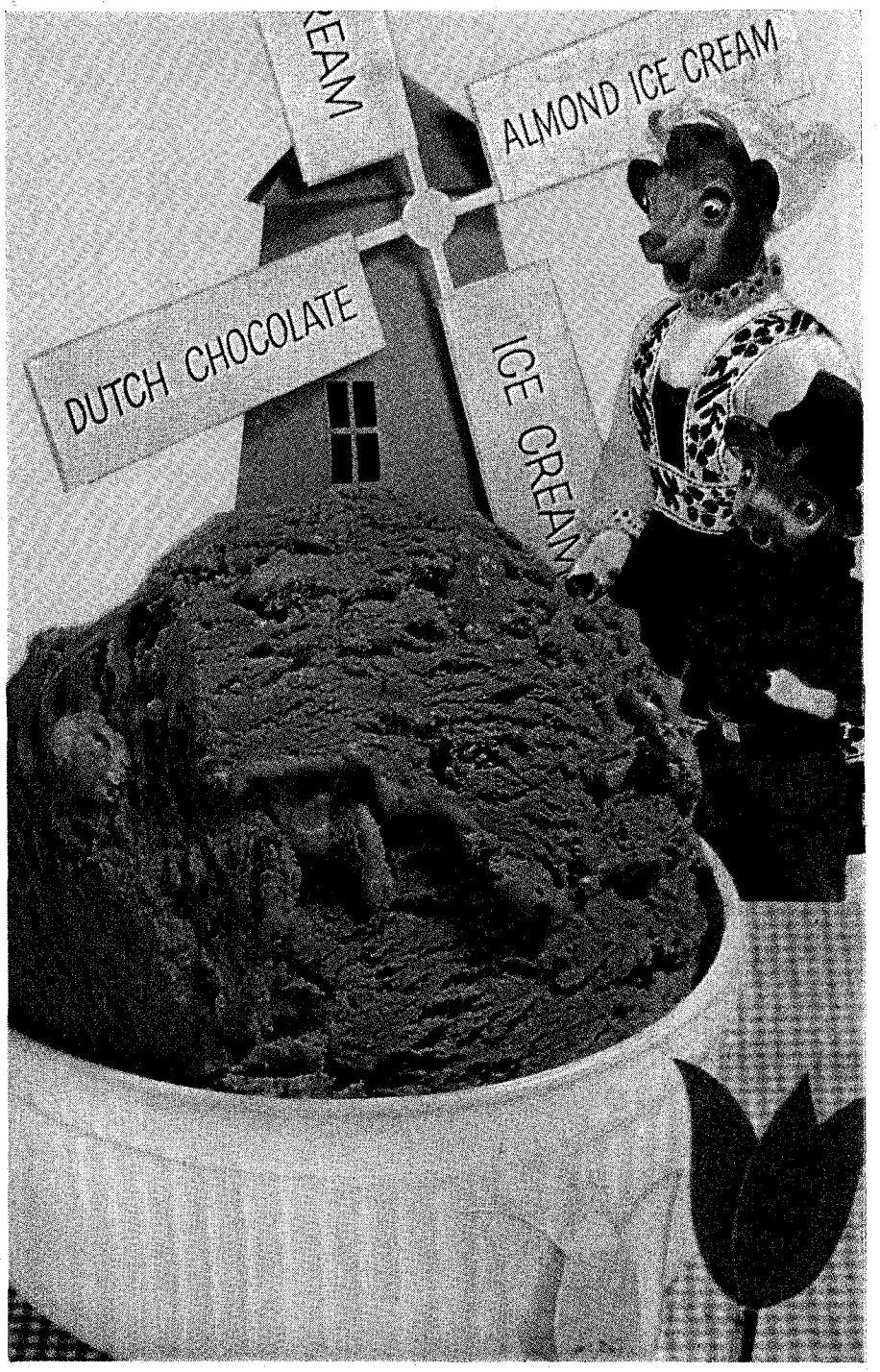
My jaw must have dropped. After a minute I said, "Harry, you aren't sending me to Siberia, are you?"

He laughed his machine-gun sort of laugh and said, "Why, no. I think you'd have a wonderful year." He went on kindly to say he thought I'd do a good job; that I could get along with all kinds of people, from coal heavers to aviation executives—why not with the Russians?

I realized this was a serious offer. I was excited, but doubtful—chiefly because I knew no Russian. You can't very well work under antarctic conditions through an interpreter. You'd freeze before a paragraph was translated. It's hard enough to talk outdoors anyway, with the wind howling at sixty m.p.h., with blasts of icy particles cutting off your words almost before you can speak them. I said I would think it over. Harry suggested I think fast, and start boning up on Russian, because Soviet supply ships were scheduled to leave Kaliningrad in October. He added that their government and ours, after minor diplomatic maneuvering, had agreed that such an interchange of scientists would be helpful to both nations.

After thinking it over I decided to take the job, but I repeated my doubts about the language difficulty. They said many Russian scientists speak English; besides, I could start at once on cram courses in Russian, using records, texts and a special instructor.

I worked and studied. There were unaccountable delays. September, October and November came and went. During that beautiful fall in Washington I sometimes regretted (*Continued on Page 88*)



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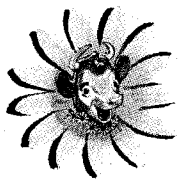

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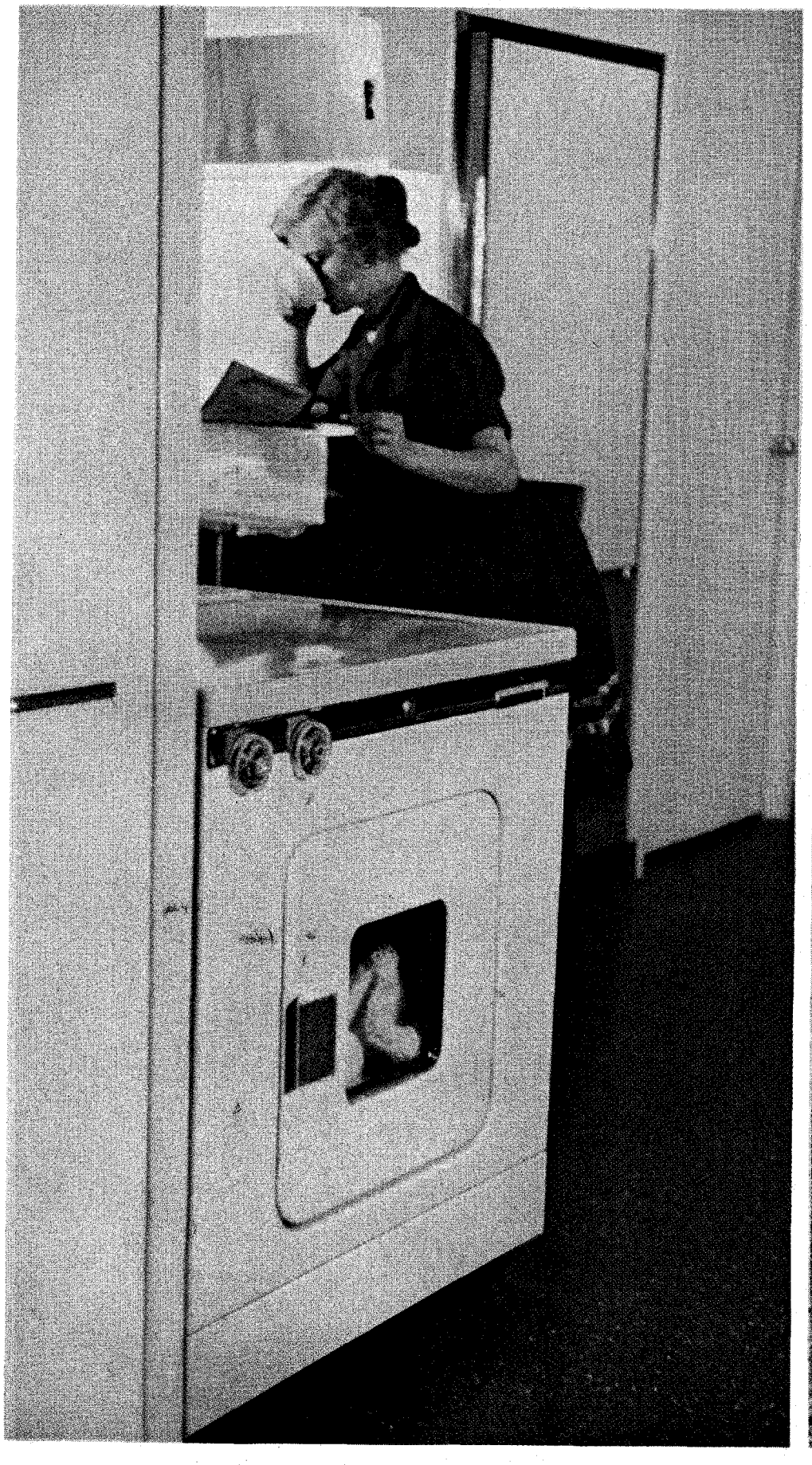

Woman at work. Talk about automation! The ladies don't anticipate washdays with dread anymore, thanks to work-lightening automatic laundries styled in durable USS steels. Clothes still get soiled, it's true. But now steel does the work of cleaning them.

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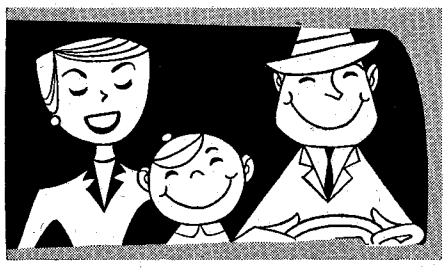

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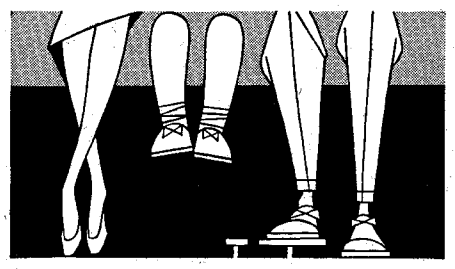

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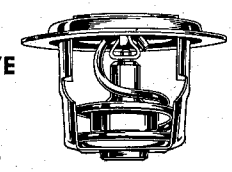

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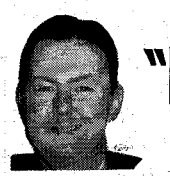

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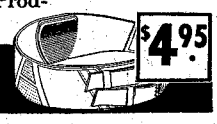

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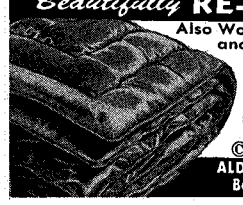

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(*Continued from Page 85*) my decision, but I kept studying. My Russian instructor was a severe-looking old colonel who had served under the Czar. He filled me with further doubts. Knowing nothing of my assignment, he warned me gravely of the dangers of going to the Soviet Union. The Reds, he said, had destroyed all the values and individualities of Mother Russia.

This, repeated daily, was not reassuring. I began almost to hope the whole project would blow over and be forgotten. Then came word that all was arranged. Passport, visas, credentials, letters were hurriedly assembled. And so, on December 11, 1956, old friends were waving good-by at the Washington airport. I was off for a plane trip of some 9000 miles to Capetown, via London, Johannesburg and Pretoria. In all these cities there were stopovers long enough for me to visit with friends and fellow MET men (MET means meteorological—pertaining to weather). One of the rewards of being a MET man is that you have cronies in all friendly parts of the world. Even if you have never met them, you know them by radio, by letter, by their reports, researches and forecasts.

Even my friends en route were not comforting. They told me how they envied me this wonderful adventure—then went on to say that, of course, I might be brainwashed or drowned in vodka. One lady advised me to carry a gun. I parried that by saying I was afraid of guns. As for brainwashing, they did indeed wash out with laughter and helpfulness many of my prejudices; I hope I washed out some of theirs—prejudices against each other as nonpolitical humans, that is.

The twenty-seven-year-old Russian ship Kooperatsia, which was due to pick me up about December seventeenth, did not reach Capetown until December twenty-fifth. This gave me eight days to meet new friends among weather people and consular officials. Luckily it also gave me a chance to go aboard the little 1500-ton Jap icebreaker, Soya, then in harbor. She was carrying the Japanese expedition to the Antarctic. Next day I was guest of Dr. Takeshi Nagata, the expedition's chief scientist, at a Christmas holiday dinner and party, along with their explorers and scientists. They lacked the American and Russian equipment and polar experience, but they were keen, tough fellows, eager to exchange ideas and plans about the Antarctic. It had been forty-five years since Japanese explorers had discovered Kainan Bay, the new site for the big United States scientific base at Little America V. They were generous hosts, lavish and urgent with both Japanese and Western liquors. The Japanese stayed in port for several days and thus had a chance to meet the Russian expedition when the Kooperatsia arrived.

The Japanese and Russians were to meet later under almost disastrous circumstances. This happened nine or ten weeks after Christmas. The Soya, staying on dangerously long at the Barrier to help complete the Japanese base, did not start north until early March, 1957. Winter was now closing in fast. The little ship was soon trapped in the wide, thickening ice pack which clogs the seas around Antarctica. Her engines and light tonnage were helpless against the crowding floes. Her low freeboard made her situation desperate.

Now the powerful Russian icebreaker Ob, already well on her way northward from the Russian base—and my base—at Mirny, got the news by radio. She turned back at once to steam to the rescue—thus going nearly 1000 miles off her course. She smashed through the long miles of pack ice to the Soya, turned, and cleared a path for the little Japanese ship to escape in her wake. Both ships then proceeded north to refuel at Capetown, where they put on a notable joint celebration.

As between two peoples whose governments had tangled them in so many bloody battles in the past, this brotherly incident of 1957 was a heart-warming one.

I joined the Russian expedition on December 26, 1956—as mentioned earlier—and began meeting the men who were to be my companions until March 4, 1958. Boarding the small passenger-refrigerator ship Kooperatsia—"Co-operation"—I was uneasy, troubled by lingering suspicions. The captain welcomed me in what seemed strangely loud, commanding tones. I learned later that he was a most courteous man, who spoke loudly that day because he thought I could not understand him over the babble of other voices in his cabin.

I learned, too, that he was a competent and responsible commander. Whatever his duties as host, he drank with restraint. His head was always clear for any emergencies; we had some as the heavily loaded ship plunged through the terrific storms of the "roaring forties" and the "furious fifties." These latitudes are where the subzero winds from the pole, meeting the warm air from the tropics, habitually generate storms and waves seldom seen in northern waters. Personally, I was often scared and wondered whether the captain could bring us through safely. He did.

I was introduced to four men who were later to become my close companions and friends. It is interesting, looking back, to realize that I somehow misjudged all four at our first meeting. They were Vladimir Kunyn, Oscar Krichak, Semyon Gaigerov and Dr. Peter Shoumsky.

Kunyn, an older man than the rest—about fifty-five—was to be my interpreter, adviser and cabin mate on the voyage down. He was a swarthy man, with a sharp, intelligent face. His eyes were curiously penetrating. It was a face of many moods. He was wearing a neat gray business suit. Even at Mirny he commonly wore an old business coat, blue plaid scarf and an ordinary wool cap. In spite of his friendly, helpful manner, I must confess that I was uneasy with him at first. I had a feeling that he might be watching me. This soon passed, and I came to count him as one of my warm friends.

My meeting with Oscar Krichak, who was to be my superior at the base, was pleasant but misleading. We were in the music saloon, where Krichak had been saying good-by to some of the Japanese visiting scientists. I tried to speak to him in Russian; we had all had a drink or two. Krichak said, "But why do you say good-by?" I objected, insisting that I was just arriving. Krichak thought this was uproariously funny, and I laughed too. I liked him at once, but he seemed a bit frivolous for a scientist. His wit enlivened our table throughout the voyage. It annoyed me that I couldn't enjoy his jokes firsthand. He carried a fat little Russian-English dictionary in his baggy white sports pants. He would thumb through it furiously, trying to explain his stories to me in English. Later I learned to enjoy them without pained explanations.

Semyon Gaigerov, whom I met at dinner the first evening, was a MET scientist. I was struck by his resemblance to photos of Khrushchev. He was courteous, and tried to make me feel at home by urging me to eat more of the—to me—strange and unpalatable food, greasy cabbage soup, fat garlicky sausages and unidentifiable mixed vegetables. He was not conventionally good-looking, though his face was obviously intelligent. I sized him up as rather shy and colorless. Many a time later I was to say to myself, *Semyon colorless? Good Lord! If he had any more color he'd drive us all crazy with wonder and horse laughs.* And when I met him, what did I know of his record-breaking, reckless, and scientifically valuable free-balloon flight that started from Moscow and landed near Afghanistan eighty-four hours later? Or of his shrewd critical sense about drama and the movies?

On Shoumsky, top scientist aboard, my first guess was not so far astray. I took to him at once, possibly because he spoke English, slowly but correctly. He was attractive-looking, though untidy at the moment, unshaven and wearing a soiled, rumpled white suit. I knew nothing, of course, of his scientific versatility, his tough physical hardihood and qualities of leadership in time of crisis.

I mention these four not because they were exceptions. There were scores of others, from manual laborers to top command—individuals and individualists—who gradually over the months erased my naïve impression of Russians as mass-produced, unthinking robots. It just isn't so.

This was the happiest discovery of my long stay (*Continued on Page 90*)

"You'll notice she hasn't touched that piano since my last warning."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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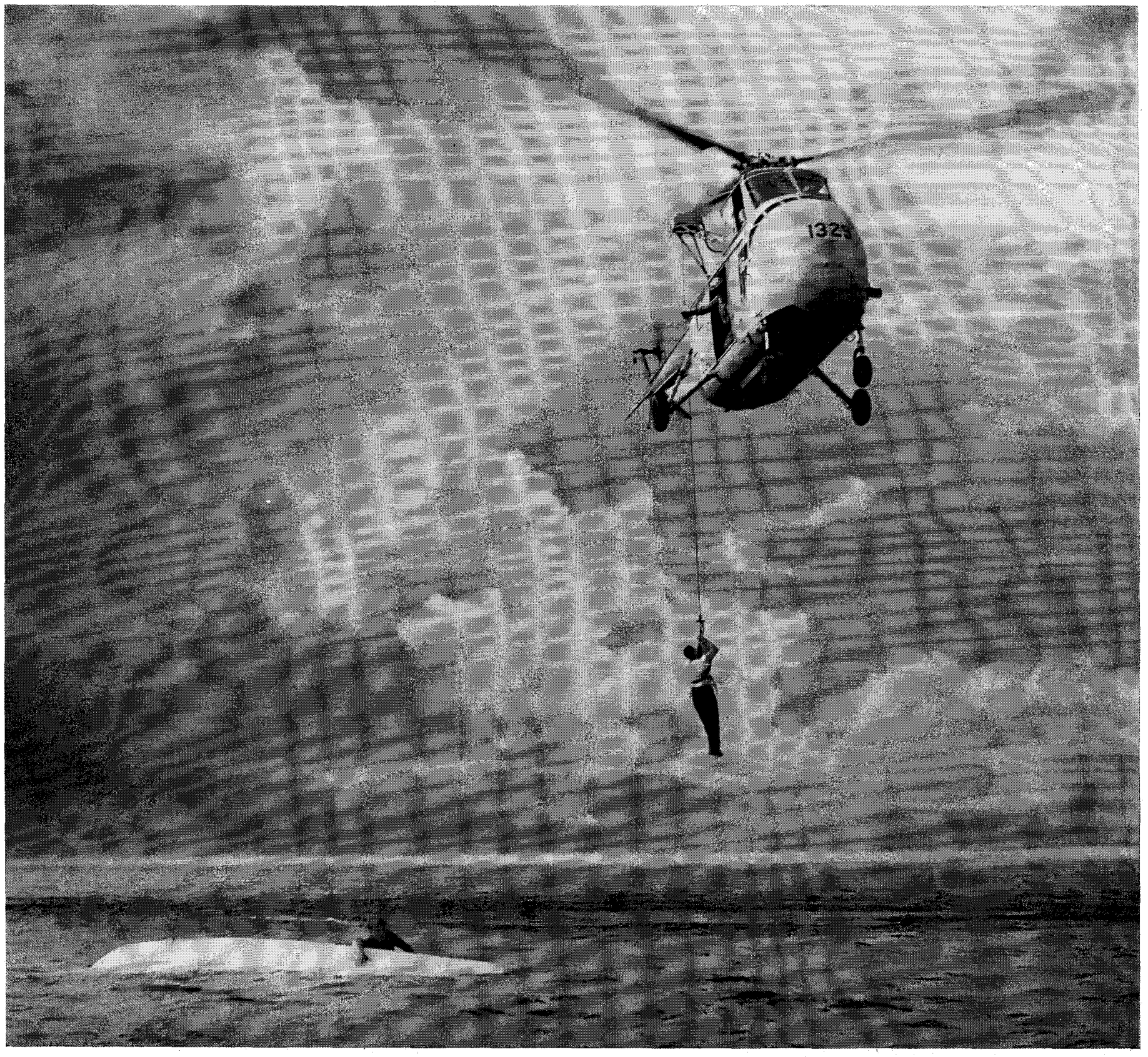

HO 4S-3G Sikorsky, used by U. S. Coast Guard for air-sea rescue, shown here over Long Island Sound.

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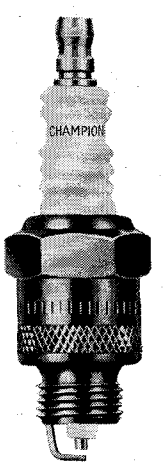

World's favorite spark plug—engineered for every car built by Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, American Motors, Studebaker-Packard and every major foreign maker

CHAMPION

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(*Continued from Page 88*) among them. It is good to know that Russians have not been squeezed out of the human race, or humanity out of them. I hope the Russians back home may also recognize that Americans are not mostly proletarians (toiling masses, unemployed) or multimillionaires (degenerate). If they do, and we do, in time, there is a fair chance we won't all kill each other off.

During the party given to welcome me as a member of the expedition, I began to think my uneasiness about Kunyn might be unfair. This was the third night out from Capetown. A group of the leaders and I started off with a half dozen toasts in the captain's cabin. A dozen kinds of wines and liquors; a dozen kinds of hors d'oeuvres—black and red caviar, smoked salmon and sturgeon, salads and the rest. After a few rounds, Kunyn, who was helping me to follow the crescendo of Russian jokes and eloquence, began tugging at my sleeve. "Eat, eat. You must eat!" he whispered. He handed me black bread loaded with caviar. I gulped it down, grateful for his advice, and felt less lightheaded.

To make things livelier, Captain Jantselevich got out some new jazz records he had bought in Capetown. These made me feel more at home. Then we went down to the big dining saloon, where the rest of the party had been awaiting us. The tables were decorated with sturdy, silver-topped bottles of champagne, cognac and the disarmingly clear vodka. Everyone smiled and sat down. The corks began to pop, and in a few minutes a hush fell over the room. Shoumsky rose with his glass and spoke some serious, friendly words, and we were off.

Due to Kunyn's kind warnings, aided by what remained of my own caution, I realized I must propose my own toast quickly before the faster drinking tempo made me woozy. I rose resolutely to my feet. I had been mentally preparing a few sentences in Russian, thanking my hosts for their hospitality, and praising the purposes and prospects of our co-operative endeavor. Haltingly I repeated these. Loud applause and some stifled laughter. The Russians seem genuinely grateful to any foreigner who at least tries to learn their language; they were also highly amused at my accent and choice of phrases. But I could feel friendliness behind the laughter.

Altogether it went off better than I expected. I was able to last out the evening, get back to the cabin under my own steam, and join the others for breakfast in the morning. I could feel a thawing of the atmosphere, an easing of the restrained courtesy. Russians I had not even met would give me a warm smile or a friendly touch on the arm as we passed in the corridors. I felt better—until the next party, and the next, and the next. They love parties, and have an astonishing power to recuperate from them.

Unfortunately, New Year's was just around the corner. Judging from the preparations and talk, it promised to make my reception party seem tame. But the weather had it otherwise. We were in the middle of the roaring forties by this time—and they were not roaring but screaming. I had never seen such waves. So the leaders announced that the New Year's Eve celebrations would be postponed until we got into quieter weather.

Soon the quieter seas did come, and with them the postponed celebration. My party practice hadn't been in vain; I sailed through this one with flying colors—including my "brilliant" dance with the gay waitress.

Very few of the Russians aboard had ever been in Antarctica, so they were keen to find out what I knew. After all, the Americans were old hands at antarctic explorations. So I was called upon a number of times to help answer one question or another. On most of these I had little to offer. One of these questions, however, caught my fancy.

Having worked on aviation weather since 1932, I immediately fell in with the pilot group on the ship. They, having little to do until they reached the base, were bored. I was a new diversion. One of them got the grand idea that they ought to try to fly entirely around the antarctic continent! No one had ever done it before. It would be risky, which would add to the fun. And think of all the parties, and of all the interesting people you might meet on the way, stopping at the main bases of other expeditions. So they pieced together the sections of their big antarctic map, laid it out on the grand piano in the music saloon and started figuring. Obviously, none of their planes could carry enough fuel to do the whole flight. This is where I came in. What aviation facilities and fuel did the Americans have at their bases?

The only information I had was a report made months before by Adm. George J. Dufek, commander of United States Navy Task Force 43, at one of the international meetings in Paris. Every day for a week the arguments, plans, figures and speculations flew around the ship as the pilots flew on paper. Then the whole thing died away. They probably knew all the time it was an impractical venture. But they had had a lot of fun arguing about it, seeing the whole of the vast continent in their minds' eye. Before the year was over, they were all to get pretty sick of flying over nothing but never-ending whiteness at sixty, seventy and even eighty degrees below zero. But they and their mechanics did a first-class job; in 3500 hours of flying, in all months of the year, there was not one engine failure—a fine record under such conditions.

Despite such pleasant interludes, it was a difficult voyage. I used often to think of home—of my little steel-coal home town of New Castle, Pennsylvania, and especially of my mother's wonderful meals. I dreamed of Washington in the fall—goodness, only a few weeks ago. And the little restaurant and cafeteria on H Street, near Jackson Place; as much good food as you wanted and no more. And the girls, pretty and neat, with their crisp dresses and cheerful chatter. I even at times wished I were with those nice Japanese aboard the Soya. They liked to drink, too—but at least they were more my own size.

Then, as we began to get into colder, calmer weather, things were better. We all broke out our parkas and other cold-weather gear, paraded in it and compared notes. I think many of the Russians had been homesick, too, from the eagerness with which they showed me pictures of their wives, their children or the finest girl in the world. Much like Americans in this.

By this time, I had my own little group of special friends. Finally I felt sure enough of my Russian to start occasional little language courses. My Russian grammar was a 1930 edition, and my friends got a lot of fun out of some of the old Russian words, now rarely used.

Soon we were just off the edge of the ice pack, headed eastward and searching for a soft spot to get through to the continent. It was a thrill when one of the big Ilyushin 12's came roaring over at low altitude to give us the latest information about the ice. During the night the seas became strangely quiet. When we looked out in the gray morning, the answer was obvious—we were in the pack ice, with the big icebreaker Ob shoving a path for us. When a red helicopter came chopping out to hang around and wave at us, we knew we couldn't be far from Mirny. Seals raised their sleepy heads, and the little Adélie penguins rushed over the ice floes to greet us—and then rushed as wildly back to the far side when we approached. We were there.

Our storm-battered ship Kooperatsia set its ice anchors in the heavy sea ice a mile off the base at Mirny the night of January 10, 1957.

Here was the focal point for a many-pronged thrust into the secrets of Antarctica. Here were the headquarters, the port, airdrome, radio center, hospital, laboratories and shops—and even a piggery—that would serve the 180 men wintering at Mirny and the five other Soviet stations scattered over East Antarctica. Here, I was to work as a full-fledged member of their meteorological group, charting and analyzing daily reports of upper air conditions from other bases.

The Mirny base had come through one winter—March to November, 1956—laying the groundwork for the big push during the IGY. Men who had wintered over were bursting to see old friends, or even casual acquaintances who had come to replace them. Many of my friends went "ashore" to see what was in store for them for the next year and came back with optimistic reports.

Some said they had seen my room. When was I moving in? I didn't know; when I was invited, I supposed. Once again, my earlier doubts surged back. Was there really a place for me? Or were they waiting to see what I was like before committing themselves? So I stayed on the ship, feeling a bit lost and out of things, as everyone else was working night and day to get all their equipment and supplies onto shore as quickly as possible. The old crews were eager to get us off the ship, so that they could move on and get started homeward. Most of them had already had enough of "Antarkteedya."

On the fifth day word came that everything was ready for me. A weasel would come to take my gear at nine P.M. Everything was packed in foot lockers and duffel bags, except my new felt hat. The only thing I could do was to wear it. As a courtesy, I went up to say good-by to Captain Jantselevich, only to run into a dinner party for Alexei Troshnikov, leader of the expedition for the coming winter. I had met him earlier on the Ob. The captain insisted that I join them; don't worry about the baggage; the boys can take care of that. It was three hours later—midnight, with the sun just touching the ice sheet to the west—before Troshnikov stood up abruptly and indicated the party was over. I trudged off to camp with him in the face of the bitter forty-to-fifty-mile wind that usually pours off the icecap at night. I heartily wished my hat were back in the Washington shop where I had bought it. Troshnikov took me directly to my new room. There were all my things, neatly stowed away. The men who had brought them two hours before were still waiting to see if there was anything more to be done.

As I got to know the Russians better, I was surprised to find that, in many ways, they are more like Americans than some of our old friends and allies, such as the British and the French. They resemble us in their high spirits, their optimism; in their broad humor, high jinks and practical jokes; in their sentimentality, and in their openly expressed warmth of family feeling. They, like us, are inclined to believe that nothing's impossible—the sky's the limit.

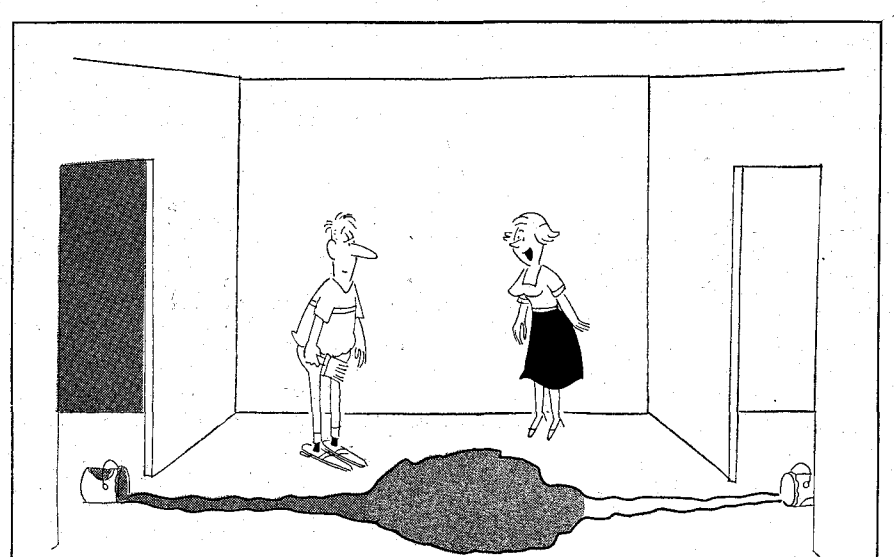
Like us, they love bigness, big projects. My Russian colleagues were as excited as I about the Sputniks and our satellites. After each failure to get our satellite launched, they would reassure me by saying that they, too, had probably failed several times before the first one got off successfully. They were sure the United States would get one up soon. But they could not conceal their pride in the fact that their satellites were so much bigger than ours. I don't believe they were thinking of the military implications in the ICBM field. They were just glorying in bigness.

Both peoples have in them a streak of recklessness. They like to gamble, to "let her roll," to try anything once. One Russian expression is, "What's the matter, friend—are you afr-raid to die?" This is matched by our old military cry: "Come on, you S.O.B.'s—do you want to live forever?"

Of course, there are also profound differences between the two peoples, which I often noted at Mirny. Most Russians, for example, have a fatalism rare among Americans.

The following happenings, human, tragic, dramatic, seem to me to illustrate not only this fatalism but other Russian qualities, good and bad. In judging these events and characteristics, remember that my companions at Mirny were above average in ability, stability and hardihood.

One of the expedition's prime objectives was to establish two scientific stations for the winter, on the high interior plateau—one at the south geomagnetic pole; the other at the so-called "pole of inaccessibility"—the point most remote from the sea. This was in some ways tougher than (*Continued on Page 92*)



"We could spread it around and call it The Green Room."

TABER THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Hors d'oeuvre tree with arrangeable components, salad service and electric casseroles, all of aluminum, designed for the Alcoa collection by Don Wallance. Photographed by Becker-Horowitz.

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ALCOA ALUMINUM

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(*Continued from Page 90*) the American project of a winter station at the geographic South Pole many hundreds of miles away. In fact, the mercury was later to fall to 110 below zero at one Russian station, compared to 102.1 at the American polar station. Since this involved sending a tractor train 850 miles inland into places and conditions unknown to man, time was of the essence. A few weeks' delay might plunge the tractors into impossibly bitter weather. And delay was what they got.

They should have left Mirny before the end of January, but two disasters intervened.

The Kooperatsia and the Lena, sister ship of the Ob, were now nosed in close to the Barrier, so that vehicles could move direct from the ships to the icecap. One day hundreds of tons of ice, breaking from the clifflike Barrier, crashed down on the Lena. She was able to pull away without sinking, but quantities of valuable equipment on the decks were smashed, and several men were injured and hurled into the icy sea. The water there was about thirty degrees—two below the freezing point of fresh water. Frantic, valiant efforts were made to get all the men out in time, but two died of shock and cold. Ten minutes in such water is usually fatal.

Despite the time urgency for starting the tractor train, the Russians spent days of time and labor in cutting tombs into the rock of a nearby island and preparing elaborate funeral rites for the two young sailors. These rites had no religious—certainly no overt religious—significance. Put them down to pure sentimentality if you will, or to half-forgotten ancestral tradition, or to human regard for comrades killed in line of duty, or to a sense of tragedy and drama. From a strictly practical point of view, the bodies could simply have been left in a natural freezer and returned home in the cold-storage rooms of a supply ship leaving within weeks.

However you analyze it, I found the ceremonies dignified and moving. Strong Russian sentiment had prevailed over the Russian time sense. The great wooden platform they had built, the new coffins on their red carpeting, the catafalque drilled into the rock—no effort had been spared. Everybody who could leave the base and the ships was there. The leaders spoke, honoring the young men who had given their lives in this great scientific venture for the benefit of mankind. Friends of the deceased said their words of affection and regret. Then twenty sailors, lined up on the crest of the rocks, raised their rifles toward the setting sun for the final salute.

Then came an incongruous and tragicomic interruption of the solemnity. A great array of Adélie penguins, birds as curious as monkeys about humans, had waddled close to watch proceedings. With their own dignity, and their own natural evening dress, they seemed part of the ritual. But the penguins had not reckoned with rifle fire. At the first volley, squawking with terror and anger, they flapped and tottered away in panic.

On the whole, it was impressive. But, as Americans say, time was awasting. And another disaster caused still greater delay. One night several colleagues and I were putting some of my American records on magnetic tape, so that they could enjoy them at the interior stations during the winter months. Suddenly there was a loud clanging noise—a beating on the iron cylinder hung outside the mess hall as a fire alarm. I thought it must be a joke, but my companions instantly threw on their heavy clothing and dashed out, grabbing fire extinguishers as they ran. I followed. On the roof of the big new barracks house near the sea I saw an ominous red glow—spreading. It was well below zero that night. Worse, the wind was blowing off the icecap at fifty m.p.h.

On Cartwright's birthday, August 14, 1957, the Russians gave the U. S. meteorologist this cake decorated with a map of the Southern Hemisphere and Antarctica.

I started over to help, but soon I saw I could do nothing. What they needed was not men—they were already moving in long silent lines like monks huddled in their hooded parkas—but water, the scarcest thing in the antarctic. I can still hear them shouting, "Vodee! Vodee!"—"Water!" Buckets and barrels of water were rounded up from every building. It vanished on the now raging flames in little puffs of steam. All fire extinguishers had long since been emptied. Still they fought on, suffering burns and frostbite as they tried to drag out precious pieces of equipment. In two hours only embers were left of the building. Luckily the wind had been blowing from the icecap toward the sea. If it had veered, the flames might have destroyed other buildings.

The fire was partly the result of Russian faults: carelessness in setting up a temporary stovepipe; lack of foresight in not providing far more fire extinguishers and fire-fighting equipment. But I was more interested in their reaction to this real disaster, for the base could not function at full strength throughout the winter without this building. They did not moan or cry or call for investigations to fix responsibility. One and all they said, "Nichevo, nichevo"—"It's nothing"—"We will rebuild it." And so they did, most of the manpower of the base whirling in with terrific drive and energy. It was typical Russian reaction to disaster: don't weep—work. It goes far back into their history.

It was magnificent, but nearly three more weeks of precious time slipped by. It was late February before the last tractor party left Mirny for the interior—a time when most expeditions huddle down into bases for the winter. "Nichevo, let's go"—out into the unknown with temperatures falling to new lows each day. By mid-March they still were struggling forward, floundering into unexpectedly powdery snow which seemed to have no bottom. It was seventy below now. The treads of the big 450-horsepower tractors were not wide enough to support them in the feathery snow. They spun and sank to a stop. Ski-equipped planes, sent in from Mirny with extra fuel, couldn't get back off the surface.

Such conditions caught the Russians by surprise. They knew the arctic—that was home. But what they knew of the antarctic was, as with most of us, taken mainly from books. Good books, but by authors and explorers who have seen only traces of this vast continent. Now it was eighty below, with the real winter hardly begun.

The failure was humiliating to the Russians. But they faced it and made their decision—to stop and dig in where they were. This caused great debate and many recriminations. In my opinion the decision was right. If they had pushed on, it might have meant great suffering or even risk of death to the men without any real scientific gain. I saw the men who came out, their hands and faces now terribly swollen with frostbite.

That experience, caused partly by the Russian stubbornness and lack of time sense, showed also great hardihood and courage verging on recklessness. What struck me most was their ability to admit their mistakes and learn from them. They did a lot of thinking that winter, and when things began to warm up the next summer, in November, new equipment was coming in—big tractors with much wider treads and turbo-compressors; better sledges; more and larger planes for round-the-clock flights to move fuel and supplies to the tractor parties. But even before this fine new stuff had arrived, the tough veterans of the desperate March effort, not to be outdone by machinery, had set out again in October, with their old, hard-worn equipment. This time they could not be turned back. With gallant effort they reached the neighborhood of the geomagnetic pole, 850 miles in from Mirny, and 11,500 feet high on the continental plateau.

They were followed by the new trains and new equipment. On December twenty-sixth, one year after I boarded the Kooperatsia at Capetown, I watched the new train depart—the largest overland train ever to set out in the antarctic.

It was something to see. Ten powerful tractors, twenty heavy sleds and thirty-two men, assembled on the clear, fresh plain of ice west of Mirny. They listened to the encouraging words of their comrades and leaders. Red and green signal rockets arched in the deep-blue sky. Ten engines started with the smooth roar of expert maintenance. Soon the train, now stretched out for half a mile along the gleaming ice, disappeared over a low swell and started the long climb into the interior. Beautiful, and rugged. For the next ten weeks or so these 32 men would know nothing but the lurching, deafening life of the tractor train; increasingly bitter cold, even thinner air at the higher altitudes, and always sleeplessness, snow and sky. They made it to the world's coldest spot shortly before the really paralyzing cold set in. And they had the privilege, as the winter got really chilly, of experiencing weather at 110 below zero, the lowest ever endured by man in recorded history.

In talking of the desperate hardships mentioned above, I don't want to mislead you. Those of us who operated in or near the Mirny base experienced no such perils. Low temperatures were not our problem. Even in winter the mercury never fell below minus forty, Fahrenheit. It was wind and snow and a screaming void filled with millions of tiny icy barbs that kept us on edge. When that was blowing down off the icecap at nearly sixty m.p.h., as it would do for weeks at a time, life was difficult. Then the 200-yard trip from quarters to mess hall was the toughest obstacle course I ever tackled.

I found my Russian co-workers remarkably adaptable to these ordeals. They seemed to accept them without a second thought. But even their patience would sag after a week or so of such blizzards. Then the weathermen would become the target for complaints. Evidently a rugged sense of humor is as essential for the Russian forecaster as for those of any other country.

My only really serious unpopularity with the Russians came from an unexpected source—a penguin egg. The big eggs of the emperor penguin were one of the few mementoes to be found in the antarctic. Our conservation-minded commander had issued an order that no eggs were to be (*Continued on Page 94*)

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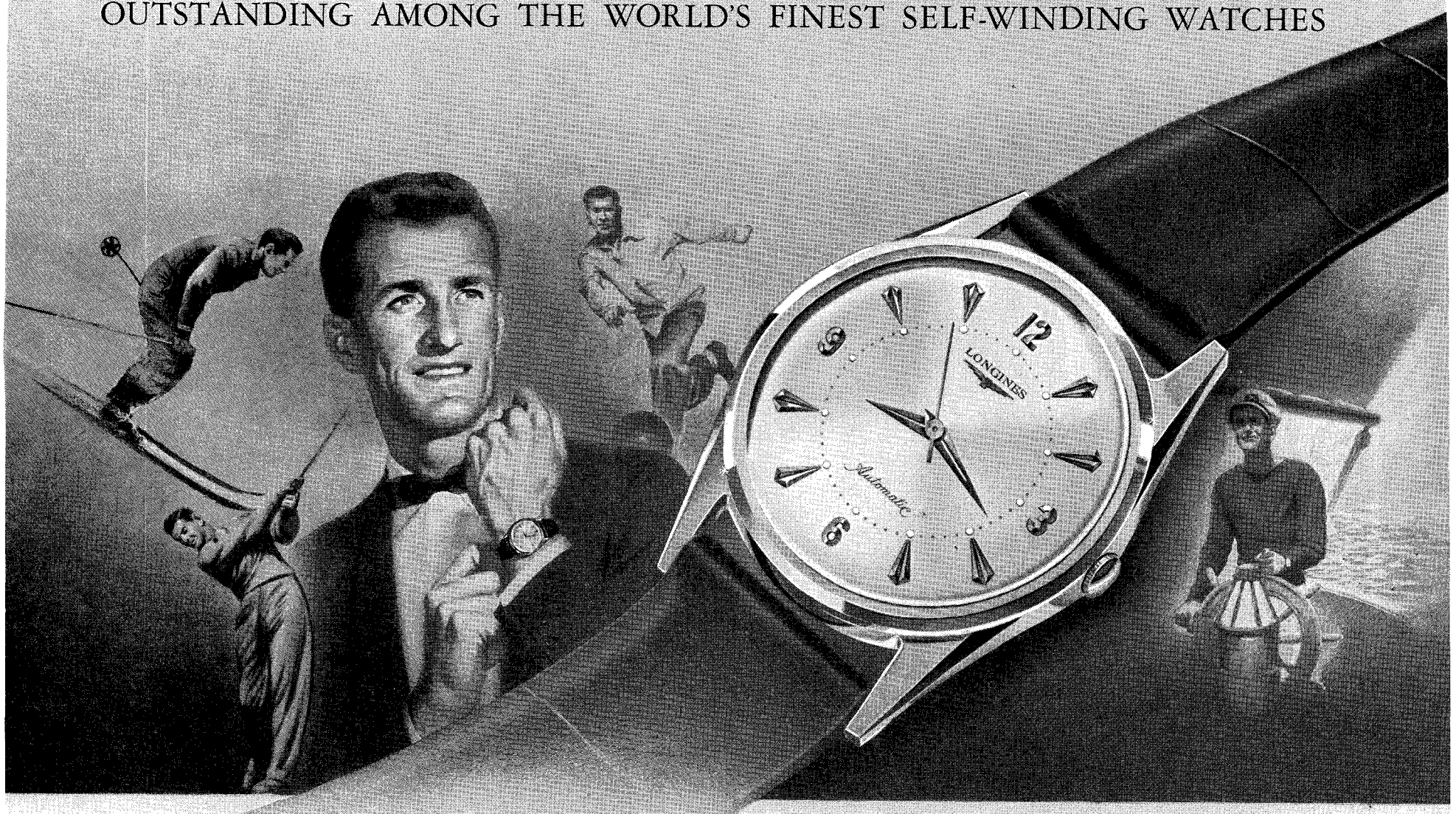

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(*Continued from Page 92*) taken from the penguins. But the big emperor birds were somewhat stupid. They often lost the egg they were carrying on their webbed feet as they shuffled over a ridge of snow. These lost eggs were fair game and most of the men had one or more. I got three and, unusually busy at the time, put them aside for a few weeks. One day I got around to preparing them for permanent preservation. The usual technique was to drill a tiny hole in each end of the thick shell. Then by inserting a straw in one end, you could blow out the perishable contents, wash the shell and fill it with paraffin.

But I had overlooked the effects of time and temperature. The egg was rotten beyond my imagining. When I blew it out into the basin, I was almost asphyxiated. The odor was incomparably worse than the rottenest chicken egg I ever encountered. The mess seemed almost to vaporize, permeating my clothes and the room. It drifted through the corridors and into the other rooms. I, who had secretly suffered under the powerful smells of drying boots and sweaty socks in the washroom at night, had now created a stink so stupendous that it made these seem as sweet as attar of roses.

For a little while the fiasco of the egg dropped my popularity rating with the Russian comrades to its low point. But soon all was forgiven and I was admitted to the parka-clad, heavy-booted chorus line, singing in one of the camp's burlesque shows.

Such entertainments seemed uproariously funny to us, but it's hard to judge. Anyone who has been one of a group or battalion in a remote, hard-pressed situation knows they make the best audience in the world for any humorous escape from the grinding pressure. So with us at Mirny. I think I am objective in saying that we had, among the Russians, comedians, actors and humorists good enough for stage or television.

Semyon Gaigerov, the aerologist and rash balloonist, was a master of subtle satire and bold burlesque when the mood hit him. My boss, Oscar Krichak, the witty MET man and master chef of the penguin omelet, was ready for fun at the drop of a fur hat. He organized, trained and directed an enthusiastic little orchestra called the Icicle, which led most of our revels.

Canny Vladimir Kunyn, who knew his way around the base as well as he did about the ships, was a master storyteller, even in English. But the new physician, Solomon Schleffer, could top anything I had ever heard. What amazed me was the number of stories which, though different in setting, played on the same set of human frailties and faults as do our American jokes. They were a miracle tonic in themselves, especially for the psychosomatic ills of subzeroism.

We had a great deal of good music. On average the Russians are more devoted to music than we are. They sing well in groups. The 150 deep male voices, surging through the tragic folk songs of old Russia, and the rousing songs of the Red Army, are pressed into my memory.

We also had movies several times a week. Some were starkly realistic Italian or gay French films. Most were Russian films. When the propaganda outweighed the artistic side of these films, the men were often critical. Some of the better films—old Russian classics or stage dramas—were superb. Their version of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night is the finest I have seen on the screen, with all the leading players masterly in their parts.

In February of this year, after completing my assignment in Mirny, I boarded the Kooperatsia and sailed for Australia.

On March 4, 1958, as Kooperatsia was loading grain before continuing on to the U.S.S.R., I said good-by to my many friends. Could the associations so pleasantly and profitably begun be continued? My stay at Mirny had not been all cold and wind, ice and isolation. There was much scientific work and learning that should be valuable to us in the United States in future.

But the human companionship was to me most interesting of all. From my long and perhaps uniquely intimate association with the Russians, I have drawn a strong sense of optimism about our future. I found them a group still in the fresh blossoming of a new technology, excited by feelings of great accomplishments and the promise of unending discovery through science. The spirit of pioneering still runs strong.

What can we learn from the Russians? Above all else, I think we should strive to avoid the sophistication, the tendencies to overconfidence and even arrogance which now seem to tinge some of our attitudes and actions. We need to relearn some early American lessons many of us have forgotten, such as the pleasures and values of solid workmanship, of rugged health and the simpler life.

I had a clear feeling that my Russian colleagues admired the Americans for many of our qualities of strength; for our scientific and technical skills; for our good humor and vitality. If the clouds of political conflict ever can be lifted, I am confident that as peoples we can get along with each other. Then millions of Russians and Americans might find satisfaction, as I did, in working together toward mankind's common goals. THE END

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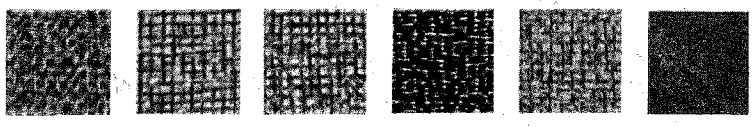

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The Girl Grew Up (Continued from Page 40)

way, get your line snarled, be too squeamish to bait your hook yourself." He smiled with great tenderness into the bright blue eyes that were so much like his own. "Even then, nobody could have been a better fishing companion."

Mrs. Dennis came out on the back porch and stood with her hands on her hips. "Dinner's in ten minutes," she said. "And don't you two come to the table in those smelly old jeans."

"They're not smelly, Denny," Tommy said. "We've only been practicing casting."

"They're smelly to me," Mrs. Dennis insisted. "All I have to do is look at them and the whole place seems to reek of fish."

"We might as well change," Tommy's father whispered. "She won't give us any dinner until we do." He spoke aloud, "It's a fine thing when a housekeeper tells a man how to dress in his own home."

"There's got to be some niceties," Mrs. Dennis said. "Do you want the child to grow up smelling of fish?"

"We have plenty of time for niceties," he said, and went past her, through the kitchen. Tommy lingered, opened the refrigerator and peered in.

"Shut that," Mrs. Dennis said. She moved to the door and did it herself, bumping it shut with a rearward motion.

The first thing the average youngster learns in school is that he's missing a lot of fun outside.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

"I'll not have you spoiling your dinner." She went to tend a pot on the stove, a big gray-haired woman, solid except for her upper arm, that quivered rhythmically as she stirred. "What time you starting out for the lake Saturday?"

"Four, the same as always."

"You want to go?"

"Want to go? I've been looking forward to it all winter. You just don't know. It's the most wonderful thing in the world."

"The most wonderful thing in the world, is it?" Mrs. Dennis shook her head. "When I was your age, I'd have thought the school dance Saturday night was a lot more wonderful than sitting in a boat in dirty jeans, hooking helpless fish."

"They're not helpless," Tommy said. "If they were, people wouldn't have to keep thinking up ways to catch them."

"The school dance ——"

"I wouldn't go to it," Tommy broke in, "if somebody stuck a gun in my ribs to try to make me."

"Westerns!" Mrs. Dennis snorted. "Between fishing and Westerns, you sound like—like Huckleberry Finn."

"He didn't have anything to do with Westerns. He lived in Missouri. What's so great about a dance, Denny? Jumping around and around the gym all night with some oofus."

"Oofus?" Mrs. Dennis inquired.

"Oh, you know," Tommy said. "Oofus. Dope."

Mrs. Dennis shook her head again. "All right, Thomasina. Go get dressed."

Up in her room, Tommy slipped out of the jeans and into a skirt, in one almost unbroken motion. She applied lipstick with a careless but reasonably effective swipe, and ran a comb through her short, dark curls. Although she glanced in the mirror, there was no evidence that she observed with any particular interest the smooth, lightly freckled skin, the neatly poised head, the tall, slender, hard body. The lipstick, like the hair-combing, was part of a tribal ritual, performed without any true consciousness of its purpose. She would not have thought of it as incongruous with her sometimes passionate wish that she were a boy.

When she moved across the room, it was with the long-legged, sexless lope of any young thing. She took a card of fishhooks from a drawer, tested their sharpness with her thumb, and put them carefully in the tackle box on the window sill. Then she paused, listening to the boy next door practice on his clarinet.

He was, she thought, a real oofus, but he blew a hot clarinet. She stood at the open window, marking the rhythm with one foot, then with her shoulders, then with her whole body, as she moved back and forth in a kind of improvised native dance. Something strange and wild inside her, new these past months, relaxed.

"Thomasina!" Mrs. Dennis bellowed from downstairs. "I'm not going to call you again for dinner!"

Tommy banged the door shut behind her and hurtled down the steps, almost colliding with Mrs. Dennis at the bottom.

"That," Mrs. Dennis said, "is a fine way for a young lady to walk downstairs."

Tommy grinned, wrinkling her short nose. "Who's a young lady? . . . Daddy," she called to her father, "who won the ball game?"

He told her as they went into the dining room. They discussed batting averages for a time, and then resumed their plans for the weekend fishing trip.

"I'm a lucky man, you know that?" he said suddenly. "Some men hardly know their daughters, hardly see them."

She was the lucky one, but it wasn't a thing you could put into words. Somebody was always feeling sorry for her because her mother had died so long ago that she didn't even remember her, but there was nothing to feel sorry for. Her father let her dress the way she liked, act the way she wanted to. They did things together that she never could have done with a mother. Denny didn't understand fishing or baseball, and she was always complaining about Tommy's clothes and telling her to be a lady, but it was just a kind of joke between Tommy and her father. With a mother, it would not have been a joke.

"Well, most fathers are oofuses," she said finally. "Who would want to stick around?"

Mrs. Dennis, coming from the kitchen with the rolls, snorted. "There's that word again. She gets hold of one of those words, she sounds like a broken record. Last month it was 'sploud.' I got so I was saying it myself."

"If oofus is from the Latin," Tommy's father said, his face sober, but the blue eyes dancing, "the plural would be oofi, not oofuses."

Mrs. Dennis shrugged and went back into the kitchen. Tommy and her father laughed until they were weak.

"This year," she said, when she had stopped laughing, "I'll bet I catch the biggest bass."

"Carton of cigarettes against a new reel for your spinning rod?"

"It's a bet!"

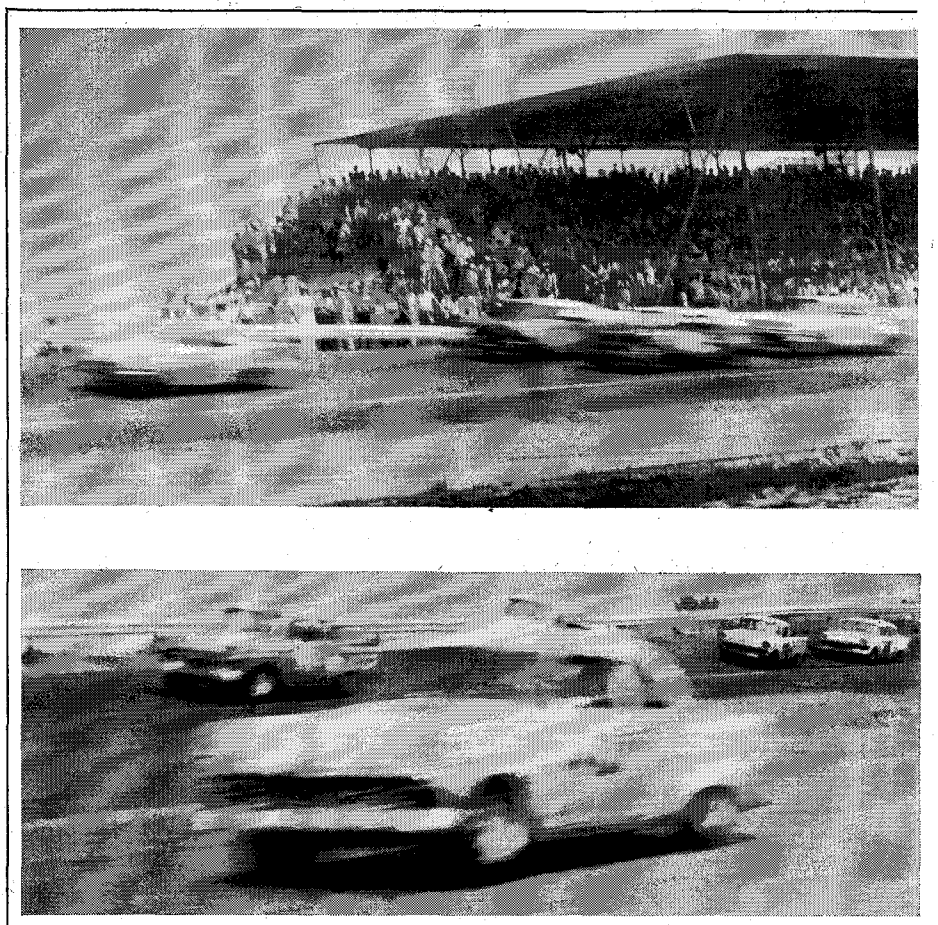
After dinner he had work to do, a briefcase full of papers that he had brought home from the office. "I want to clear this all up," he said, "so I won't have anything on my mind for our weekend."

Tommy went outside and walked down the road. It was a balmy evening, sweet with the smell of new-thawed earth. From the trees hung small, pale-green leaves, not yet fully unfurled. She startled a purple finch, catching a glimpse of its raspberry feathers as it flew up from a branch. All at once her throat felt thick, as if with tears, and she didn't know why.

Two little boys were playing in the skeleton structure of the partly finished addition to the high school. Their mothers called them as Tommy approached, and they scampered off, stuffing pieces of stone and brick into their pockets. Tommy selected a smooth, rounded stone and put it in her own pocket.

An ancient car with gleaming new paint passed by, riding high from the road, its narrow tires bouncing. It stopped a few yards beyond Tommy, and the driver leaned out and called to her, "Can you tell me the way to the high school?"

She walked up to the car and around it, inspecting (*Continued on Page 97*)



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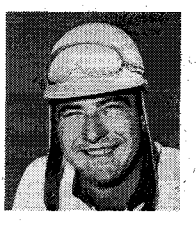

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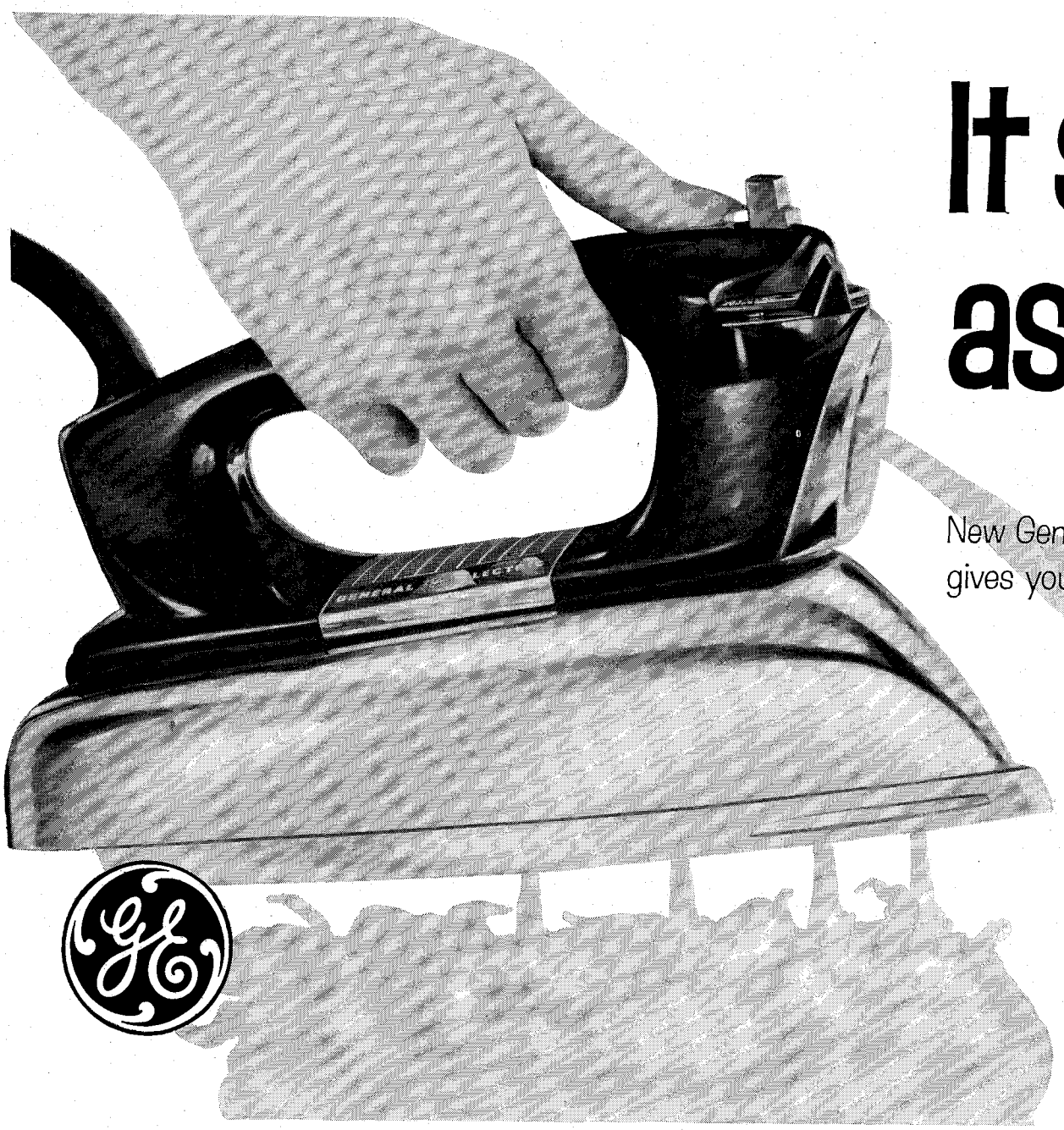

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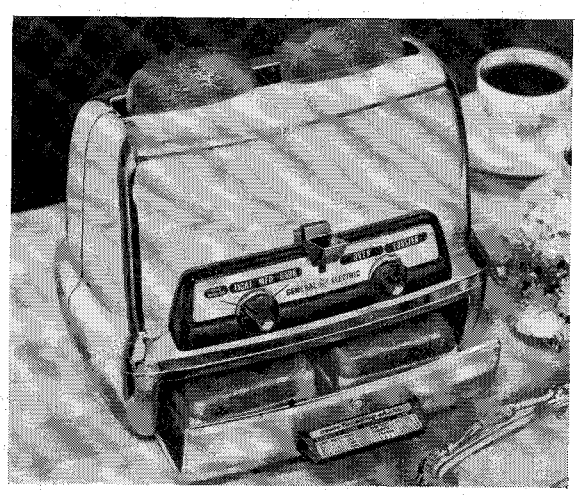

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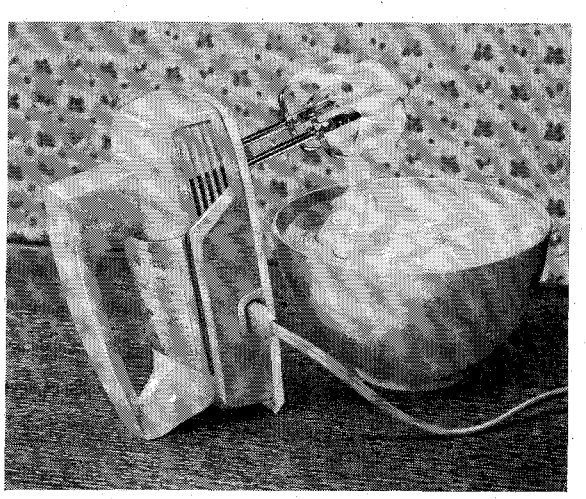

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(*Continued from Page 95*) it. "This is the high school." She ran her hand over the glossy hood and nodded. "Nice."

"Know anything about vintage cars?"

"Well, a little. We get the magazine."

"I'll give you a ride in her, if you like."

She focused on him then. He was a tall, big-featured boy with sandy hair that fell across his forehead. His smile came on slowly.

"Where are you from?" she asked him.

"From here, since this morning. We just moved here. Taunton Road. My name's Cam Willard."

"Oh, yes. You're in the old Finney house, aren't you?" She stuck out a slim, hard brown hand. "I'm Tommy Eberhard."

"Hop in."

He tried to help her, but she ignored his hand, slipping in beside him with swift agility. She did not, in fact, see the hand, nor consider what it was for. The boys she knew would not have thought of helping her. She had climbed trees and shot marbles and played ball with them, and neither expected nor received any quarter. Although they no longer admitted her to their activities, they treated her much as they always had.

"The ground seems so far away," she said, as they started off. "It's like the first time on a horse." They went over a bump in the road, and the wheels that had never heard of knee action bounced them thoroughly.

Tommy laughed. "It's fun."

Cam looked at her. "Do you go to this school?"

"Sure. I'm a sophomore."

"I'm going to be a senior. I start tomorrow," he said. "Near the end of the week, near the end of the year. It's not going to be so easy." He swung the ancient car into the driveway of the school and stared up at the windows, blank and quiet in the twilight. "My dad was transferred. There was no way I could stay and graduate with my class back home."

She followed his gaze, trying to see the familiar gray stone building as if she had never seen it before, as if she did not know the pattern of the rooms behind the blank windows, the smell of the halls; as if all the faces at the desks in the morning would be strange to her, all those she knew left somewhere far away.

"Gee," she said, "that's tough."

He looked at her again. There was something funny in the way he did it, something she couldn't put her finger on. She thought of a game she used to play, where two people stared at each other until one of them had to laugh and look away. She felt a little like that now, except that she had to look away without laughing.

"You sound as if you really know how I feel," he said.

"I can imagine," she said, and laughed then, though that wasn't the place for it, and added quickly, "Would you like me to show you around? I mean, we can't get inside, of course, but if you want to see the athletic fields, things like that ——"

They walked across the grass. A sliver of moon showed in the still light sky, pearly and mysterious, and again, as when she had seen the purple finch, she had the thickness of tears in her throat.

"If the kids are all like you," he said, "I guess it won't take me long to feel at home."

His voice was almost as deep as her father's, and there was a richness to his syllables that was new to her. He seemed very strange, yet at the same time she could not think that she had just met him.

"They're good kids," she said. "You'll be O.K."

The air was soft and warm. They walked slowly, as if it had substance that pushed against them. He told her about the town he had come from, the school. He told her he went out for track and was pretty fair at running the hundred, and that besides vintage cars, he fooled around a little with a short-wave radio, and that last summer he had had a job as a lifeguard at the beach.

"I'm sure talking a lot," he said, and smiled the slow smile. "I don't usually talk so much. It's your turn now. What about you?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "There's nothing much about me."

"Come on. Give." He bent his head, the sandy hair falling along his eyebrows. She was tall, but he was much taller, and the way he bent down to her made her feel funny, little. "What do you like to do?"

"Lots of things."

"Well, most of all?"

Go fishing, she thought. *Go fishing with my father. Get up at four o'clock in the morning and drive to the lake. Fish until it's too dark to see the line, and then go back to the lodge for supper, so hungry we eat all we can hold, and then sit around the fireplace talking fish, planning how to get bigger ones tomorrow.*

"Oh, I don't know," she said, and wondered why she didn't tell him. They were sitting in the football stadium now. She looked up at the darkening sky, feeling a pulse she didn't know she had throb against her taut neck. "See the little star at the tip of the moon."

"All right. I'll find out. There's plenty of time." He took her hand. "That star is Sirius. It's not so little."

She tried to forget about her hand, to pretend it wasn't there, against his warm palm, enmeshed with his hard fingers. Her voice, when she spoke, sounded strange and small in her ears.

"Do you know about stars, too?" she asked, with no notion of the question's sweet and subtle flattery.

"Well," he said, "well, not really very much." He sat up straight, shoving the hair back from his forehead with his free hand. "It's a funny thing. Before I met you back there I thought I was going to hate this town. I thought I was never going to feel at home. Now it's as if I've lived here a long time and known you all the while." He looked down at her again, in that way that made her pleasantly little. "Do you feel like that too? I mean, as if we'd known each other more than just today?"

"Yes," she said, but no sound came out. She tried it again. "Yes." The school clock chimed, reaching her as through a veil of sleep. "Gee," she said, getting to her feet, retrieving her hand, "I've got to go."

She began to run, not knowing why, her feet light on the grass, stirring the soft air so that it blew her hair into flyaway curls. He ran after her and caught her, laughing, and rumpled the curls still more with his hand.

"Where are you going? I'll drive you home."

"All right."

They walked sedately now, not touching. "I hope that I didn't keep you too long," he said. "Will your folks be worried?"

"There's only my father and Denny—Mrs. Dennis, the housekeeper. She always worries anyway. Daddy never does." All at once she wanted to tell Cam about her father. "He says if I don't know how to take care of myself now, I never will; that what I've been taught has either taken or it isn't going to. He tells that to Denny whenever she fusses."

"He sounds O.K.," Cam said.

"He's a lawyer. Probably your father would know about him. He's quite a prominent lawyer. Thomas Eberhard." She paused, and then told him something she never willingly told anyone. "My real name is Thomasina. I'm named after him."

"I like that better than Tommy," he said.

She looked at him incredulously. "You do?"

"Well, it suits you better. I mean, it's more a girl's name."

Thomasina, she said to herself. *Thomasina.* They were at the car now, and he opened the door for her, and this time she saw that he wanted to help her up to the high running board. A familiar voice inside her, as if at the end of a long hall, said, *You don't have to help me. I can do it my*—— and died away. She leaned against Cam's hand a little as he eased her up.

When she got home, Mrs. Dennis was hanging out the window, looking for her. "Three hours you were gone, and never a word. I thought you were kidnaped." She stood in the hall with her hands on her wide hips and her bland face screwed into a scowl so exaggerated as totally to nullify its effect. "Who was that brought you home?"

"Oh—some boy."

"Some boy, is it? What kind of boy?" Mrs. Dennis inquired. "An oofus?"

Tommy's voice trembled. "Shut up!" she said. "Leave me alone!"

Her father came out of the study, sheets of foolscap in one hand, the glasses he wore for reading in the other. "What's going on here?" he demanded. "Tommy ——"

She was halfway up the stairs by then, and she didn't answer or stop. She went on into her room and closed the door and flung herself across the bed. Now the tears that had been a thickness in her throat all evening came up into her eyes and spilled over, and she didn't know what they were for.

After a time her father knocked on the door. She sat up on the edge of the bed and he came in and took a chair near the window, without turning on the light. This was the way they always had their serious talks.

"I'll tell Denny I'm sorry," she said.

"Yes." He waited awhile. "What happened, Tommy?"

"Nothing," she said.

He sighed a little, and waited again. Then he got up and kissed her good night and went out. . . .

Birthday Gift

By Elise Gibbs

I'm thirty, no beauty, and
without wealth or power.
My four-year-old son, his
face like a flower,
Asks, "Do girls like trucks?"
"I guess so. Why?"
I see myself mirrored in
his eye
As he hands me a truck
that shows the wear
Of special favor. Oh, who
would care
To be covered with mink,
to be twenty-one,
Without a dump truck and
a son?

Cam called her the next evening after dinner. "I looked for you in school," he said. "I didn't see you."

"Most of my classes wouldn't be on the same floor as yours." She could hear her father's newspaper rattling in the living room, and Mrs. Dennis clearing the table in the dining room. "How did it go?"

"I can't hear you. What did you say?"

"How did it go in school?"

"Oh, fine. Thanks to you."

"I didn't do anything."

"Yes, you did. You made me feel as if I belonged here. Look," he said, "Thomasina ——"

Thomasina, she thought. *Thomasina.* "What?" she asked.

"I see where there's a school dance Saturday night. I guess—I mean, you must have a date for it, haven't you?"

Her heart began to thump as if she had been running. "No," she said.

"You haven't? Well, gosh, that's wonderful! Will you go with me?"

She sat down, squeezing her eyes tight shut, feeling dizzy. "Thomasina," he said, "did you hear me?"

"I won't—I don't think I'll be here," she told him. "I—think I'm going away for the weekend."

His voice sank. "Oh, gosh!" he said. "Well, if you don't, will you let me know? I wouldn't want to go unless you'd go with me, so if you'd just let me know before Saturday ——"

"All right," she said. "I'll let you know."

She sat with her hand still on the phone after she had hung up, feeling it slippery under her damp fingers. Then she ran upstairs and got out her tackle box and sat on the floor with it. She rearranged the lures, laying them all out beside her and then putting them back, one by one, into the box. She didn't know her father was standing in the doorway until he spoke.

"Mrs. Dennis says that was a boy, asking you to the school dance Saturday night."

Tommy held a yellow jitterbug up to the light, squinting critically at its lethal hooks. "How does she know? She couldn't hear who it was."

He came in and stood against the wall, puffing his pipe, watching her. "I told her that. She says she could tell by your voice. She says she was a girl once herself."

"O.K." Tommy dropped the jitterbug back into the tackle box. "So it was a boy. So what?"

He nodded. "I told her that too. I told her you weren't thinking about boys or dances, that you'd been looking forward to this fishing trip all winter." He sighed a little, the way he had the night before. "She says it's spring now."

Tommy got up and put the tackle box back on the window sill. She stood with her back to him. "We've never missed the opening of the season at the lake, not since I was eight. I can hardly wait."

It seemed a long time before he spoke. "Don't you think I always knew I'd have to go without you someday?" he said finally. "It's all right. You go to the dance if you want to."

She whirled around then and flung herself against him, winding her arms tightly around his neck.

"Oh, daddy, I don't know why I want to so much, all of a sudden!" she sobbed. "I don't want to want to!"

"It's all right," he said again.

"We can go fishing lots of other times, can't we?" she asked. "The same as always?"

He kissed the top of her head so lightly that she couldn't feel it. "Sure," he said, very softly. "We can go fishing lots of other times." THE END

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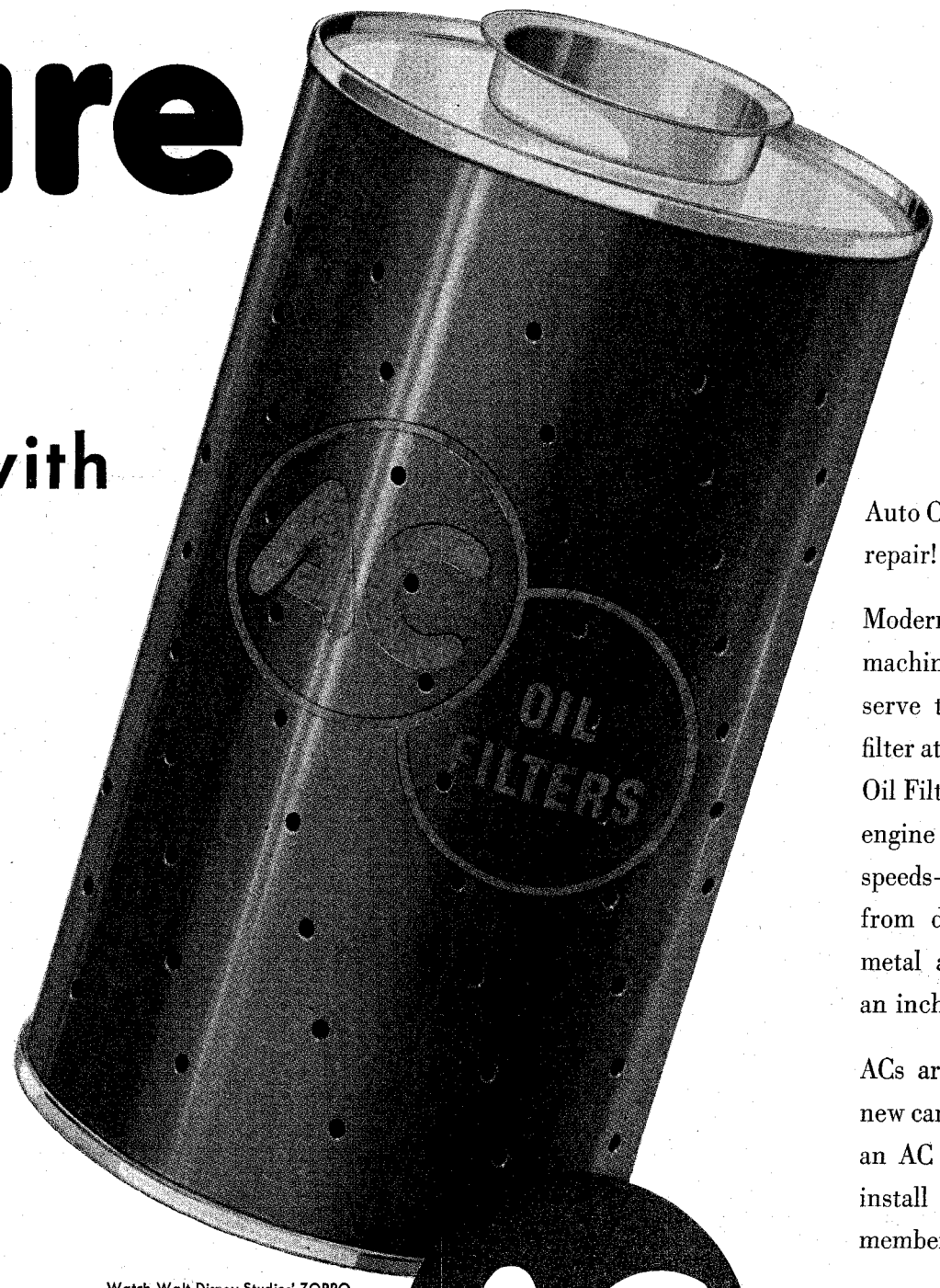
Auto Care

starts with



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Is College Football Worth Saving?

(Continued from Page 36)

I was, he put an extra measure of zing into his polishing and said raptly, "We sure gonna give 'em a rough time this year, ain't we, coach?"

Just a few hours later I was attending a dinner at the state capital, and one of the judges of the Missouri Supreme Court made almost the identical comment—somewhat more grammatically, but no less enthusiastically.

This sort of thing happens to me constantly, and never fails to give me renewed assurance that there must be a great deal of virtue in any activity which unites so many people of so many different backgrounds. In addition to being a healthy source of pleasure for millions, college football supports most of the athletic program in a majority of the large institutions. It also provides a wonderful competitive proving ground for young men, and serves as a unifying force and morale builder for the entire college.

As such, it should exemplify integrity from top to bottom—and it doesn't. I've been warning my fellow coaches and athletic administrators for several years about the danger of winking at the loose ethics in some college-athletic plants. I know that a few of them think I'm an old grandmother. But take a look at the record in recent years.

The bowl games last New Year's Day—supposed to match the best teams in the nation—did nothing of the kind. Too many of the best teams weren't available because they were being punished for violations of the athletic-recruiting codes. Auburn—voted the country's Number One team in the Associated Press rankings—was serving out a term of probation which has since been extended for another three years by the National Collegiate Athletic Association. North Carolina State qualified for the Orange Bowl, but couldn't go, because it also was on N.C.A.A. probation—for basketball-recruiting violations. Three of the leading teams on the West Coast—U.S.C., U.C.L.A. and Washington—were ineligible to play in the Rose Bowl and had their player ranks decimated as a result of Pacific Coast Conference penalties approved by the N.C.A.A. Still other top football teams last year had recent histories of N.C.A.A. probation, including Ohio State (No. 2), Oklahoma (No. 4) and Texas A. & M. (No. 9).

So many major schools have been punished for recruiting offenses since the N.C.A.A. put teeth in its athletic code five years ago that more and more people are coming to look upon college football as a highly professionalized sport for dimwitted musclemen. This distorted impression stems from the activities of a very small number of double-standard colleges, dealing with a few top athletes who are either weak-willed or badly advised.

The N.C.A.A. rules permit colleges to offer athletic scholarships. However, this aid may not exceed room, board, tuition, books and fifteen dollars a month. Transportation for the athlete to and from home is not permitted, nor is entertainment for his parents or girl friend. Financial help to the boy or his family from eager alumni is forbidden, and so are "jobs" where the work is nonexistent or the pay excessive. Many schools are subject also to conference rules, which generally follow the same pattern or are even stricter.

I would estimate that about 90 per cent of our college athletes conform completely to these standards. The big trouble comes among the top 10 per cent—the triple-threat backs, seven-foot basketball centers and under-ten-second sprinters. The demand for these top-drawer athletes is always far greater than the supply. So colleges compete for them. And some of the colleges cheat.

How do they cheat?

Several years ago, I watched a young quarterback from a small Missouri town. He was just right for our split-T offense—a tremendous ball handler, a poised passer and an excellent student. I talked with him several times about coming to Missouri. We brought him to Columbia, showed him around the campus and introduced him to the coaches and the dean of the school in which he wanted to take his major. We offered him our maximum legal scholarship, and the boy accepted in writing, contingent upon the approval of his parents, whom we had met and talked with in his home town.

That was the last I saw of him. He didn't answer my letters that summer, and when fall came he was enrolled at another school.

I know a lot of people in his home town and, over the next year or two, I pieced together the story of what had happened. While we were showing the boy around our campus, representatives of the other school were giving his parents the plush treatment—several weekend trips to the campus, hospitality at the most expensive night clubs in a neighboring city, season tickets to the home games of a major-league ball club. This kind of entertainment was completely illegal. To top things off, when the lad graduated from high school, he received a number of expensive graduation presents from alumni of the other school—people he didn't even know.

Because of the gifts and the entertainment, the parents felt obligated and prevailed on their son to go to the other school. He reluctantly agreed. We lost a fine potential quarterback and a decent young man—whose standards of decency must have been shaken up a bit.

When a college decides to "buy" athletes, a variety of methods is employed. Probably the most common is for alumni to get the boy a summer job for which he is considerably overpaid. There's nothing illegal about giving a vacation job to a fullback as long as he is compensated at the same rate as other workers performing the same chores. But paying the fullback $3000 or $4000 a summer for puddling a concrete highway is a little out of line.

A variation of this is paying the athlete for work he doesn't perform. Southern Methodist University is in trouble with the N.C.A.A. right now on this count. Walter Byers, N.C.A.A. executive director, says an S.M.U. football prospect was provided a tailor-made job with an oil company which allowed him to spend a sizable part of the summer competing in high-school all-star football games. The job he held had not been filled for five months prior to his going to work, and he was not replaced when he went back to school in the fall. S.M.U. officials call the charge "absurd," but it's going to stick.

Sometimes an alumnus or an agent of the coach will promise to deposit an agreed sum of money in a bank for a boy *after* he graduates from college. This gets around the document many conferences require athletes to sign, saying that they are receiving no compensation beyond legal help. It also explains why certain football players turn up with big cars a few months after graduation.

Occasionally money is deposited for the boy or his family in a bank account under another name. Then there's the business of paying a boy's traveling expenses to and from home several times during the school year. Southern schools in particular are suspect on this count when they recruit in far-off areas. For our part, we've found that it is fruitless for us to offer athletic scholarships in Pennsylvania, Ohio and other distant states, because we refuse to break the rules and pay transportation costs for these boys, most of whom can't afford to get back and forth on their own money.

A growing number of large corporations are subsidizing athletes indirectly by promising them good jobs after they graduate. This is done through alumni who are important officials of these companies. Finally, alumni slush funds are being used to pay for a multitude of under-the-table inducements—car rentals, clothing, apartments for married players, charge accounts at stores, bonuses for signing grant-in-aid contracts, financial aid to the families of athletes, money to bring parents to the campus to see their sons play.

Don't think it's difficult to get funds for such purposes. I could dig up five times as much cash for illegal recruiting of Missouri athletes as I can for carrying on an honest athletic program. Much of this money is offered by doctors, lawyers and other prominent men who would be shocked if they were ever asked to violate the ethics of their own professions. Yet they see nothing wrong in violating the N.C.A.A. athletic code.

A wealthy Missouri alumnus, who is considered a paragon of virtue in his own business, once stalked into my office several days after we had lost a close game to a team we were accustomed to beating by a large margin. He said, "Coach, we need some big tackles badly. I'll put up whatever it takes if you'll go out to Pennsylvania and buy us a couple. I don't want to see us lose to *that* team again." He was incensed when I refused the money and told him we'd do our recruiting within the rules of the N.C.A.A. and our conference.

There are two places above all others where we must have complete honesty and integrity: in our churches and in our schools. Unhappily, some of our colleges are falling down badly in the way they operate their athletic programs. I remember the case of a young Polish lad who lived in a tough river town bordering Missouri. He was a tremendous high-school lineman. We invited him to our campus, and one of the members of our athletic staff swapped stories with him in Polish. He liked us and we liked him. He headed home telling us he intended to enroll at Missouri.

However, recruiters from another school had more to offer than we did. When the boy didn't answer our letters and we stopped off to see him, his mother told us that the other school's offer was so much better than our athletic scholarship that they simply couldn't afford to turn it down. Later developments indicated that she was right. Among other things, the lad's brother—a nonathlete—was guaranteed expenses to attend the same institution.

In one recent year we lost six top-notch Missouri high-school basketball players to out-of-state schools, even though we offered all these boys full legal scholarships. One of them told me, "Your scholarship is chicken feed compared to what I've been offered." To be sure, these lads talk big sometimes. However, it does seem strange that not a single one accepted a maximum scholarship in his home state.

There was another lineman—a Missouri boy from a poor family—who backed out of a verbal agreement to come to Missouri just a few days before college opened. His home-town folks told me later that he left for another school in new and expensive clothes, and cashed a $200 check at the local bank before departing.

Who is to blame for this state of things? The boys themselves? Their parents? College alumni? Each of these groups is in part culpable. However, the primary responsibility rests squarely upon college presidents and football coaches.

With the former, the sin is mainly one of omission; with the latter, of commission. Anyone who tells you that the coaches don't know what is going on—that they can't keep a leash on the alumni—is either gullible or stupid. When a college corrupts an athlete by paying him under the table, you can be pretty sure that the coach not only knows about it but also probably instigated it.

The reason is obvious. Alumni, no matter how eager and well-heeled they may be, usually aren't good judges of football talent. The boys they might try to proselyte on their own would more often than not be of little value to the coach. As a result, the coach fingers his own talent, then turns the alumni loose on them.

"What do you mean, it looks very good, 'all things considered'?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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I'm still idealist enough to believe that character building should be the primary objective of college athletics. I don't think that offering illegal inducements to an athlete is helping to make a good citizen of him. As a matter of fact, I don't see much difference between paying a boy under the table to win for you and having some gambler pay him to lose.

When a coach talks with a prospective athlete, he speaks as a representative of an educational institution. When he suggests dishonesty—no matter how it's disguised—he paints his school with the same brush.

As for the college presidents, some have either been coerced into putting up with dishonesty in their athletic programs, have winked at it or have been too naïve to know what is happening. Whatever the cause, too many of the presidents are not requiring their coaches to live up to the N.C.A.A. regulations, which specify clearly that all aid to athletes must be channeled through the institution—thus ruling out individual alumni aid.

When the dishonesty gets too far out of bounds, there has to be a public show of cracking down—as reflected in some of the punishments meted out by the N.C.A.A. But these isolated crackdowns don't necessarily indicate any thoroughgoing cleanup of college football; they are simply evidence of how serious and widespread the problem is. As with an iceberg, only a small portion of football's abuses shows on the surface.

Today college football stands at an important crossroads. It can continue on a high-pressure, win-at-any-cost basis, which will lead eventually to public disgust with the game; or it can accept its responsibilities and earn a worth-while place for itself in the drive for better education. I love football and I want to see it saved. If this is to be done, a number of changes must take place.

Educators must cast aside their lethargy or timidity and enforce the rules governing college athletics. Educators have their own national bodies to deal with such problems. The pressure they could bring to bear would quickly whip into line those who value winning football teams above honesty. Simply refusing to schedule teams that operate outside the rules would turn the trick in a hurry.

Football also must be brought back into perspective among the people who watch it. A lot of alumni who never grew up can't envision anything more important than beating the school of the guy next door. This obsession with winning has been the basic reason for the present unhealthy state of college athletics. Winning is important, but the most important thing is for the coach to teach his lads to really *try* to win. There's a great difference between wholesome, enthusiastic support and a compulsive need to win.

School administrators must make it clear to their coaches that they place integrity ahead of victory. If the coach knows that no amount of alumni pressure after a losing season is going to affect his job—whereas under-the-table aid to athletes will get him fired—then he will no longer be tempted to turn to his alumni for illegal recruiting help.

Similarly, schools should regard the football coach as an educator, rather than as a big-business executive who has to show a profit on his yearly operations. He should be charged primarily with putting a representative group of well-coached, clean-playing youngsters on the field every Saturday to contribute their best efforts to a cause that won't collapse around their ears if they happen to lose. In most high-powered institutions today, coaches aren't judged on this basis. When they lose their jobs, it is mainly because their teams fail to draw enough money at the gate to operate the athletic plant profitably.

The nation's press could help by ceasing to glorify the successful lawbreakers. As it is, winning teams are deified on the sports pages without regard for the manner in which their pre-eminence was attained. If, for example, only those schools in good standing with the N.C.A.A. and their own conferences were listed among the top teams in the press polls, this would help to strip some of the glamour from the win-at-any-price teams.

As I have said, the rules already on the books would keep college football clean if properly enforced. However, one new piece of legislation would help the situation tremendously. This would be the adoption of a national letter of intent to be respected by every N.C.A.A. member institution.

A letter of intent is simply an agreement signed by the recipient of an athletic scholarship stating his intention to attend a certain university. A few conferences have these agreements now. Once a boy has signed with a particular school, he cannot switch over to any other school in the conference.

However, this has no effect on schools outside the conference. If all N.C.A.A. members were to get together on a national letter of intent—with July first as the deadline for signing—it would eliminate the last-minute, high-pressure recruiting. It also would keep recruiting closer to home, by giving the proselyters less time to fan out, and it would allow coaches to concentrate on their coaching instead of chasing reluctant athletes right up to the opening day of school.

Another legislative reform I advocate is the standardization of athletic recruiting and scholarship practices. Today the N.C.A.A. code serves as a common starting point, but there are still wide divergences between the various conferences.

The Big Ten, for example, has tried to offer scholarships on the basis of need, but without conspicuous success, because the interpretation of what constitutes need leads inevitably to sharp difference of opinion. This program also is making it tough for the Big Ten schools to compete for athletes with other conferences where the "need" factor is not considered.

The Pacific Coast Conference insisted that athletes work for their room and board. This sounds very noble and democratic, but it turned out to be so unrealistic that it helped bring about the mess which has wrecked the conference.

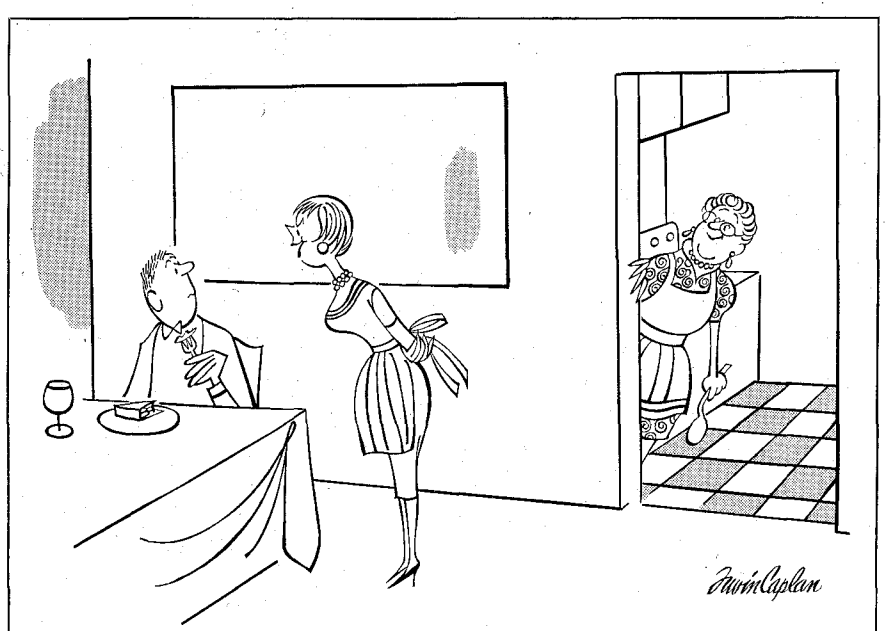
It is essential that the colleges agree upon a proper and workable system of aid to athletes. Studies indicate that less than half of our top high-school students ever get to college these days. In view of this, more and more people are asking whether athletic scholarships should be given at all.

I think the athletic-scholarship system is fundamentally sound and should be continued—provided that regulations are strengthened and obeyed. Athletes contribute a great deal to the college, and give up many hours a week in the process. No matter how we slice it, the average athlete simply doesn't have time to work, take part in a varsity sport and keep up his studies. Any system based on the premise that he can do all this is certain to fail.

A scholarship makes it unnecessary for the athlete to work at an outside job while he's in school. I believe he deserves that consideration. From a practical standpoint, he is helping to bring in money. At Missouri, we take in over $700,000 from intercollegiate sports—most of it in football—and we are small operators compared to schools with larger stadiums. We give back more than $100,000 of this to the boys in the form of legal athletic scholarships in all sports.

Since the athletes generate this money in the first place, they can hardly be accused of taking it away from others who might be more deserving scholastically. If anything, they help such students by building a feeling of loyalty and enthusiasm among alumni and others who contribute to the funds from which scholarships for academic achievement are maintained. We have about nine times as many academic scholarships—mostly partial grants—as athletic scholarships at Missouri, and I presume the ratio is about the same at other schools.

I also want to stress the fact that a boy must meet hard-and-fast scholastic requirements to qualify for an athletic scholarship. In our conference—the Big Eight—an in-state boy must be in the upper two thirds of his high-school class, while an out-of-state athlete must make the upper half. Other conferences have similar or stricter provisions. So the picture of the big, dumb college athlete is a phony, despite the regrettable impression conveyed by a few schools which have thrown all standards out the window.



"It may not be the way your mother used to make it, but it's the way she makes it now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Whenever a few schools start operating under the table to build themselves into football powers, the pressure on competing schools to do likewise is almost intolerable. There have been schools which no longer could stomach high-powered football and retrenched. Probably the best-publicized retrenching at the moment is that of the Ivy League. Here they have banned everything from athletic scholarships and spring football practice to participation by either coaches or players in all-star games and high-school "football clinics."

However, the Ivy League isn't quite as all-fired virtuous as it sounds. Some of the toughest recruiting competition we meet right around home is from Ivy League schools. They have vast endowments which make it possible for them to go after athletes with an almost unlimited number of lucrative academic scholarships. Thus, while on the surface they aren't offering athletic scholarships, the net effect is that they often skim off the best scholars among the athletes—boys that we'd like especially to have too.

If even the Ivy League standards leave something to be desired, then what is there left to believe in? In the end, it all comes down to a matter of individual integrity. And I have seen integrity in college athletics deteriorate steadily since World War II.

Before the war we had no recruiting problem. We had a very limited program of aid which we offered to the best Missouri boys we could find. There was little competition for athletes from distant schools, and under-the-table payments were rare indeed.

Then two things happened. The war softened our moral fiber and put money in our pockets. Alumni—lots of them—became flush, and winning football games was so important to them that they were willing to invest large sums of money in building winning teams at their alma maters. And the war seemed to have induced a let's-get-everything-we-can philosophy, so that there were plenty of takers among coaches, parents and young people. These are the things that eventually forced the N.C.A.A. to establish recruiting regulations—and resulted in the string of violations and punishments that have made headlines on our sports pages for the last few years.

I don't know whether the people who indulge in this sort of thing are ready yet to go along with the reforms I've suggested. The relatively few schools that choose to cheat can do it so cleverly that they are seldom caught red-handed. When a boy is offered inducements under the table and told, "If you say anything about this to anyone, the income will stop right now," it's a persuasive argument for him to keep quiet. The N.C.A.A. has performed a Herculean job in tagging as many offenders as it has.

However, investigations and punishments aren't the ultimate answer. The colleges themselves must set an example of integrity. They must educate athletes and parents and alumni and coaches to realize that they are doing themselves and the great game of football an ultimate disservice when they operate outside the rules.

So far this year the N.C.A.A. has reported a slight decline in the number of complaints charging violations of the athletic code. I'm optimistic enough to take this as a sign that some of the violators are developing a conscience. With the growing emphasis on the scholastic side of higher education, intercollegiate athletics will have to develop a conscience in order to survive. I think this will come about—to the benefit of everyone concerned.

THE END

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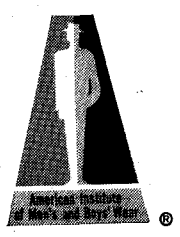

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The Great California Drama

(Continued from Page 35)

resign himself to the comparative obscurity of a wealthy California dynast.

EDMUND (PAT) BROWN (he always calls himself Pat, even in official directories) is attorney general of California and the Democratic candidate for governor. Brown ought by rights to be a more picturesque figure than his opponent, Knowland. While Knowland was born to the rather stuffy wealth of a California publishing empire, Brown was brought up in the raffish Irish-American atmosphere of San Francisco, as the son of a nickelodeon operator and professional gambler. ("Well, he wasn't exactly a *professional* gambler," Brown says, "but he did run a poker game.") But Brown is not as outwardly colorful as his background might suggest.

He is a rather ordinary-appearing fellow, who wears horn-rimmed glasses and black lisle socks with brown shoes. Indeed, he conveys the same sort of average-man impression as Harry Truman. But this is a quality not to be underestimated politically, and, like Truman, Brown is a lot smarter than he looks. He is an old pro in politics, having been twice elected attorney general—an important office in California—in Republican years. Moreover, as befits the son of a gambler, Brown these days is playing the cards close to his chest.

In the past, with Irish impulsiveness, he has said things he later had good political reasons to regret. "The best thing Pat could do," a friend has remarked, "is to put a piece of sticking plaster over his mouth and keep it there till Election Day." In fact, the sticking plaster is already invisibly present. When he is talking to a reporter, Brown almost audibly counts ten before answering a question; talking to this reporter, he had a public-relations man present, always a sign of extreme caution in a politician. Since June, his campaign strategy has boiled down to two main objectives—(a) to avoid stirring up any unnecessary animals and (b) to wrap Brown, as far as possible, in the vacant mantle of ex-Governor Earl Warren (now Chief Justice of the United States), a Republican name constantly on the lips of Democrat Brown. In fact, "Let's pretend I'm Earl Warren," seems to be a favorite game of most California politicians.

GOODWIN (GOODIE) KNIGHT (he always calls himself Goodie too) is governor of California and Republican candidate for the Knowland Senate seat. Knight has color to spare. He is a big man, with a broken nose and a prize-fighter's build, of which he is proud. He is as unshy a man as one is likely to meet in a lifetime, even a lifetime spent among politicians. "Sure I'm an extrovert," Knight says. "I've got a theory all the troubles in the world come from grim and pompous people—Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin. Just because I'm a good-natured guy they say I'm a lightweight, because I chew gum and do calisthenics, with maybe a little tap dancing on the side to keep in shape."

Knight is a restless man, never at ease sitting down, incapable of remaining long silent. He is also an oddly sensitive man, and like most such, a good hater. His famous feud with Vice President Nixon originated in some fancied slight, and it was an exceptionally bitter one, even by the standards of California Republicans, who are, as Nixon has remarked, addicted to cannibalism. These days, Knight is making noncommittal noises about Nixon, whose support he needs. But his feelings about his running mate, Knowland, are California's most open secret.

When Knight gets to talking about the "Blueprint for Disaster," his phrase for Knowland's recent course, he can hardly contain himself. "I'm calm about all this," he says, and then leaps up to stride tigerishly about the room, talking without pause, only interrupting himself occasionally to shadow-box. But, although it is easy to make fun of him, Knight should not be underestimated. His fierce energy makes him a formidable campaigner. He has an odd, little-boy charm, and a big following.

CONGRESSMAN CLAIR ENGLE, Democratic candidate for the Senate, is by far the least known of the major candidates, and as both he and Knight are well aware, this is Engle's big problem. ("People keep asking me," Knight says gleefully, "'You got a woman running against you, Goodie?'") And yet in some ways, Engle is the most interesting of the lot.

He is an ex-boxer and a dashing pilot—he is piloting his own plane in the campaign, and he has remarked that, when he does one of his virtually perpendicular take-offs, he can hear his companions "braiding their toes behind me." As this suggests, Engle is a vivid conversationalist. He talks, oddly enough, like a Texan, using verbs with "a" as a prefix, as in "a-stompin'" or "a-fixin'"—he says he acquired his Texas manner of speech from associating so much with Texans in his fifteen years in the House. Asked how he had gone over in a speech to an elderly audience in Long Beach, famous for its magnetic attraction for Middle Westerners, he replied, "Why, I fed those Iowans my own brand of corn, and they swallowed it without even cracking it." Asked if something Knight said about him was a "lie," he answered, "Well, that's a good country word for it."

> A man should never try to explain his actions to a wife who doesn't understand him—or to one who does.
>
> HAL CHADWICK

Engle is, surprisingly, a genuine Shakespearean scholar. He can cap almost any Shakespearean tag, and then go on to complete the quotation, and identify the act, the scene and the character speaking. But Engle is anything but a highfalutin intellectual. He is a shrewd, tough, professional politician, like Brown. Also like Brown, he is a middle-of-the-roader, which complicates the Republican problem, since California Democrats have tended in the past to nominate vulnerable liberal intellectuals. In the House, he voted for the Taft-Hartley Act, and he is careful to point out that he does not wear labor's collar. His campaign strategy is also similar to Brown's.

"I'm not throwing any wild punches," he says. "Say you're in Round Ten of a fifteen-round fight, and you're way ahead on points—why, you don't take any chances."

So much for the poor players who, to paraphrase a favorite Engle quotation, strut and fret their way about California's sunlit political stage. They are a fine cast, and yet the California drama has one dramatic weakness. It lacks, or seems to lack, suspense. The Democrats are so far "ahead on points" that they confidently expect to massacre the Republicans in November. The primary in June was, in fact, a sort of preliminary, or trial-run, massacre. The California cross-filing system permits Democrats to enter their names in the Republican primary, and vice versa. The primary thus becomes a popularity contest, and it has traditionally been a reliable indicator of how the election will go in November.

The Democrats have still not quite recovered from their delighted astonishment at the result of the primary. In the vote for governor, for example, Pat Brown led Knowland by a whopping 56 per cent of the total vote. In the Senate vote, the unknown Engle took a handsome 46 per cent of the total. The Republican vote was split between Knight and Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco, with whom Knight has had another of his famous feuds. The vote for Christopher was largely an anti-Knight vote, and Engle needs to take only about 20 per cent of this anti-Knight vote to beat Knight, hands down, next month.

After it was over, Knowland allowed that the primary was "just a skirmish." Brown replied that, if the primary was only a skirmish, Waterloo must have been a famous victory for Napoleon, and California commentators agreed unanimously that the primary vote was an unmitigated disaster for the Republican Party. How did it happen?

The answer recalls again the drama-laden quality of the California struggle. For running through the story is the ancient theme of *hubris* and Ara, pride and the fall that comes after, the favorite theme of the classical Greek dramatists. Almost all observers in California agree that if William Knowland, that proudly confident man, had not been so proud and confident, the disaster might have been avoided. Californians have a very consistent habit of re-electing incumbents. If only Bill Knowland had run for another Senate term, leaving Goodie Knight in peace to run again for governor, both would have been odds-on bets for re-election, despite the national Democratic trend.

Why, then, did Knowland decide to abandon his powerful position as Senate Republican leader to run for governor? Some weeks ago, at a college forum, Goodie Knight gave his own extremely candid version of Knowland's motives, "Senator Bill Knowland is an ambitious man. He wants to be President. In order to beat out Dick Nixon for the nomination in 1960, he decided to come back here and run for governor. If he could beat out a popular governor" (Knight himself, of course) "in the primary, and then lick the most popular man the Democrats could put up, he figured he would be almost invincible for the nomination."

Thoughts of the White House certainly played a part in Knowland's decision. But there were other reasons for that decision. And it is odd but true that all the assumptions on which Knowland based his strategy were wholly logical, solidly founded on the known facts and previous experience—and dead wrong.

Assumption No. 1 was that Knowland's popularity with California's voters was an established fact. Knowland had good reason to be proud of his vote-getting record. As he wrote in his autobiography in the Congressional Directory, he was "re-elected (in 1952) with the largest vote ever polled by any candidate in California." He won by the incredible ratio of seven to one. If he did so miraculously well in 1952, how could he lose in 1958?

Assumption No. 2 was that Knight would stay in the contest for the governorship. Knight had said repeatedly that he was in the race to stay, come hell, high water or Bill Knowland; and Knowland, being Knowland, a man to whom retreat is unimaginable, implicitly believed him.

Assumption No. 3 was that Knowland had found an issue—"right-to-work" legislation, outlawing the union shop—which would guarantee him a smashing primary victory. Polls, in which Knowland, like most politicians, reposes excessive confidence, had shown right to work favored by a heavy majority of Republicans, and by a slimmer majority of all California's voters, including more than 40 per cent of union labor itself. Knight is heavily dependent on union support, and he would certainly oppose right to work. Thus, Knowland undoubtedly reasoned, the liberal, prolabor vote would be split between Knight and the Democratic candidate; and Knowland, with the conservative vote solidly behind him, would score a great primary victory as a prelude to victory in November.

Every one of these assumptions was absolutely logical. But politics is not a logical business, and after Knowland, to nobody's surprise, formally announced his candidacy for governor early last autumn, everything began to come unstuck.

Pat Brown, unquestionably the Democrats' strongest candidate, had previously refused, despite much urging, to leave his safe berth as attorney general. Now he had another long hard look at the cards in his hands. He saw a national Democratic trend. He saw a Republican Party bitterly divided between Knowland and Knight adherents. He saw a ready-made issue—the cry of "deal." As one of his friends has remarked, "Pat's not the son of a poker player for nothing, and he decided the time had come to go for broke." So Knowland was faced, for the first time in his career as a major politician, with a very strong opponent.

Knowland also relied heavily on the antiunion feeling generated by the McClellan Committee's revelations of union gangsterism—and he even hoped that the committee would come to California to turn the spotlight on California's labor rackets. Nothing of the sort happened. Instead, the issue began to dim in the voters' minds, while the recession for the first time in years made good union men out of a lot of workers. The unions, working toughly but quietly, got out the labor vote—in some heavily unionized districts the primary vote more than doubled. Other Republican politicians, with both ears to the ground, shied away from Knowland and right to work. When Knowland last spring addressed a group of Republican candidates and offered to stump for any of them who so wished, he was met by an embarrassed silence, while his face turned lobster-red with anger.

Moreover, it turned out that the right-to-work issue was "just exactly what Bill Knowland didn't need," as one of the shrewd coterie of Nixon supporters in California has remarked. California is a state which likes middle-of-the-roaders, like Earl Warren, which is why California politicians like to play the game of "let's pretend I'm Earl Warren." Knowland's voting record, like Sen. Robert Taft's before him, is not really as triple-distilled conservative as most people think. But he looks conservative—he smells conservative. And the right-to-work issue shifted the public image of him several degrees to the right. Then, in September, Mrs. Knowland, a passionate partisan of her husband, arranged the distribution of thousands of pamphlets attacking Walter Reuther, by the extreme right-winger, Joseph Kamp, who has served time for contempt of Congress. Mrs. Knowland was unaware of Kamp's background, but the public image of Knowland was again

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shifted several further degrees to the right.

The list of Knowland's troubles could be almost indefinitely extended—it is as long as Job's. Until late summer, he was tied down in Washington as minority leader, and his organization at home was a headless shambles. The California Democratic Council, a recently organized statewide federation of Democratic clubs, is beginning to operate really effectively, while the Republican equivalent, the Republican Assembly, organized years ago by Earl Warren, is moribund. The identification of candidates on the primary ballot by party affiliation, a recent innovation, hurt Knowland and all the Republican candidates, in a state which is Democratic in registration by a ratio of better than four to three. Even Knowland's campaign-poster picture is a disaster—it makes him look like a tough prison guard.

But the worst disaster, in Knowland's own opinion, was undoubtedly Knight's decision to bow out of the governorship race. It knocked the underpinnings out from under Knowland's split-the-labor-vote strategy. At the same time, it made Knowland look like a bully, brutally shoving the well-liked Knight aside. It hurt Knight, too, by making him look, in a favorite phrase of Engle's, "like a champ who wouldn't stand up and fight it out in the ring." And the Knight backdown also gave the opposition a golden opportunity to shout "deal."

Was there a deal? As far as Knowland is concerned, the answer is that of course there wasn't. The last thing in the wide world Knowland wanted was a Knight withdrawal. But some of Knowland's friends and supporters, like Norman Chandler, publisher of the powerful Los Angeles Times, and his powerfully persuasive wife, "Buffie," did want a Knight withdrawal. By the Chandlers and others, it was made clear to Knight that the big money and the big papers, like the Times—which is held in superstitious awe by all California politicians—would be on Knowland's side. Polls also showed Knowland beating Knight handily in the primary. Even so, Clem Whittaker and Leone Baxter, Knight's managers at the time—they have since resigned, when he failed to take their advice—wrestled for days with Knight's soul, trying to persuade him to defy Knowland and the fates, and make the race. They were sure that Knight could beat Knowland in the primary by crying "boss rule," and by playing David to Knowland's Goliath.

Again and again, they recall, they would have Knight all persuaded and primed for battle. Then he would get a telephone call from some such powerful figure as Buffie Chandler, and the Knightly resolution would crumble. But the key moment probably came with the visit to the governor's mansion in Sacramento of Clinton Mosier, shrewd, cigar-smoking political editor of the San Francisco Examiner, and a close friend of both Knight and Vice President Nixon.

"Goodie," Mosier said, "I just want to tell you about a telephone call I had last night from Dick Nixon." Mosier then went on to repeat the substance of the views Nixon had expressed in the call from Washington—that a bitter primary fight between Knight and Knowland would tear the party in shreds; that Knight could have the senatorial nomination for the asking; but that Knight would surely be badly beaten if he took on Knowland. For once, the voluble Knight was silent, saying only, tears in his eyes, "Clint, you're the best friend I have."

What Mosier had said had an obvious meaning for Knight—that Nixon's powerful organization would be all out for Knowland. So Knight—to the surprise and disgust of Knowland, without having exchanged a word directly with either Knowland or Nixon—threw in the sponge. As this episode suggests, Nixon's fate is also closely bound up in the fierce contest in his native California. Nor is it any secret that Nixon strongly dissented from Knowland's campaign strategy. Nixon emissaries did their fruitless best to dissuade Knowland from centering his campaign on right to work. And the Knowland strategy involving a bitter primary contest with Knight, threatened an enfeebling split in the California Republican organization, which would hardly help Nixon in 1960.

There is another way in which Nixon's fate is involved, and here it is necessary to introduce another character in the California drama—Pat Hillings, congressman from Nixon's old district and Republican candidate for attorney general of California. The plump, fast-talking Hillings is the only statewide candidate closely identified with Nixon, for he has been Nixon's protégé since he started in politics. A defeat for Nixon's old rival Knowland or his old enemy Knight would hardly destroy Nixon politically. But a clean Democratic sweep in California would throw doubt on Nixon's ability to carry his own state, and Nixon's still numerous enemies in the Republican Party would begin to repeat the two words that twice beat Robert A. Taft in his bids for the Presidential nomination. They would begin to say loudly what some are already saying privately, that Nixon "can't win."

In these circumstances, if Hillings won while Knowland and/or Knight lost, or even if Hillings ran markedly ahead of Knight and Knowland, Nixon would have no cause to shed tears. That is why the powerful Nixon organization can be counted on to go all out for young Hillings. Hillings, moreover, has certain advantages the other Republican candidates lack. He is a frenetically effective campaigner, and he intends to stage, as he says, a "Nixon-style, rock 'em, sock 'em, go, go, go" campaign. His opponent, Judge Stanley Mosk, whom Hillings has called a "male Helen Gahagan Douglas," is considered farther to the left than Brown or Engle. Republicans in California win by attracting a big conservative Democratic vote, and Hillings plans to shape his campaign to appeal to the "anti-hot-rod element in the Democratic Party." Finally, Californians have an odd habit—Pat Brown himself and Earl Warren are recent examples—of electing attorneys general of the opposite party from the governor.

Nixon, of course, is far too shrewd to overplay his bet on Hillings. Hillings did as badly in the primary as Knight and Knowland—perhaps worse—and he is vulnerable to the charge of inexperience, since he practiced law for only nine months before he went to Congress. "Nine months is good preparation for some things," says Mosk, "but not for the chief law office in the state." Nixon will not take the stump for Hillings or any other candidate, confining his efforts to a couple of fund-raising speeches. But whether he likes it or not—and he doubtless does not—Nixon has a good big bet riding on young Hillings.

Other Presidential aspirations are of course involved in the California race. Knight would like to be President, but no one except Knight took his Presidential aspirations really seriously, even as governor. Knowland's aspirations were once taken very seriously indeed. But his disastrous showing in the primaries has hurt him badly, and it is unlikely that his candidacy could be revived, even if he

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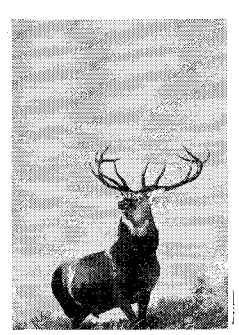

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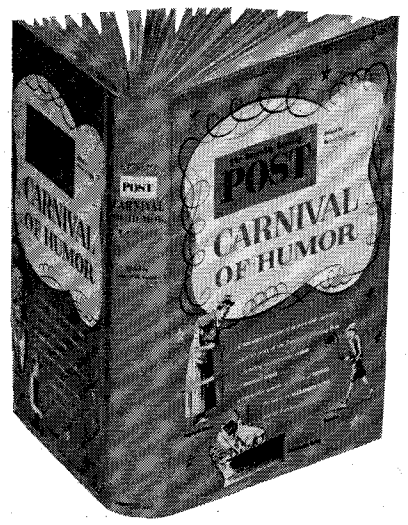

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squeaks by in November, although he might yet make trouble for Nixon at the 1960 convention, if an alternative to the Nixon candidacy suddenly emerges.

As for the Democrats, Pat Brown will be a powerful figure in the Democratic Party if his hopes for a landslide win are realized. But Brown lacks, at least for the time being, the true Presidential smell. "Pat would make a fine governor," his own friends say, "but the White House—well, no." But a man does not need the true Presidential smell for second place. Harry Truman wholly lacked it in 1944, and so, for that matter, did Nixon in 1952. In this sense, the smiling Brown represents a real threat to the candidacy of the Democratic front runner, Massachusetts' Sen. Jack Kennedy. Like Kennedy, Brown is a Catholic. If the Democrats turn down Kennedy in 1960, it is as predictable as anything in politics can be that they will turn to another Catholic for the Vice Presidential nomination. If all goes well for him in November, Brown, a Catholic, governor of a key state, a Californian like Nixon, victor over the redoubtable Knowland, will provide the Democrats with precisely the out they need if they turn down Kennedy.

In such ways, the identity of the next occupant of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is involved in the California drama. Much else is involved. Knowland is the paladin of the still-powerful Taft forces in the Republican Party. If he is disastrously defeated, the conservative influence in domestic policy, and the nationalist, Asia-first tendency in foreign policy will be simultaneously enfeebled. Moreover, if the Democrats score a clean sweep in November, they will re-gerrymander the state so as to insure heavy Democratic majorities in the California congressional delegation for years to come. As one Republican put it, "They'll cut us into little pieces, and then stomp on the pieces." A Democratic triumph in California, in short, would alter importantly the national political balance of power.

This raises the final question: Can the Republican Humpty Dumpty, which fell off the wall with such a sickening thud in June, be put back together again in November? The shrewd Nixon men think the thing could be done, but only, as one of them put it, "if Bill Knowland could act less like Bill Knowland and more like Dick Nixon." Knowland, according to this formula, must do one thing with his right hand and something entirely different with his left hand. He must frighten the Republicans, who left him in droves in June, back into their normal Republican allegiance. He can do this only, in the words of one Republican, "by scaring the living daylights out of the middle class." As political expert Sam Lubell has pointed out in this magazine—WHO WILL TAKE CALIFORNIA?, October 20, 1956—California has a large *rentier* class, people who live off the income of small real estate and other investments. These people must be persuaded that a Democratic victory in November will transform California into "another Michigan," dominated by "the radicals and the labor bosses."

It will be easy for Knowland to take this line, simply because he sincerely believes it. But the other part of the formula will be more difficult for him. To win in November, it is absolutely essential to Knowland to attract large numbers of moderate Democrats. To this end, he must grapple Earl Warren's middle-of-the-road cloak from the stubborn hands of Pat Brown, by promising California all sorts of expensive goodies—water development, highways, new schools. Above all, according to the Nixon men, he must "sublimate" the right-to-work issue which proved so disastrous in June.

Nixon himself could no doubt deliver this delicate double whammy. But can Bill Knowland? Knowland has a good intelligence, but his mind wholly lacks the subtlety of Nixon's. As this is written, far from "sublimating" the right-to-work issue, he is raising it on all occasions, and when his advisers ask him to go easy, he gets red in the face and says, "I won't retreat."

And yet, perhaps—just perhaps—now that Knowland is back at last in California, fighting stubbornly and indefatigably, an underdog for the first time in his life, the peculiar weightiness of the man—an asset Brown lacks—will make itself felt. "I know it's the toughest fight I've ever been in," Knowland says, "but I haven't a defeatist bone in my body." Perhaps somehow, miraculously, Knowland can transform the June disaster into a November triumph. But very few of Knowland's own supporters believe in their hearts that he can pull it off; and most of them believe that, when he is brought down, he will bring down Knight and Hillings with him.

That is why there is certainly an element of tragedy in the California drama, as there almost always is in the drama of American politics. Whatever you may think of his political views, it is sad to see a man like Knowland, an honorable man who has known the power and glory of great political position, pulled down in his prime and relegated to comparative obscurity. And if Knowland is pulled down, it will be no consolation to the Republican leaders—or to Knowland—to think that, if only Knowland had been a little less proud, a little less confident, if only he had been content with his great position in the Senate, if only he had acted a little less like a bull in a china shop, California might still have been saved for the Republican Party. THE END

NEXT WEEK

Harriman vs. Rockefeller

By STEWART ALSOP

Who's Winning New York's Battle of the Millionaires?

ASYLUMS WITHOUT BARS

They're Abandoning Old Restraints, and Helping the Mentally Ill

A TUGBOAT ANNIE STORY

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

Greeting Cards With No Inhibitions

Those Zany Studio Cards

IN COLOR:

The Secret of Maine Cider

THE CASE OF THE GREEDY GRANDPA

Beginning a New Perry Mason Mystery

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Better Courts for Kids

One Answer to Juvenile Crime

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Offbeat Sounds for Sale (Continued from Page 43)

One is to stay mobile," he says. "You can't run very fast with a load of recording equipment. Anyhow, as my lady guide and I bade farewell to the dusk-shrouded hills of Grenada, the atmosphere was not exactly neighborly!"

The record business has come a long way since 1877, when Thomas A. Edison first impressed the historic words "Mary had a little lamb" onto a tin-foil-wrapped cylinder. Edison's cylinders evolved into electrically recorded "unbreakable" platters. Now they are graduating into "stereophonic," or double-sound-track, high-fidelity discs and tapes. The debut of the LP—long-playing—record in 1948 created the real revolution. In ten years, says William Schwann, of Boston, whose monthly catalogue is the LP world's bible, more than 300 companies issuing long-playing records have come into the field. Total annual record sales are estimated close to $400,000,000.

Classical and semiclassical records by top-ranking performers are the meat and potatoes of the LP business, followed by certain popular best sellers featuring institutions, such as Bing Crosby, or current rages, such as Harry Belafonte, Elvis Presley and Johnny Mathis. Much of the fun, however, is provided by the new breed of imaginative small independent music—or sound—collectors and producers.

There is something about offbeat recording as irresistible to certain people as hashish was to Oriental potentates of yore. Exposing themselves to physical discomfort and frequently to actual danger, sobersided scholars will abandon soft posts to wander off into the wilds of Africa and record love and hate songs of the N'Goundi and Mboko. Ivy League students from well-heeled families will disappear into the back alleys of New Orleans to capture an authentic rendition of When the Saints Go Marching In as played by the Eureka Brass Band. Fugitives from Madison Avenue have shucked their gray-flannel suits to track down folk singers and five-string banjoists in southern mountains. Businessmen, newspapermen, doctors, dentists and artists have wandered far afield, recording such musical and documentary specimens as shouts and hollers of work-gang prisoners, hallucinatory incantations of Mexico's mushroom-eating Mazatec Indians and the native cries of Charleston catfish peddlers.

An amiable intellectual named Moses Asch, son of the late, well-known author, Sholem Asch, has made his Folkways Records and Service Corporation a haven for folklorists, jazzologists, roving anthropologists, occasional social crusaders and frustrated documentarians. Asch says: "I maintain an open door for anything interesting and significant in the field of authentic folk music and jazz. My artists come to me when they can't get their stuff issued elsewhere, and stay with me because I let them express themselves as they please. None of us makes much money, but we like what we are doing."

The Folkways' director, a radio engineer, produced his first commercial record in 1939 under what then was the "Asch" label. It was an album of children's play songs by the legendary Negro folk singer and "king of the twelve-string guitar," Huddie (Leadbelly) Ledbetter, once pardoned from a Texas prison where he was serving time for murder, and later convicted in Louisiana for assault with intent to murder. "Leadbelly is dead now, but he's still keeping me alive," says Asch. "I've recorded at least 500 Leadbelly 'sides' and over the years, literally millions of the records have sold." Pointing to a large stack of fragile sixteen-inch acetate discs on a bare wooden shelf, he adds, "Those are Leadbellies I haven't even brought out yet."

The Folkways repertoire is a fantastic potpourri. From its thousands of items, curious-minded discophiles may choose *Poemontages: Petite Anthologie de la Poésie Française Moderne*, consisting of readings from 100 years of French poetry to the accompaniment of American Negro jazz. They may listen to Harold Courlander's Haitian folk tale called Uncle Bouqui Gets Wheei-Ai, or tap feet to the tunes of the Six and Seven-Eighths String Band led by the New Orleans jazz authority Dr. Edmond Souchon, a guitar-picking physician. The culture yearner may sample Plato's words on the death of Socrates, read by Prof. Moses Hadas in Greek and English. Percussion fanciers may choose from a dissertation on jazz drumming—with appropriate demonstrations—by "Baby" Dodds, the celebrated drum-and-washboard artist. A student may even teach himself to speak Chinese via Mandarin Primer.

Asch has been fascinated with sounds of all kinds since 1951, when the American Museum of Natural History asked him to produce a record to accompany a Peruvian-jungle exhibit.

The museum record, since released as Sounds of a Tropical Rain Forest in America, was a complicated undertaking. First, with the air of various experts, including one of Folkways' regular contributors, Frederic Ramsey, Jr., Asch went to the Bronx Zoo to record necessary animal calls, including those of the violaceous jay, the black howler monkey and the rufous motmot. Recalls Ramsey:

"We had the very devil of a time recording one very old, very nasty, very unco-operative macaw. He wouldn't open his yap. Finally the keeper remembered that he was extremely jealous of other male macaws. We rushed to another cage, got a squawk out of some other bird that sounded something like a macaw, ran back and played our tape to this fellow. He squawked back. We recorded his squawk and played it back to him. This time, he knew it was a male macaw, and opened up with the worst round of macaw abuse you ever heard!"

Then came the problem of the rain noises. "They had to sound authentic," Asch says, "and we had nothing to go by except a brief recording owned by Cornell University. We picked the brains of everyone we could find who'd ever been in a tropical rain forest. They said the noise is nothing like ordinary rain—the sounds are more varied in intensity and are punctuated with popping and slushy noises as blobs of water drop from one umbrellalike leaf to another.

"After getting everything fixed in our minds, we recorded it in Ramsey's bathroom shower, with the aid of a lot of rags and a few pans. Later, the museum obtained recordings of the real thing. Our effects were so realistic that it wasn't necessary to change a thing."

Asch is not quite sure how—or why—he gets recordings from all parts of the world. "They just come in," he says. "I pick up the morning mail, and here are tapes from people I've never heard of, sending me folk songs from Thailand or Madagascar.

"Or they just walk in with the stuff. One morning, a little priest comes in, puts his satchel on the floor, takes out a lot of tapes and a witch doctor's mask and announces, 'I've just come from the Belgian Congo.' He was Father Leo A. Verwilghen, who had some of the most fascinating African recordings I've ever heard. They include 'talking drums' and an exciting sequence in which a Bambala tribesman actually is on trial before the chief and the whole village and defends himself in song."

Ramsey is typical of Folkways' collectors. When at Princeton, he had intended to pursue a conventional literary career. He made his first slip when "I purchased my first jazz record—Duke Ellington's East St. Louis Toodle-oo." This led him into pursuit of jazz and folk music. Drawing largely on his own collection of some 8000 carefully culled early jazz discs, Ramsey edited Folkways' encyclopedic, much-praised eleven-volume series on jazz. He personally taped the late Leadbelly's last songs and those of blind Sonny Terry, an amazing "whoopin', hollerin' and harmonica" virtuoso. These performances were recorded in Ramsey's Manhattan apartment, evoking violent reactions from Ramsey's uninitiated cotenants whose midnight

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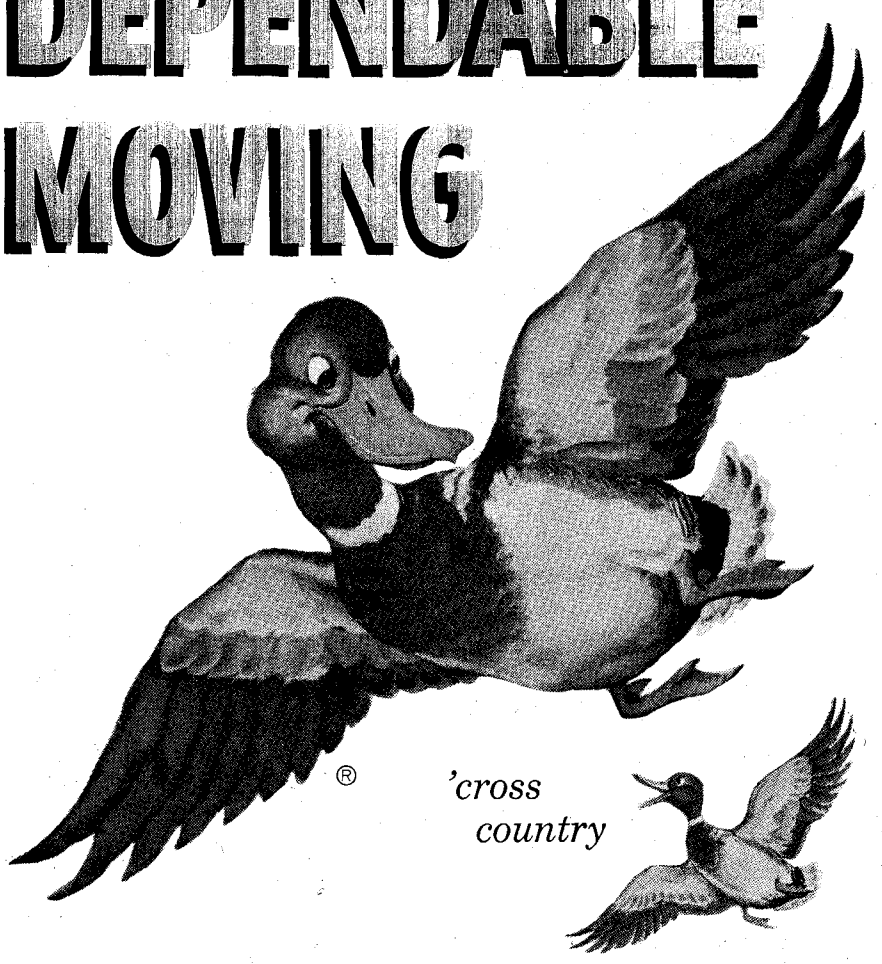

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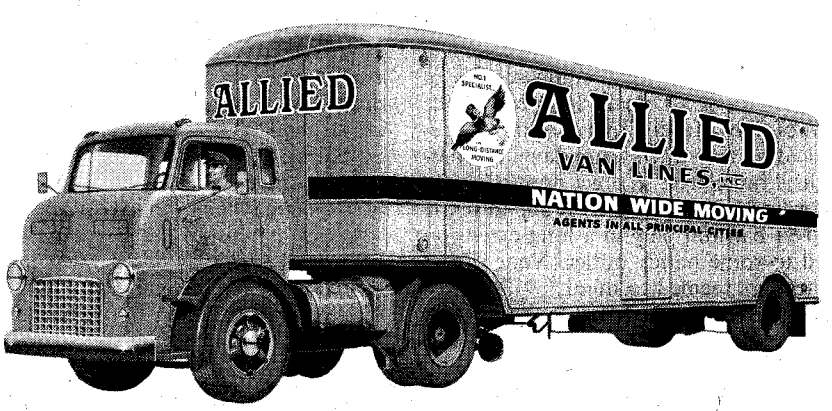

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slumbers were disturbed by Terry's shouts and harmonica riffs.

In 1952, Ramsey was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to study and record Afro-American music as it was sung and danced in Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi between 1860 and 1900. This led to an arduous 10,000-mile tour in an ancient coupé while Ramsey searched out aged Negroes who remembered the old songs.

The white community frequently was suspicious of Ramsey's activities, and he had difficulties explaining his purposes to the "law." His most ticklish scrape was in Alabama, where he was recording a "buck dance" at the cabin of a Negro who happened to be the local bootlegger. Deputies arrived at the height of the festivities. To save Ramsey from a possible altercation with the officers, the Negroes hid him by clustering around him and his recording equipment.

Another collector responsible for some of Folkways' offbeat items is Samuel Barclay Charters, a dedicated young man of twenty-eight who plays a half dozen instruments in authentic New Orleans jazz style. While a student at the University of California, he became dissatisfied with his clarinet technique, took all his money out of the bank, went to New Orleans and persuaded George Lewis, a wiry Negro ex-stevedore who is spoken of with awe by many jazz-clarinet connoisseurs, to train him. "We would sit on his kitchen bench by the light of a kerosene lamp," Charters relates. "I'd take a melody, and George, playing that beat-up clarinet of his, actually held together by rubber bands, would show me forty ways to improvise on the same theme."

Returning to college where he majored in labor economics, Charters was graduated, then promptly headed South with a cheap tape recorder to seek out primitive jazz.

"I supported myself by working at every crummy job you can imagine," he relates. "I wasn't the only one—I remember meeting two eastern kids, Dave Wycoff and Alden Ashforth, who at fifteen ran off from an eastern prep school to come to New Orleans and record Negro jazz. I remember how they looked when they arrived, absolutely filthy in their proper gray-flannel suits because they had ridden most of the way on the platform between the coaches. They've quit now, but they got some wonderful tapes."

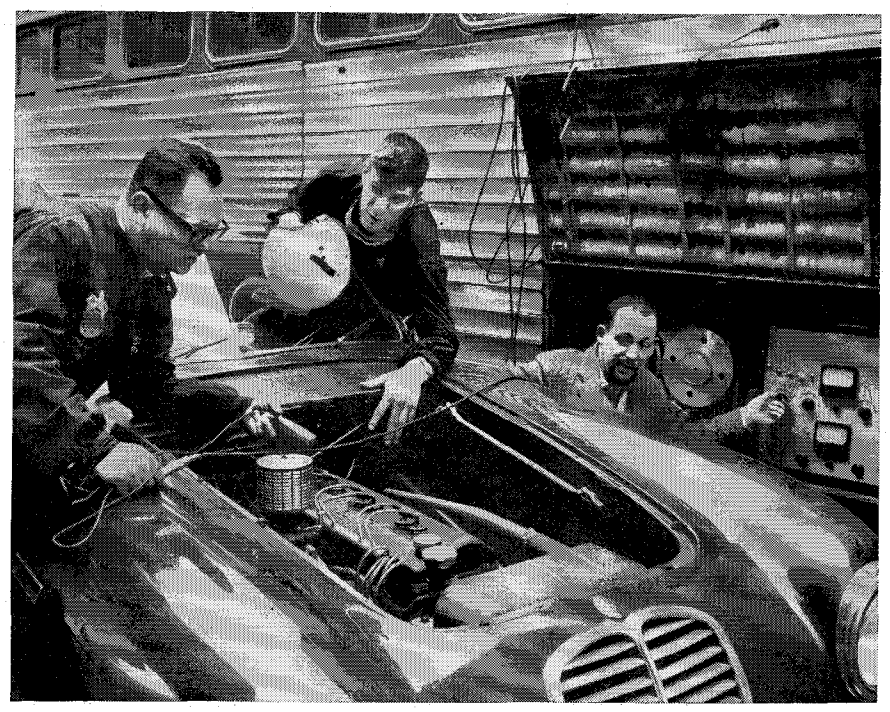
Charters has produced several unusual albums. One is a collection of "skiffle" music, played on such primitive instruments as washboards, jugs and kazoos. To produce it he tracked survivors of three old-time skiffle groups—the Memphis Jug Band, Cannon's Jug Stompers and the Mobile Strugglers—throughout several states.

"In Mobile, I had to bail one of the players out of jail," he relates. "I asked where we could record, and one said he knew of a house that had electricity. We went in, started our session and quite a crowd collected. Finally a couple came in and timidly asked what we were doing there. It was their house!"

Charters' "wildest recording session of all" was in New Orleans last year on the day of the Mardi Gras parade. "I recorded on the streets from dawn till midnight," he relates. "To get power for my recorder, I would simply walk into the nearest bar and plug in a long extension cord to some handy outlet. None of the bartenders seemed to mind.

"My former wife, Mary, was monitoring my recorder for me. At one point, three big bruisers, very much in their cups, got into a free-for-all. One by one, they kept getting knocked down, right on top of the recorder, and Mary, a tiny thing, kept pushing them off. The dialogue and sound effects were simply wonderful!"

All over the country there are innovators in the record business. One rapidly rising New York City company is Riverside Records, managed by two young men, Bill Grauer, Jr., and Orrin Keepnews, former publishers of the Record Changer, an authoritative jazz guide. Grauer, a high-powered, fast-talking, native New Yorker, who wears a "bop" cap and sport shirt in his office, and Keepnews, a bearded, more scholarly type, were more or less forced into the record business. Their publication was campaigning vigorously against several of the big companies—chiefly RCA Victor—for locking up master discs of jazz classics, such as early "Ma" Raineys, Bessie Smiths and "Jelly Roll" Mortons, a practice which led to much bootlegging of copies of these records. Suddenly, RCA Victor commissioned its two hecklers to dip into its vaults and supervise



Bill Grauer (left) and Orrin Keepnews (right) record the warming-up of a Maserati sports-car engine, to be included in one of Riverside Records' "offbeat sounds" albums.

reissuance of some of the long-impounded jazz classics under the label of "X" records.

"So then the bug hit me to become a full-fledged record company," relates Grauer, senior partner in the operation. "I had $6500 capital, and I sank $6000 of it in producing Crusade in America, a documentary of the 1952 Republican convention. I lost my shirt.

"With my remaining $500 we began reissuing jazz classics. I bought up rights to master discs of some wonderful old defunct companies. We've branched out from jazz to other specialties. From that $500 bank roll, we now have assets of more than $500,000."

One of Riverside's recent coups was acquisition of rights to reissue the Jelly Roll Morton saga, consisting of some twelve hours of excerpts from interviews and solos by the late New Orleans piano player and composer who wore a diamond in his front tooth and called himself the "inventor" of jazz. This remarkable documentary, which established a whole new trend in the recording of jazz history, was originally recorded in 1938 at the Library of Congress in Washington by Alan Lomax, then the library's folk-music curator. Circle Records originally published the Morton recordings, which went out of print and became collectors' items until Riverside recently reissued the whole series.

Grauer's most original contribution to documentaries is a by-product of his personal hobby. "I'm a nut about sports cars," says Grauer, who drives a Maserati. "I got the idea in 1956 of recording the sounds of races and the talk of such great drivers as the late Marquis de Portago, Juan Fangio and others. We brought out Sounds of Sebring and it was a huge success. If I had five more sellers like it, I could buy out several competitors."

Another phenomenon in the record business is thirty-eight-year-old, New York-born Sid Frey, president of Audio Fidelity, Inc. After serving a hitch as ship's carpenter in the merchant marine, Frey organized an export-and-mail-order outlet for records. "I first made a deal with a folk-music guy, who departed with the money and left me with a big stock of records," Frey relates. "Took me two years to liquidate 'em. In the process I picked up a lot of odd-ball items. One was a thing called Parakeet Lessons, which we distributed at the height of the parakeet craze. A voice kept repeating such phrases as 'Pretty blue boy,' 'How about a kiss?' and so forth. The idea was that, if you exposed your parakeet to it long enough, the bird would start talking in self-defense. It sold a half million copies."

Frey's next big killing was an oddity called The Investigator, issued under a label called Discuriosities. It was a biting satire on the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy, produced by a Montreal writer who once had tangled with the senator. It was presented by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and picked up for reproduction here by the recording firm of Bubbers & Colquitt, which now does Audio Fidelity's work. "Walt Colquitt, a real, drawling Southern boy, practically shoved this thing down my throat," Frey admits. "I wanted no part of it. I didn't want any trouble with McCarthy, and I didn't think it would sell.

"I finally agreed to handle 500. It was limping along. Then, one morning, Jack Gould, radio-TV critic of The New York Times, came out with a column praising The Investigator as a sort of egghead's delight. All the suburban crowd read the piece on the commuter trains, and that morning panic struck. They rushed right off their trains into the record shops, clamoring for copies. By two o'clock that afternoon we had orders for 15,000. In no time at all bootleg copies—exact counterfeits of our record, label, jacket and all—were being peddled on the streets. Nothing we could do about it, because we couldn't catch the bootleggers. Even so, before it cooled off, we sold 60,000 legitimate copies."

Audio Fidelity is praised for its superlative sound and its beautifully printed album jackets, but frequently is rapped by reviewers for "questionable" musical taste. The brash Frey shrugs off such criticism, pointing out that he's in business "to please Joe Everybody, not Joe Egghead," and "after all, I shipped over a million LP's last year."

Frey's catalogue is relatively small, but he seems to have a touch for what the public will like. The recent rage for "belly dance" music is traceable to his Port Said, a mélange of neo-Broadway Middle Eastern music, sales of which were not retarded by a blazing jacket featuring a near-naked belly dancer. "I paid $900 for that picture before I even had the record," he says. He also has brought out three beautifully illustrated albums of bullfight music. "Why, one has a manual in it that tells you everything you need to know about how to fight a bull," he says. "It's a regular do-it-yourself bullfight kit!"

Since it no longer takes a fortune or a studio full of equipment to produce a record, the woods are full of little companies. The enthusiastic amateur, anxious to show up RCA Victor, Columbia, Decca, Capitol or the other biggies, or sore because no one will publish the potential "smash" song he has just tossed off, can make his own tape and contract to have a "master" record cut and a certain limited number of discs pressed by any one of a number of companies.

Occasionally, such an offbeat production will become a hit. The most spectacular one-man success story is the case of Tom Lehrer, who in 1953 was a graduate student in mathematics and a part-time teacher of calculus and analytical geometry at Harvard. Lehrer, who says he "plays piano and sings after a fashion," had composed some macabre little ditties on such topics as The Old Dope Peddler, or degeneracy in Dixie, or the Irish lass who "drowned her father in the creek; the water tasted bad for a week—and we had to make do with gin!" He sang them at parties "until I got sick of them"; then, to his amazement, he discovered "people would pay me as much as ten dollars if I would keep on singing them."

Finally he thought he would put an end to it all by producing a record which he would sell to people who insisted on hearing the "sickening" tunes. After several big companies turned him down on grounds of taste, he timorously invested approximately $700 in a private pressing of 400 copies, "hoping I'd be able to get rid of them." The record caught on by word of mouth and began selling by the thousands, hitting a peak of 10,000 monthly sales during December, 1954. The harassed mathematics student found himself enmeshed in a full-fledged business operation. Total sales now are approaching the 250,000 mark, and Lehrer, who still controls the whole package, has brought out a songbook, appeared in night clubs and given concerts in a number of staid auditoriums, including Manhattan's famous old Carnegie Hall. He has a new batch of songs in his system, but sees no reason to bring out a second record "because the old one is selling several thousand a month." He is inclined to low-rate the whole thing, has "absolutely no intention of remaining in the entertainment business," and is looking forward to

(*Continued on Page 108*)

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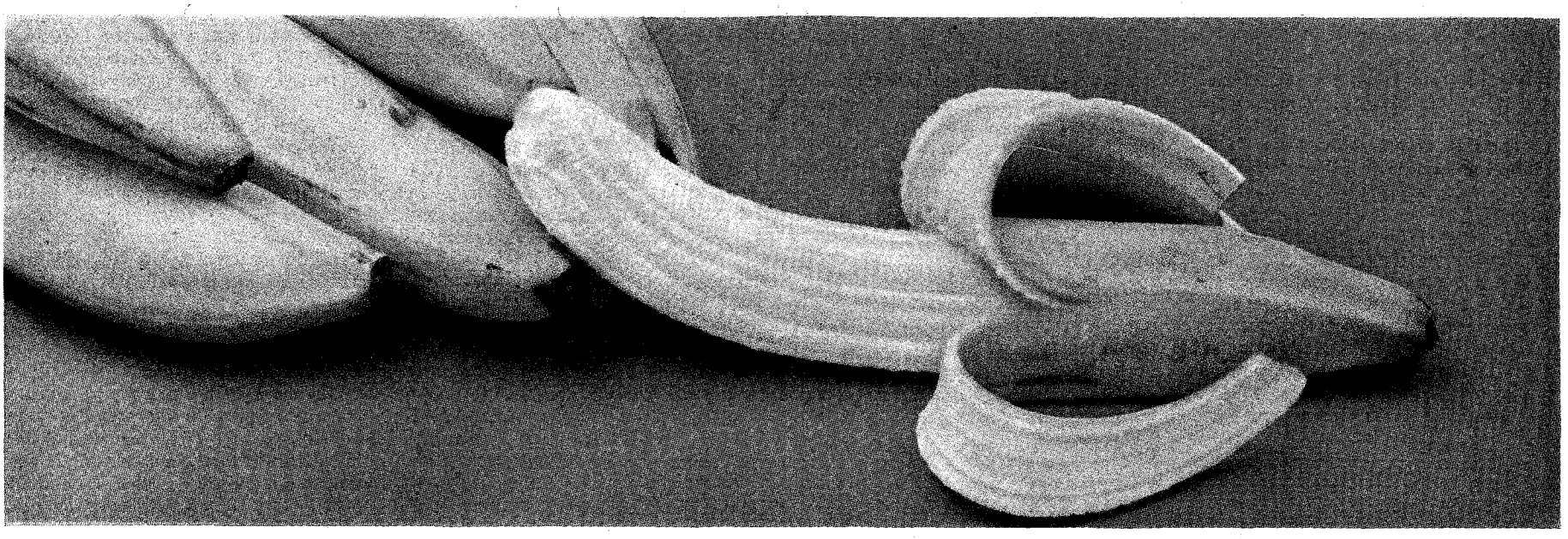

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(*Continued from Page 106*) completing his thesis to earn his Ph.D. Meantime, at a retail price of $3.95 per record, his profits have run well into six figures.

The Lehrers are the exceptions; more often an entertaining or provocative disc produced by an independent will fail dismally for lack of promotion. However, the often-impoverished independents have been a stimulating influence on the trade, for they have prodded the "majors" into invading many lively fields.

Of the two largest companies, staid RCA Victor has not plunged too deeply into the novelty field but occasionally takes an offbeat fling. One of its daffiest ventures was a simple little 45-r.p.m. record called The Singing Dogs, which it brought out just before Christmas a few years ago. It featured a group of Danish canines which ostensibly sang such tunes as Three Blind Mice and Jingle Bells. RCA says the record sold a half million copies, and that a second one sold 200,000.

Publicity from RCA Victor at the time explained that the dogs had been "trained to sing melody and bark tunes in tempo" by one Carl Weismann, a Dane, after "months of ingenious and patient coaching." Discussing the record recently, an RCA Victor publicity spokesman finally disclosed how the diverting "canine concert" was managed.

"I guess we pulled the great American hoax," the spokesman confessed. "As a matter of fact, a couple of us were taken in ourselves. It's dogs, all right, but not like it says in the release. It turns out that Carl Weismann is a fantastic electronics genius, who spent months collecting dog sounds on tape, speeding them up and doing other tricks with them until he got a full scale of dog sounds. Then he took the various notes and put them together to make the songs. Really, I think it's much more ingenious than if the dogs actually sang!"

Columbia Records has dabbled deeper into the offbeat, imaginative field. Goddard Lieberson, its British-born, composer, up-from-the-ranks president, comments, "We've been the big company that does what small companies usually do—I think!"

It was Lieberson who tapped the Civil War gold mine for Columbia by producing the handsomely packaged text-picture-music albums titled The Confederacy and The Union. He also masterminded the somewhat overpowering Columbia Literary Series, consisting of twelve hours of readings from their own works by twelve famous authors. The album can be purchased, packaged in a black leather attaché case, for a mere $100. "Some people even bought it," Lieberson wryly reports. "I really did it for a hundred years from today."

Perhaps Columbia's most elfin recording adventure involves a classical organ and an organist, British-born E. Power Biggs, whose specialty is seeking out historic organs once played on by great composers and re-creating the music as he conjectures they must have played it.

For the forthcoming 200th anniversary of Handel's death, Biggs journeyed to the Forest of Arden, scene of Shakespeare's As You Like It. There, in a private church owned by the elderly Tenth Earl of Aylesford, since deceased, Biggs found an organ actually designed and played by Handel. "The earl and I hit it off famously, and he readily granted me permission to record on his organ," Biggs relates.

Then the fun began. First, Sir Adrian Boult and eighty-five members of the London Philharmonic Orchestra were brought up from London, creating somewhat of a housing problem. The earl solved this by giving permission to a certain number of adventurous souls among the musicians to pitch tents in the forest. As there was no electricity in the ancient church, the earl obligingly arranged to "lay on" a power line—"only for the recording equipment, of course, as the church still was to be lit by candles." When the power was tested, it proved to be inadequate because a nearby gravel pit was draining part of the current. "The earl solved that, too," Biggs relates, "by employing cajolery, threats and, I suspect, political power on the highest level to persuade the gravel pit to take a little vacation."

Finally, Biggs was ready to play Handel's organ with the orchestra. "Disaster befell!" he relates. "The pitch of the ancient organ was not the pitch to which the modern instruments of Sir Adrian's men could be properly tuned."

Again the earl saved the day. He agreed to let Biggs take out all the pipes, cart them to London, and saw off a fraction of an inch from each pipe so the organ would be in tune with the orchestra. "When the word got about," relates Biggs, "certain historical societies denounced me roundly for 'monkeying with a national monument.' But the earl thumbed his nose at them, so to speak—and I did have the pipes fitted with 'sliders' so the original pitch could be restored."

Not all independent recorders are hepcat or artistic types. Out in Saukville, Wisconsin, E. D. Nunn, a dignified, bespectacled, graying grandfather, president of a prosperous manufacturing company that produces electronics control equipment for farmers, runs a studio called Audiophile that turns out some of the technically finest records on the market. It began as a hobby for Mr. and Mrs. Nunn after their children were grown, and has expanded into a business—still housed in their home.

The Saukville sound man particularly relishes producing such items as Echoes of the Storm, Crazy Quilt—noises of rotary saws, hammer driving nails, water dripping into a bucket, and so forth—and Adventures in Cacophony. The latter includes Tomcat Serenade to a Willing Widow, which Nunn taped in the home of a Milwaukee cat fancier. "When this was played on my hi-fi," one customer reported to Nunn, "it was all I could do to restrain our lady cat from clawing her way through the cloth of my loud-speaker."

The wildest Cacophony sequence, however, is the one which Nunn calls The Big RR Crossing Episode.

"I'd always had the desire to record a woman shrieking at the scene of some terrible emergency," he explains. "Near our factory is a railroad crossing. I persuaded my partner at the farm-equipment factory, Frank Schneider, to drive his car at sixty miles per hour straight at the crossing just as the locomotive thundered past. My secretary was stationed at a microphone near the intersection. Just as Frank slammed on his brakes and slid to a stop with all four wheels screeching, and the locomotive blew his whistle like mad, she let out a horrendous scream.

"I was somewhat worried about what we were doing. I tried to induce the county sheriff to come down and witness it to make it legal, but he emphatically refused to have any part of it.

"We did the sequence five days in a row—and I still am not completely satisfied with the way we have it. I would have tried some more, but the locomotive engineer apparently developed a complex about that lunatic in the green sedan. After the fifth day, the engineer started approaching the crossing practically at a standstill, so we had to call a halt to our little act."

Drugs That Shape Men's Minds (Continued from Page 28)

some are born teetotalers and will never touch the stuff.) Other alcoholics have been foredoomed not by some inherited defect in their biochemical make-up, but by their neurotic reactions to distressing events in their childhood or adolescence. Again, others embark upon their course of slow suicide as a result of mere imitation and good fellowship because they have made such an "excellent adjustment to their group"—a process which, if the group happens to be criminal, idiotic or merely ignorant, can bring only disaster to the well-adjusted individual. Nor must we forget that large class of addicts who have taken to drugs or drink in order to escape from physical pain. Aspirin, let us remember, is a very recent invention. Until late in the Victorian era, "poppy and mandragora," along with henbane and ethyl alcohol, were the only pain relievers available to civilized man. Toothache, arthritis and neuralgia could, and frequently did, drive men and women to become opium addicts.

De Quincey, for example, first resorted to opium in order to relieve "excruciating rheumatic pains of the head." He swallowed his poppy and, an hour later, "What a resurrection from the lowest depths of the inner spirit! What an apocalypse!" And it was not merely that he felt no more pain. "This negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened up before me, in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. . . . Here was the secret of happiness, about which the philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered."

"Resurrection, apocalypse, divine enjoyment, happiness. . . ." De Quincey's words lead us to the very heart of our paradoxical mystery. The problem of drug addiction and excessive drinking is not merely a matter of chemistry and psychopathology, of relief from pain and conformity with a bad society. It is also a problem in metaphysics—a problem, one might almost say, in theology. In The Varieties of Religious Experience, William James has touched on these metaphysical aspects of addiction:

> The sway of alcohol over mankind is unquestionably due to its power to stimulate the mystical faculties in human nature, usually crushed to earth by the cold facts and dry criticisms of the sober hour. Sobriety diminishes, discriminates and says no. Drunkenness expands, unites and says yes. It is in fact the great exciter of the *Yes* function in man. It brings its votary from the chill periphery of things into the radiant core. It makes him for the moment one with truth. Not through mere perversity do men run after it. To the poor and the unlettered it stands in the place of symphony concerts and literature; and it is part of the deeper mystery and tragedy of life that whiffs and gleams of something that we immediately recognize as excellent should be vouchsafed to so many of us only through the fleeting earlier phases of what, in its totality, is so degrading a poison. The drunken consciousness is one bit of the mystic consciousness, and our total opinion of it must find its place in our opinion of that larger whole.

William James was not the first to detect a likeness between drunkenness and the mystical and premystical states. On the day of Pentecost there were people who explained the strange behavior of the disciples by saying, "These men are full of new wine."

Peter soon undeceived them: "These are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day. But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel. And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh."

And it is not only by "the dry critics of the sober hour" that the state of God-intoxication has been likened to drunkenness. In their efforts to express the inexpressible, the great mystics themselves have done the same. Thus, St. Theresa of Avila tells us that she "regards the centre of our soul as a cellar, into which God admits us as and when it pleases Him, so as to intoxicate us with the delicious wine of His grace."

Every fully developed religion exists simultaneously on several different levels. It exists as a set of abstract concepts about the world and its governance. It exists as a set of rites and sacraments, as a traditional method for manipulating the symbols, by means of which beliefs about the cosmic order are expressed. It exists as the feelings of love, fear and devotion evoked by this manipulation of symbols.

And finally it exists as a special kind of feeling or intuition—a sense of the oneness of all things in their divine principle, a realization (to use the language of Hindu theology) that "thou art That," a mystical experience of what seems self-evidently to be union with God.

The ordinary waking consciousness is a very useful and, on most occasions, an indispensable state of mind; but it is by no means the only form of consciousness, nor in all circumstances the best. Insofar as he transcends his ordinary self and his ordinary mode of awareness, the mystic is able to enlarge his vision, to look more deeply into the unfathomable miracle of existence.

The mystical experience is doubly valuable; it is valuable because it gives the experiencer a better understanding of himself and the world and because it may help him to lead a less self-centered and more creative life.

In hell, a great religious poet has written, the punishment of the lost is to be "their sweating selves, but worse." On earth we are not worse than we are; we are merely our sweating selves, period.

Alas, that is quite bad enough. We love ourselves to the point of idolatry; but we also intensely dislike ourselves—we find ourselves unutterably boring. Correlated with this distaste for the idolatrously worshiped self, there is in all of us a desire, sometimes latent, sometimes conscious and passionately expressed, to escape from the prison of our individuality, an urge to self-transcendence. It is to this urge that we owe mystical theology, spiritual exercises and yoga—to this, too, that we owe alcoholism and drug addiction.

Modern pharmacology has given us a host of new synthetics, but in the field of the naturally occurring mind changers it has made (*Continued on Page 110*)

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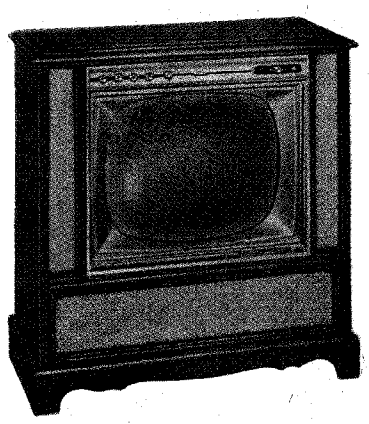

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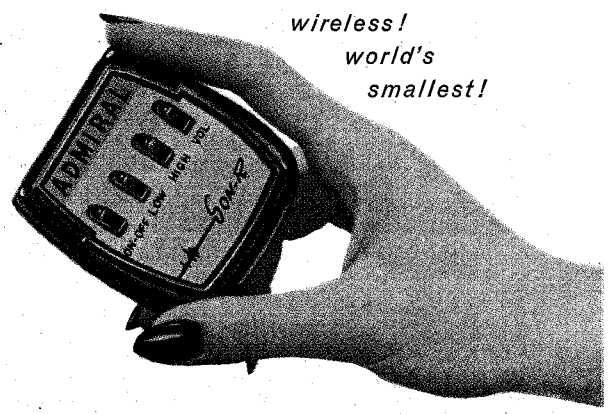

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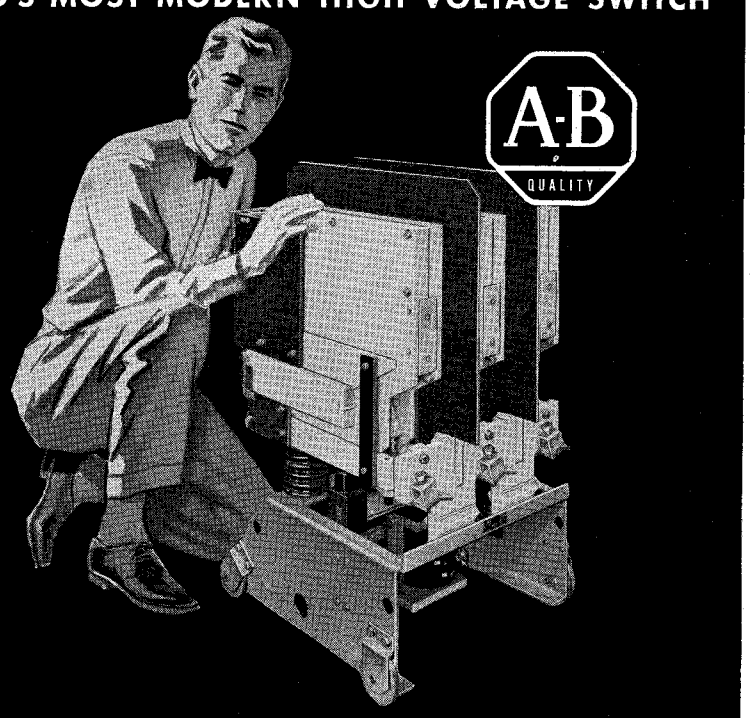

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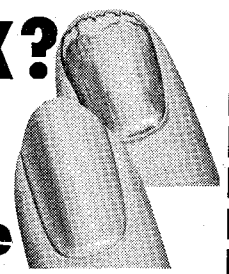

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(*Continued from Page 108*) no radical discoveries. All the botanical sedatives, stimulants, vision revealers, happiness promoters and cosmic-consciousness arousers were found out thousands of years ago, before the dawn of history.

In many societies at many levels of civilization attempts have been made to fuse drug intoxication with God intoxication. In ancient Greece, for example, ethyl alcohol had its place in the established religion. Dionysus, or Bacchus, as he was often called, was a true divinity. His worshipers addressed him as *Lusios*, "Liberator," or as *Theoinos*, "Godwine." The latter name telescopes fermented grape juice and the supernatural into a single pentecostal experience. "Born a god," writes Euripides, "Bacchus is poured out as a libation to the gods, and through him men receive good." Unfortunately they also receive harm. The blissful experience of self-transcendence which alcohol makes possible has to be paid for, and the price is exorbitantly high.

Complete prohibition of all chemical mind changers can be decreed, but cannot be enforced, and tends to create more evils than it cures. Even more unsatisfactory has been the policy of complete toleration and unrestricted availability. In England, during the first years of the eighteenth century, cheap untaxed gin—"drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence"—threatened society with complete demoralization. A century later, opium, in the form of laudanum, was reconciling the victims of the Industrial Revolution to their lot—but at an appalling cost in terms of addiction, illness and early death. Today most civilized societies follow a course between the two extremes of total prohibition and total toleration. Certain mind-changing drugs, such as alcohol, are permitted and made available to the public on payment of a very high tax, which tends to restrict their consumption. Other mind changers are unobtainable except under doctors' orders—or illegally from a dope pusher. In this way the problem is kept within manageable bounds. It is most certainly not solved. In their ceaseless search for self-transcendence, millions of would-be mystics become addicts, commit scores of thousands of crimes and are involved in hundreds of thousands of avoidable accidents.

Do we have to go on in this dismal way indefinitely? Up until a few years ago, the answer to such a question would have been a rueful "Yes, we do." Today, thanks to recent developments in biochemistry and pharmacology, we are offered a workable alternative. We see that it may soon be possible for us to do something better in the way of chemical self-transcendence than what we have been doing so ineptly for the last seventy or eighty centuries.

Is it possible for a powerful drug to be completely harmless? Perhaps not. But the physiological cost can certainly be reduced to the point where it becomes negligible. There are powerful mind changers which do their work without damaging the taker's psychophysical organism and without inciting him to behave like a criminal or a lunatic. Biochemistry and pharmacology are just getting into their stride. Within a few years there will probably be dozens of powerful but—physiologically and socially speaking—very inexpensive mind changers on the market.

In view of what we already have in the way of powerful but nearly harmless drugs; in view, above all, of what unquestionably we are very soon going to have—we ought to start immediately to give some serious thought to the problem of the new mind changers. How ought they to be used? How can they be abused? Will human beings be better and happier for their discovery? Or worse and more miserable?

The matter requires to be examined from many points of view. It is simultaneously a question for biochemists and physicians, for psychologists and social anthropologists, for legislators and law-enforcement officers. And finally it is an ethical question and a religious question. Sooner or later—and the sooner, the better—the various specialists concerned will have to meet, discuss and then decide, in the light of the best available evidence and the most imaginative kind of foresight, what should be done. Meanwhile let us take a preliminary look at this many-faceted problem.

Last year American physicians wrote 48,000,000 prescriptions for tranquilizing drugs, many of which have been refilled, probably more than once. The tranquilizers are the best known of the new, nearly harmless mind changers. They can be used by most people, not indeed with complete impunity, but at a reasonably low physiological cost. Their enormous popularity bears witness to the fact that a great many people dislike both their environment and "their sweating selves." Under tranquilizers the degree of their self-transcendence is not very great; but it is enough to make all the difference, in many cases, between misery and contentment.

In theory, tranquilizers should be given only to persons suffering from rather severe forms of neurosis or psychosis. In practice, unfortunately, many physicians have been carried away by the current pharmacological fashion and are prescribing tranquilizers to all and sundry. The history of medical fashions, it may be remarked, is at least as grotesque as the history of fashions in women's hats—at least as grotesque and, since human lives are at stake, considerably more tragic. In the present case, millions of patients who had no real need of the tranquilizers have been given the pills by their doctors and have learned to resort to them in every predicament, however triflingly uncomfortable. This is very bad medicine and, from the pill taker's point of view, dubious morality and poor sense.

There are circumstances in which even the healthy are justified in resorting to the chemical control of negative emotions. If you really can't keep your temper, let a tranquilizer keep it for you. But for healthy people to resort to a chemical mind changer every time they feel annoyed or anxious or tense is neither sensible nor right. Too much tension and anxiety can reduce a man's efficiency—but so can too little. There are many occasions when it is entirely proper for us to feel concerned, when an excess of placidity might reduce our chances of dealing effectively with a ticklish situation. On these occasions, tension mitigated and directed from within by the

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psychological methods of self-control is preferable from every point of view to complacency imposed from without by the methods of chemical control.

And now let us consider the case—not, alas, a hypothetical case—of two societies competing with each other. In Society A, tranquilizers are available by prescription and at a rather stiff price—which means, in practice, that their use is confined to that rich and influential minority which provides the society with its leadership. This minority of leading citizens consumes several billions of the complacency-producing pills every year. In Society B, on the other hand, the tranquilizers are not so freely available, and the members of the influential minority do not resort, on the slightest provocation, to the chemical control of what may be necessary and productive tension. Which of these two competing societies is likely to win the race? A society whose leaders make an excessive use of soothing syrups is in danger of falling behind a society whose leaders are not overtranquilized.

Now let us consider another kind of drug—still undiscovered, but probably just around the corner—a drug capable of making people feel happy in situations where they would normally feel miserable. Such a drug would be a blessing, but a blessing fraught with grave political dangers. By making harmless chemical euphoria freely available, a dictator could reconcile an entire population to a state of affairs to which self-respecting human beings ought not to be reconciled. Despots have always found it necessary to supplement force by political or religious propaganda. In this sense the pen is mightier than the sword. But mightier than either the pen or the sword is the pill. In mental hospitals it has been found that chemical restraint is far more effective than strait jackets or psychiatry. The dictatorships of tomorrow will deprive men of their freedom, but will give them in exchange a happiness none the less real, as a subjective experience, for being chemically induced. The pursuit of happiness is one of the traditional rights of man; unfortunately, the achievement of happiness may turn out to be incompatible with another of man's rights—namely, liberty.

It is quite possible, however, that pharmacology will restore with one hand what it takes away with the other. Chemically induced euphoria could easily become a threat to individual liberty; but chemically induced vigor and chemically heightened intelligence could easily be liberty's strongest bulwark. Most of us function at about 15 per cent of capacity. How can we step up our lamentably low efficiency?

Two methods are available—the educational and the biochemical. We can take adults and children as they are and give them a much better training than we are giving them now. Or, by appropriate biochemical methods, we can transform them into superior individuals. If these superior individuals are given a superior education, the results will be revolutionary. They will be startling even if we continue to subject them to the rather poor educational methods at present in vogue.

Will it in fact be possible to produce superior individuals by biochemical means? The Russians certainly believe it. They are now halfway through a Five Year Plan to produce "pharmacological substances that normalize higher nervous activity and heighten human capacity for work." Precursors of these future mind improvers are already being experimented with. It has been found, for example, that when given in massive doses some of the vitamins—nicotinic acid and ascorbic acid for example—sometimes produce a certain heightening of psychic energy. A combination of two enzymes—ethylene disulphonate and adenosine triphosphate, which, when injected together, improve carbohydrate metabolism in nervous tissue—may also turn out to be effective.

Meanwhile good results are being claimed for various new synthetic, nearly harmless stimulants. There is iproniazid, which, according to some authorities, "appears to increase the total amount of psychic energy." Unfortunately, iproniazid in large doses has side effects which in some cases may be extremely serious! Another psychic energizer is an amino alcohol which is thought to increase the body's production of acetylcholine, a substance of prime importance in the functioning of the nervous system. In view of what has already been achieved, it seems quite possible that, within a few years, we may be able to lift ourselves up by our own biochemical bootstraps.

In the meantime let us all fervently wish the Russians every success in their current pharmacological venture. The discovery of a drug capable of increasing the average individual's psychic energy, and its wide distribution throughout the U.S.S.R., would probably mean the end of Russia's present form of government. Generalized intelligence and mental alertness are the most powerful enemies of dictatorship and at the same time the basic conditions of effective democracy. Even in the democratic West we could do with a bit of psychic energizing. Between them, education and pharmacology may do something to offset the effects of that deterioration of our biological material to which geneticists have frequently called attention.

From these political and ethical considerations let us now pass to the strictly religious problems that will be posed by some of the new mind changers. We can foresee the nature of these future problems by studying the effects of a natural mind changer, which has been used for centuries past in religious worship; I refer to the peyote cactus of Northern Mexico and the Southwestern United States. Peyote contains mescaline—which can now be produced synthetically—and mescaline, in William James' phrase, "stimulates the mystical faculties in human nature" far more powerfully and in a far more enlightening way than alcohol and, what is more, it does so at a physiological and social cost that is negligibly low. Peyote produces self-transcendence in two ways—it introduces the taker into the Other World of visionary experience, and it gives him a sense of solidarity with his fellow worshipers, with human beings at large and with the divine nature of things.

The effects of peyote can be duplicated by synthetic mescaline and by LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide), a derivative of ergot. Effective in incredibly small doses, LSD is now being used experimentally by psychotherapists in Europe, in South America, in Canada and the United States. It lowers the barrier between conscious and subconscious and permits the patient to look more deeply and understandingly into the recesses of his own mind. The deepening of self-knowledge takes place against a background of visionary and even mystical experience.

When administered in the right kind of psychological environment, these chemical mind changers make possible a genuine religious experience. Thus a person who takes LSD or mescaline may suddenly understand—not only intellectually but organically, experientially—the meaning of such tremendous religious affirmations (*Continued on Page 113*)

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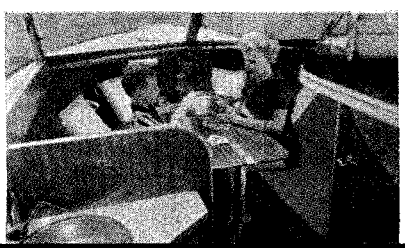

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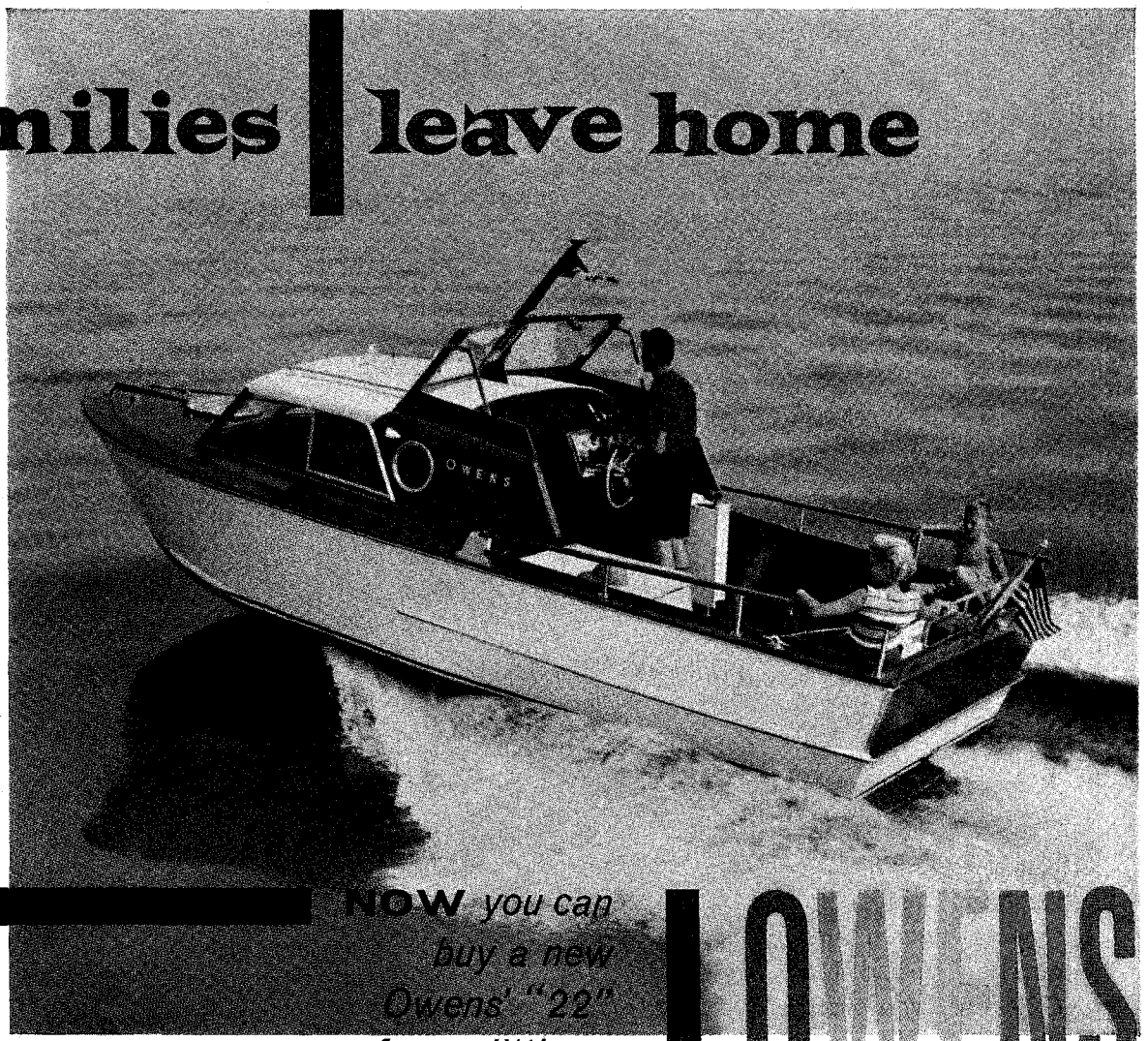

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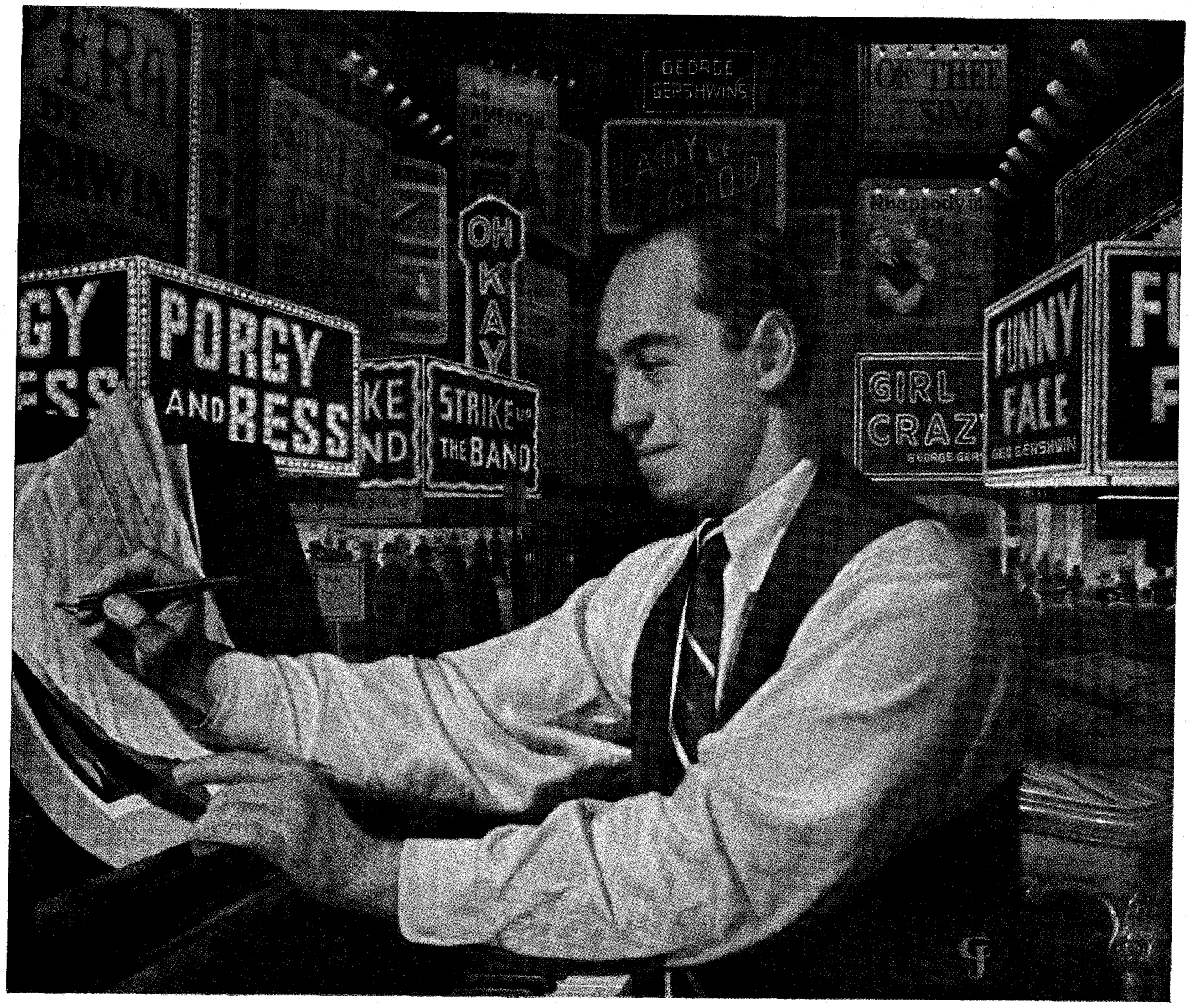

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But Broadway was only halfway there. George moved right into Carnegie Hall with pieces like *Rhapsody in Blue* and *An American in Paris*. And today, the whole world has taken to its heart the opera he wrote about a poor, crippled beggar named Porgy and his girl named Bess.

George never got so highbrow that his old friends couldn't recognize him in every measure he wrote. Whether it was a ballad or a concerto or an opera, he always talked to us in a way we could understand.

Listen to him. You feel the heartbeat of a nation in his rhythm. You hear the songs of its peoples in his melodies. Listen, and you hear the story of an American boy from a tenement who gave something rare and beautiful to us all. He had rhythm, he had music... who could ask for anything more?

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There is a story all of us love that has a distinctly American plot. I mean the "success story"—the heart-warming story of how, in this land, men rise to greatness from even the humblest beginnings. Again and again, the great Americans you read about in our famous series of advertisements have shown what things are possible when men are free, and opportunity is without limit.

I need hardly point out the important part that life insurance plays in helping a young man live this American story. The decision to purchase life insurance is one of the wisest he can make. For by giving his family freedom from want and from worry, he gives himself the freedom to seize opportunity when it presents itself. Life insurance is a wonderful way to safeguard opportunity, and to increase it for one's children.

When you consider life insurance, I hope you will let one of our John Hancock agents talk with you. He is highly trained, experienced, and able to offer you the most modern types of life insurance contracts.

BYRON K. ELLIOTT
President

★ ★ ★

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

(*Continued from Page 111*) as "God is love," or "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

It goes without saying that this kind of temporary self-transcendence is no guarantee of permanent enlightenment or a lasting improvement of conduct. It is a "gratuitous grace," which is neither necessary nor sufficient for salvation, but which if properly used, can be enormously helpful to those who have received it. And this is true of all such experiences, whether occurring spontaneously, or as the result of swallowing the right kind of chemical mind changer, or after undertaking a course of "spiritual exercises" or bodily mortification.

Those who are offended by the idea that the swallowing of a pill may contribute to a genuinely religious experience should remember that all the standard mortifications—fasting, voluntary sleeplessness and self-torture—inflicted upon themselves by the ascetics of every religion for the purpose of acquiring merit, are also, like the mind-changing drugs, powerful devices for altering the chemistry of the body in general and the nervous system in particular. Or consider the procedures generally known as spiritual exercises. The breathing techniques taught by the yogi of India result in prolonged suspensions of respiration. These in turn result in an increased concentration of carbon dioxide in the blood; and the psychological consequence of this is a change in the quality of consciousness. Again, meditations involving long, intense concentration upon a single idea or image may also result—for neurological reasons which I do not profess to understand—in a slowing down of respiration and even in prolonged suspensions of breathing.

Many ascetics and mystics have practiced their chemistry-changing mortifications and spiritual exercises while living, for longer or shorter periods, as hermits. Now, the life of a hermit, such as Saint Anthony, is a life in which there are very few external stimuli. But as Hebb, John Lilly and other experimental psychologists have recently shown in the laboratory, a person in a limited environment, which provides very few external stimuli, soon undergoes a change in the quality of his consciousness and may transcend his normal self to the point of hearing voices or seeing visions, often extremely unpleasant, like so many of Saint Anthony's visions, but sometimes beatific.

That men and women can, by physical and chemical means, transcend themselves in a genuinely spiritual way is something which, to the squeamish idealist, seems rather shocking. But, after all, the drug or the physical exercise is not the cause of the spiritual experience; it is only its occasion.

Writing of William James' experiments with nitrous oxide, Bergson has summed up the whole matter in a few lucid sentences. "The psychic disposition was there, potentially, only waiting a signal to express itself in action. It might have been evoked spiritually by an effort made on its own spiritual level. But it could just as well be brought about materially, by an inhibition of what inhibited it, by the removing of an obstacle; and this effect was the wholly negative one produced by the drug." Where, for any reason, physical or moral, the psychological dispositions are unsatisfactory, the removal of obstacles by a drug or by ascetic practices will result in a negative rather than a positive spiritual experience. Such an infernal experience is extremely distressing, but may also be extremely salutary. There are plenty of people to whom a few hours in hell—the hell that they themselves have done so much to create—could do a world of good.

Physiologically costless, or nearly costless, stimulators of the mystical faculties are now making their appearance, and many kinds of them will soon be on the market. We can be quite sure that, as and when they become available, they will be extensively used. The urge to self-transcendence is so strong and so general that it cannot be otherwise. In the past, very few people have had spontaneous experiences of a premystical or fully mystical nature; still fewer have been willing to undergo the psychophysical disciplines which prepare an insulated individual for this kind of self-transcendence. The powerful but nearly costless mind changers of the future will change all this completely. Instead of being rare, premystical and mystical experiences will become common. What was once the spiritual privilege of the few will be made available to the many. For the ministers of the world's organized religions, this will raise a number of unprecedented problems. For most people, religion has always been a matter of traditional symbols and of their own emotional, intellectual and ethical response to those symbols. To men and women who have had direct experience of self-transcendence into the mind's Other World of vision and union with the nature of things, a religion of mere symbols is not likely to be very satisfying. The perusal of a page from even the most beautifully written cookbook is no substitute for the eating of dinner. We are exhorted to "*taste* and see that the Lord is good."

In one way or another, the world's ecclesiastical authorities will have to come to terms with the new mind changers. They may come to terms with them negatively, by refusing to have anything to do with them. In that case, a psychological phenomenon, potentially of great spiritual value, will manifest itself outside the pale of organized religion. On the other hand, they may choose to come to terms with the mind changers in some positive way—exactly how, I am not prepared to guess.

My own belief is that, though they may start by being something of an embarrassment, these new mind changers will tend in the long run to deepen the spiritual life of the communities in which they are available. That famous "revival of religion," about which so many people have been talking for so long, will not come about as the result of evangelistic mass meetings or the television appearances of photogenic clergymen. It will come about as the result of biochemical discoveries that will make it possible for large numbers of men and women to achieve a radical self-transcendence and a deeper understanding of the nature of things. And this revival of religion will be at the same time a revolution. From being an activity mainly concerned with symbols, religion will be transformed into an activity concerned mainly with experience and intuition—an everyday mysticism underlying and giving significance to everyday rationality, everyday tasks and duties, everyday human relationships. THE END

The author recommends the following books to readers who wish to explore this subject further:

James, William
THE VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE
Modern Library
$1.65

de Ropp, Robert E.
DRUGS AND THE MIND
St. Martin's Press, New York
$4.50

Slotkin, J. S.
THE PEYOTE RELIGION
Free Press, Glenco, Illinois
$4.00

James, William
THE ANESTHETIC REVELATION IN "THE WILL TO BELIEVE"
Dover Publications, Inc.
$1.65

Huxley, Aldous
THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION
Harper
$2.00

Huxley, Aldous
HEAVEN AND HELL
Harper
$2.00

Rolin, Jean
POLICE DRUGS
New York Philosophical Library
$4.75

"Now what did I say?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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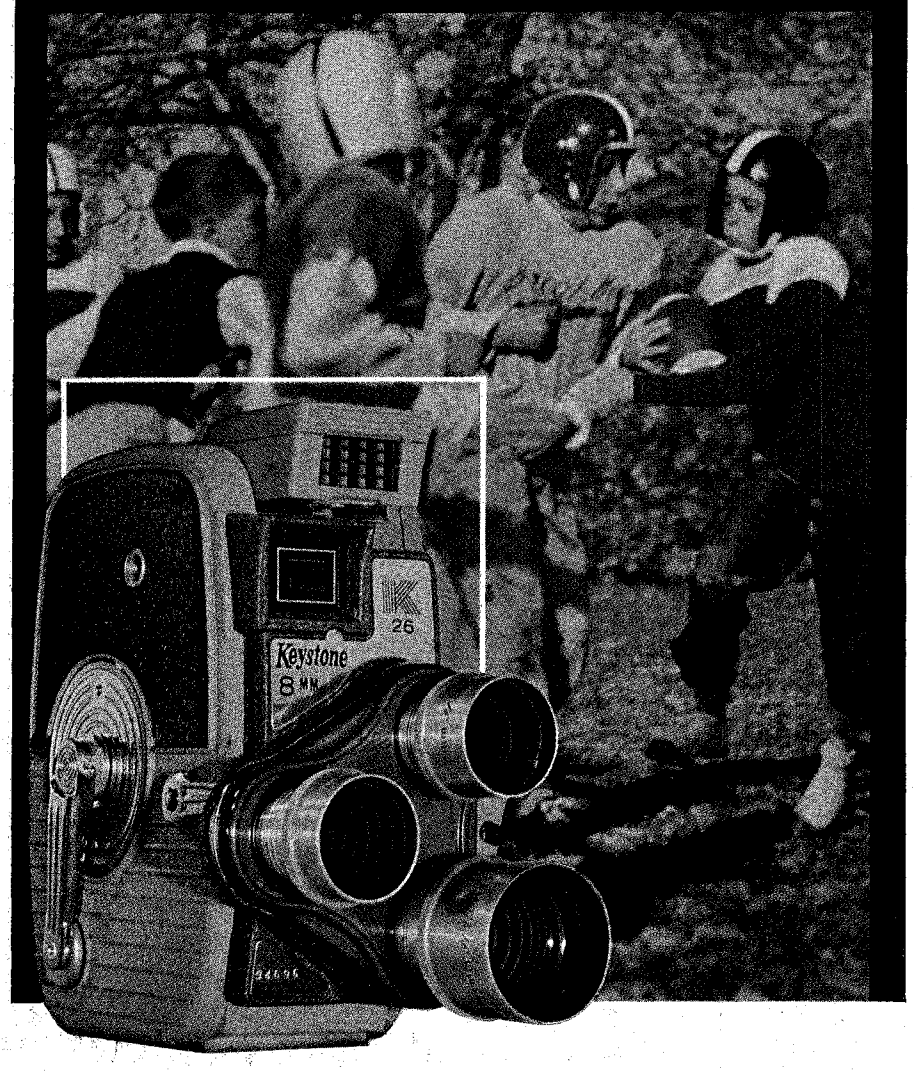

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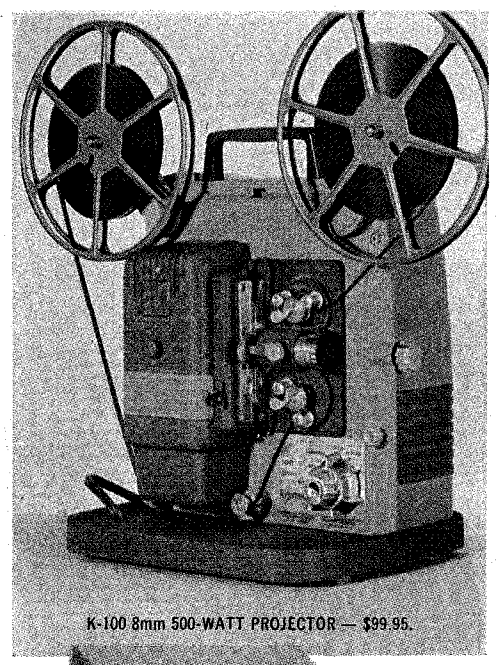

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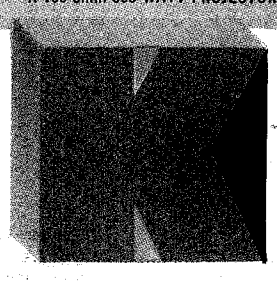

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The Animals We Live With

(Continued from Page 38)

succeeded in putting together a list that satisfied us. Then all we had to do was track down the various animals and hold on to them long enough to get to know them—and to photograph them.

Two years later we had collected every one of the animals on that list, had learned quite a lot about them and had grown to love many of them. We also had some wonderful photographs of mothers and young—awake, asleep, at play or concerned with the more serious things of their lives. The one exception was the flying squirrel which, though the easiest to procure, was never photographed. All we had to do was to order as many as we wanted from a breeder in Virginia to be delivered by air express. Within a week a surprisingly small box arrived at the door. Bill was away on a story when they came, but Susan and I welcomed them eagerly to our twelfth-floor apartment as our first new boarders. We put them in a large cage which we kept on top of Bill's bureau in our bedroom, adding branches for them to exercise on and some nuts, cereals, berries and water.

We hoped, of course, that one of the females would produce young for Bill to photograph, but no babies ever arrived and all three squirrels continued to spend their days tightly curled up asleep in the one nest, long tails curved like ostrich feathers over their heads. We had been told they were nocturnal animals and certainly nothing would induce them to stir during the daytime; not even Penelope, who spent hours gazing down through the wire of the cage for a glimpse of whatever lived below. But in the middle of the night they came to life, particularly the male, which we called Roger in honor of Roger Bannister, who had cracked the four-minute mile. He woke us up regularly at about three A.M., noisily rushing around the cage in a motion that was neither flying, running nor jumping, but an incredibly speedy combination of all three, delightful to watch. The females, too, would come out to feed at this hour, but they were less exuberant and far more timorous.

Before the first week of life with the flying squirrels was over, Bill flew in from Texas with the next contribution, a pair of three-day-old American wildcats, blind and sprawling on the bottom of a brown canvas bag with an improvised mesh window at either end for ventilation. Along with them on the warm scrap of blanket was a sweet-faced, sag-bellied female tabby, domestic variety, and one of her own kittens, a lively little black-and-white creature, slightly smaller in size than its wild cousins, although about ten days older than they were.

There was great excitement and exchange of news. Susan and I were full of information about flying squirrels, and Bill had quite a tale to tell of the procuring of the bobcats.

From Beaumont, Texas, where Bill had been photographing a paper mill, he had telephoned a good friend of his on the King Ranch and learned that a female bobcat which had just been trapped had given birth to two kittens. Bill took the next plane to Corpus Christi, hired a car at the airport and drove to Kingsville to meet the trapper. There in a cage he found the mother cat licking an infected paw, but nursing her young—a rare event in captivity. The mother needed a shot of penicillin for her infection, and the kittens had to be taken away from her as soon as possible. Fastening a wire noose to the end of a six-foot aluminum pole, Bill and the trapper cautiously opened the door of the cage, inserted the pole and snared the kittens.

The feeding problem Bill had already solved. The previous day he had combed the streets of Kingsville, asking all the children where there was a nursing cat for sale. Eventually he found a family which was prepared to let its cat go for five dollars and the promise of a good home. Now Bill simply put the two little wildcats in with the domestic mother, who let them lie beside her own kitten and nurse without demur.

On the nonstop flight from Houston back to New York the mother cat grew a little restive, so Bill, who had defied regulations by carrying the bag aboard covered by a coat, let her out on the empty seat beside him. Fortunately, the stewardess and the passengers were partial to cats, and even the pilot came to admire the contented tabby purring and calmly nursing her mixed brood 15,000 feet up in the air.

Our own cat, Penelope, was just as excited as we were by the new arrivals and was all set to pitch in and help, but the foster mother, though gentleness itself with her young, defended them with the ferocity of a tiger. After a few brief but bloody fights we felt the need to protect our innocent Siamese pet—to say nothing of our plants, upholstery and carpets—and so we were forced to set certain Off Limits areas. Penelope was kept in Susan's bedroom and bathroom, while the new cats were bedded down in a large wicker laundry basket in our bedroom just below the cage of flying squirrels. At alternate intervals throughout the day one bedroom door would be opened and a grown cat let out for a change of scenery. Penelope was allowed into the kitchen for her food in the usual way, while the mother cat was given her special diet at the side of her basket. As soon as one cat returned to its sleeping quarters, the other bedroom door would be opened.

All was comparatively peaceful for a time under this arrangement, since the mother cat was totally unconcerned about the occupants of the squirrel cage. She was always so busy eating, sleeping or feeding her brood that she never took time to investigate the cage even when Roger was at his liveliest.

Meantime the three kittens were growping apace, with Wicked, as we called the domestic kitten, easily leading the way in co-ordination and general know-how, although not, of course, in size. While the two bobcats were still quite helpless, Wicked found his climbing legs and learned how to scramble out of the basket to explore the world. In this he was encouraged by his mother. Unfortunately, however, he learned to get out of the basket before he was big enough to get back in again, so he would play around by himself until one of us returned him to his mother.

Worse still, Wicked took to making these forays at night. The mother apparently disapproved of this, for she would presently begin calling the kitten to rejoin the family. All this commotion would waken the bobcats, who would then start their own faint cries of protest or decide it was feeding time and begin to pester the mother. At this point she would scold them, too, and jump out of the basket to join her own wandering kitten, and the two of them would chase round the room while the bobcats continued mewing, until one of us rose sleepily to return Wicked to the basket. We managed with amazingly little sleep those nights.

Then came the night when the bobcats managed their own first outing from the basket unaided. They were much clum-

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sier than Wicked had been; the best they could do was to climb awkwardly up the inside of the basket, lurch over the top and tumble to the floor. But, once out, they were off slowly but surely on their own voyages of discovery. They usually ended up under the bed, all the while emitting faint cries, much smaller than the domestic cats', but enough to keep us awake and wondering.

After rather too many sleepless nights, we decided things must change, particularly since, now that Wicked was weaned, the mother cat obviously felt it high time the wild kittens were too. At this stage we moved the bobcats into our bathroom at night and shut the door. There they would sleep peacefully curled together on their blanket until morning, or until they were disturbed. I have never so much enjoyed going to the bathroom in the middle of the night—to be greeted by the friendliest purring as soon as the light went on. And I often think of the little female bobcat when I take a bath. She loved to walk precariously up and down the slippery edge, looking longingly at the water. Several times the temptation proved too great and in she dived, swimming wildly for my nearer leg or foot.

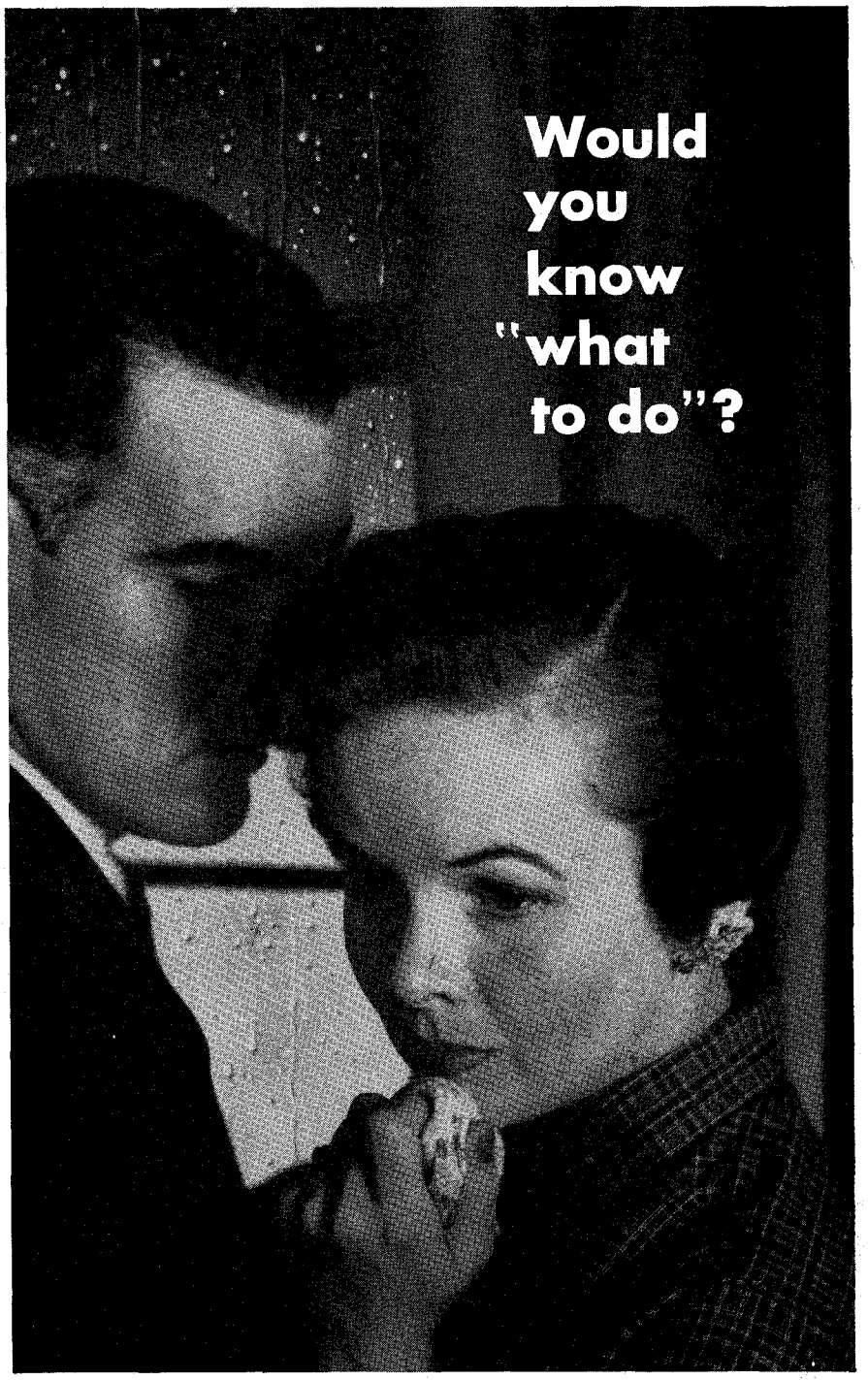
Once the bobcats were weaned, they were in the apartment only between trips to the country, where we built a fenced area for them to roam in and be photographed. As a result they became used to traveling in the station wagon, sometimes staying with us overnight in motels. We were afraid the motel managers might not believe how well trained our bobcats were, so while Bill unloaded the camera equipment, I would throw a coat over their traveling cage and carry it into the room. There, as soon as we let them out of the cage, they would race around while we prepared the bathroom. All they needed was their scrap of blanket in one corner, their shallow pan with torn newspaper in another, a dish of water and a supply of hamburger at feeding time. Since the merest sniff of the meat brought them rushing madly, ready with teeth and claws, we had learned to put their food down and stand back quickly to avoid having a finger mistaken for part of the meal. Then we were ready to go out for our own dinner—carefully hanging the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the outer door.

Whether at home or in a motel, when the bathroom door was first opened in the morning, the performance was always the same. Out they would dash, pleased both to be free and to find us again, playing a wild game in which they chased each other all over the room. We would lie in bed to watch and as they leaped over the beds they would stop to bite playfully at a toe moving under the blankets or would walk across our faces, sometimes pausing long enough to give us a friendly pat on the cheek in passing, always with sheathed claws.

Even when they were tiny, their claws were long and curving weapons which could lacerate at a touch, but when they played with us their paws were as soft as outsized pussywillows. They were quite content to let us handle them, purred when we rubbed them behind the ears, let us stroke their soft, thick fur and sniff the delightful musky scent. But a sudden noise or movement would instantly alarm them and out would come the claws, fastening onto whatever was near. When strangers came to the apartment, the kittens were always less at ease, but sometimes they would suddenly emerge from hiding and start a chase wild enough to alarm some of our unsuspecting visitors.

Even while this hectic but delightful life with the bobcats and squirrels was going on, we started thinking about further additions to our four-footed family. The apartment seemed rather full, but we felt we could still accommodate transients if need be. We accordingly spread the word to our many conservationist friends and other persons versed in the ways of wild animals to telephone us collect the moment they knew where we could acquire any of the other creatures on our list. We explained that we would prefer families, or else females well along in pregnancy, as the subject we had set ourselves to photograph was mothers and (*Continued on Page 117*)

"I thought the highlight of the party was when you shouted, 'Look, everybody—I'm a bird!' . . . and then flew out the window."



. . . or would you wonder *how* to "take charge" . . . wonder:

- who, besides relatives, should be notified right away?
- who takes care of notifying the newspapers?
- when the family should meet with the funeral director?
- how to select pallbearers?
- when to decide date and hour of funeral service?
- about selection of a cemetery plot?
- why it's important to select at the same time a proper grave vault?
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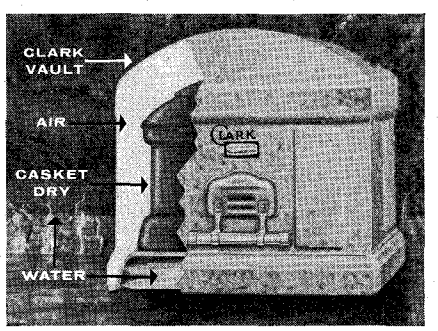

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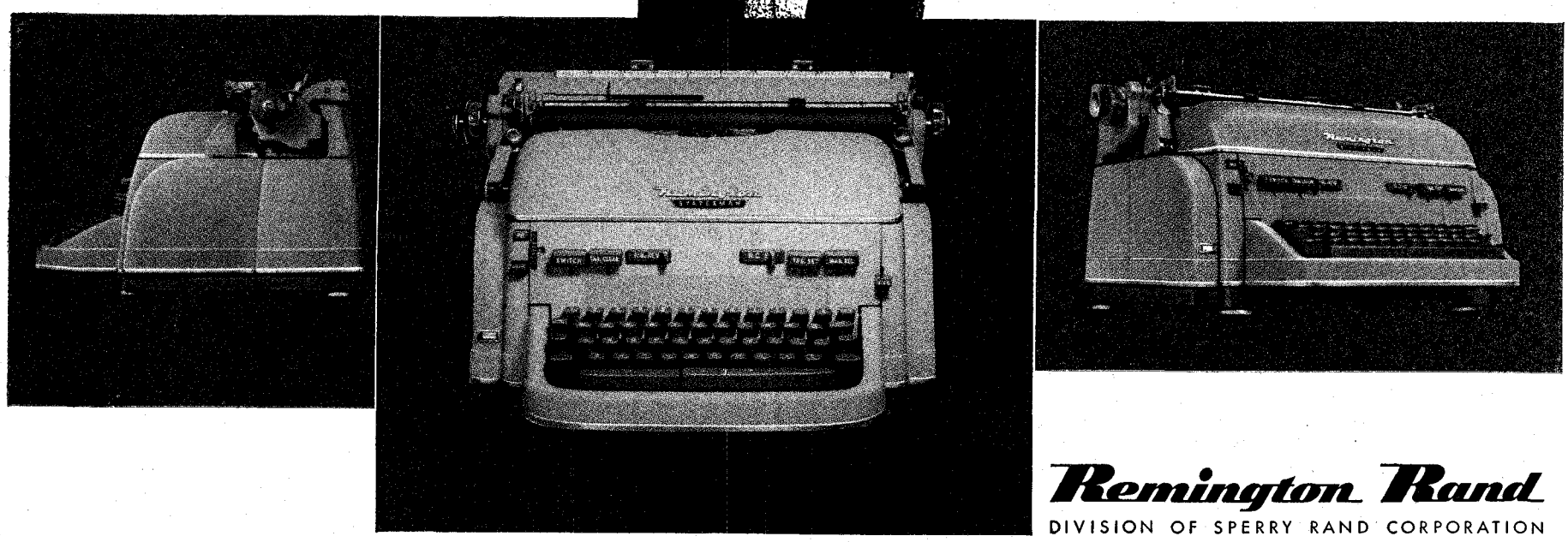

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(*Continued from Page 115*) young wherever possible, not just single specimens. In those days, if the telephone rang and the operator asked if we would accept the charge, we would immediately answer, "Yes, of course," impatiently wondering what new delights to expect.

Once it was to tell us that a mother muskrat, washed out of her house by a sudden flood, had bravely rescued her family of five helpless young, one at a time, and deposited them right on the street of the small town through which the flooded river ran. The crowd that gathered to watch this performance was, alas, too much for the poor, harried mother, who, once the work of the rescue was done, lost courage at the sight of so many humans and abandoned the babies. An attempt was being made to rear the family by bottle feeding.

Into the station wagon and off to the country we dashed, and Bill photographed the still-blind little creatures in their nest of material taken from a previous year's muskrat house. Unfortunately, we were unable to discover the right feeding formula quickly enough, and the family died a few days later.

Another abandonment story worked out much more happily. The fawn of a white-tailed deer was found deserted by its mother, perhaps because it was slightly crippled. Fortunately it was brought to a woodsman well skilled in animal lore. The first thing he did, after telephoning us to come up and stay with him long enough to observe and photograph the fawn, was wrap it in a blanket with a hot-water bottle, then give it a bottle of homogenized milk. Once it was warmed and fed, he looked at the twisted forefoot and manipulated the tiny hoof into place. Knowing how best to help wild animals, he kept it indoors for only a day or two and then, as soon as it was strong enough, he made it lie out in the brush high up on the hillside near his house. Two or three times a day he would stand below, bleating like a mother deer, and the little fawn would come bounding down the hill to be petted, given a bottle of milk and pieces of bread. Naturally the fawn enjoyed these friendly visits and would sometimes quietly appear outside the house without waiting to be called. At such times it would be gently but firmly shooed up the hill again, so that, as it grew to adulthood, it would know enough to take care of itself and would eventually join others of its kind.

One more ring of the telephone was to remind us it was time to start thinking about young cottontails. Taking to the road again to hunt for rabbits' nests, we learned that quite an experienced eye was needed to know which clumps of grass hid the small, soft beds lined with tufts of fur from the mothers' breasts. After photographing some youngsters only a few days old, so tiny that a pair of them barely made one handful, we were lucky—and patient—enough to get a picture of a doe rabbit returning at dusk to nurse her young, one of the most rewarding moments of all our work.

A little later we came on another nest where the young had reached the stage of starting to nibble grass, and we took a family of four home to add to our apartment collection. We assigned Susan to keep them fed at frequent intervals on lettuce and on milk which they took from one of her dolls' feeding bottles. She spread the word to her friends and had plenty of help after that. Youngsters would appear at the door, dolls' feeding bottles in hand, to ask if it was time to feed the rabbits—which, of course, it nearly always was.

One other part-time boarder in our apartment was a baby porcupine. Although it was perfectly well looked after in the country, Bill thought we would like to have it around as an added attraction. The two of them arrived home at the end of a particularly hectic day, and I'm afraid I looked a little sourly at the newest arrival. I was soon won over, though. Porkie turned out to be a friendly soul who settled down in a deep, topless cardboard box, which we placed on a stool in the kitchen. Penelope, of course, discovered the addition and would sit on the floor, gazing up, listening intently to the mysterious noises Porkie made as he shuffled around inside, but the sides of the box were too high for her to peep in or for Porkie to climb out. Whenever one of us went into the kitchen, he would greet us with pathetic little sounds, something like "Ee! Ee! Ee!" We would talk to him to liven up his life a bit and then he would look up so winningly that we were always offering him a hand to climb onto. That was what he liked and, if we let him, he would laboriously make his way onto a shoulder to nibble gently at an ear. On special occasions he, too, was allowed the freedom of our tried-and-true Persian carpet in the living room, after the cat tribe was removed—except for Penelope, who loved to watch him. Something seemed to warn her not to approach him, however, so she always sat well out of his reach.

The game with Porkie was to shoot a foot out at him suddenly, at which he would immediately swish around, presenting his back all abristle, looking so small and yet so menacing. But if I approached him gently from the front, put my hand down with fingers slightly curled, he never failed to climb sociably onto my palm and let me stroke his back—the right way, of course, from head to tail, smoothing down the bristles.

When the second springtime came round we started collecting again, this time heading south and ending in the bayous of Louisiana. There, with the help of some more good friends, we organized a daily possum hunt. Our host, who still believes that the only good possum is a dead one, nonetheless put his horses, dogs and stable hands at our disposal until we found what we wanted—a female opossum with a pouchful of babies. She lived in a hole at the root of a fallen, live-oak stump, but though Bill spent hours there with his cameras, she never showed us any sign of friendliness. All one ever gets by way of greeting from an adult opossum is an open mouth, with a show of teeth that looks like a grin, but isn't, and a very unfriendly hiss.

It was time to leave Louisiana before Bill had all the photographs he wanted, mainly because the young possums were too small to stay out of the pouch, so we decided to take the family back to New York by plane. We fitted up another canvas bag with a mesh window for ventilation at each end and put the mother inside, her pouch neatly packed with the youngsters. Bill carried them aboard the plane, and Susan was warned not to mention possums, but to refer simply to "the bag with the books in." This stayed at Bill's feet throughout the trip, and the animals arrived at their destination in fine shape.

We decided against keeping them in the apartment, mostly because they have a strong odor and, unlike cats, are not clean in their habits, but also because we were afraid Penelope's curiosity might prove fatal, since the opossum is quite a killer. Fortunately we have a roomy office only a block away from the apartment, so the opossums were put there in a large wood-and-wire cage until we were ready to take them to the country, finish photographing them and set them free. Our last view of that family was of the mother stretched out, playing possum, the contents of two cans of dog food emptied out beside her, and seven young ones, now much larger and bolder, scurrying into the bushes to explore their new surroundings.

Sharing office space with the possums, although not, of course, the same cage, was a family of deer mice. Unlike the mother possum, who preferred to keep herself and her young out of sight, the mother deer mouse went busily about her affairs as though she were still at large, even when we were there to watch her. She was beautiful to look at, with her huge, round, dark eyes, sleek coat of fawn and long thin tail. Always so concerned with the well-being of her family, in the brief intervals between feeding them she was constantly searching for fresh nesting material or for the seeds, nuts and berries we scattered around. Never still except when sleeping, the mother—and the young as they grew and learned from her—were meticulously clean in their persons, washing themselves from nose to tail tip with lightning speed.

We loved watching their antics and were sorry to see them go. When the day came to release them, we put them in a small cage in the station wagon and drove once more to the country. It took us a long time and miles of cruising to find a spot which met with the approval of all three of us humans. Finally we came to a nice, untidy field with plenty of cover, so we set them down, spilled out a box of their favorite cereal beside them, removed the cage and returned to the car. When we looked back, one of them was still sitting on its hindquarters and watching us with mild surprise.

Some of the other animals on our list could not, for obvious reasons, be housed in either the apartment or the office. In some such cases we simply moved in with them. The mink family, for instance, was far too strongly scented for indoor living, so we took up quarters in the country, right next door to them. The mother had her kits in a hollow log which was lying in the bed of a stony brook. The brook cascaded down a remote hillside several hundred yards from any navigable road, so we took the camera equipment by jeep to the nearest possible field, then carried everything we needed to a level spot above the steep sides of the water. We fenced off an enclosure down

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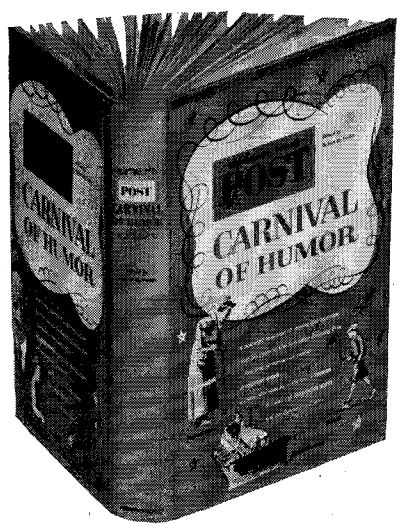

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in the brook bed with wire, adding branches and stones to stop up the escape holes. Then we would ease our way into the enclosure by opening the wire at one point and wait for the mother mink and her babies to emerge from their log.

At first all she did was rush about, frantically looking for a loophole to snake through, but since one of us would inevitably be outside the wire with a stone to close the crevice, she gradually became resigned to having us there. She would then start looking for insects under the mossy stones or step into the small pools in the hope of surprising a crayfish. The young stayed curled up in the log most of the time, but once in a while they would come tumbling out behind their mother to take a hunting lesson. One day one of them slipped and scrambled too far down the slippery stones, and we waited to see what would happen—Bill, of course, with camera ready. As soon as the little one started to whimper, the mother darted to the rescue and hauled the youngster back to safety, helping it up the steep incline with a firm hold on the loose skin back of its head.

The two baby bears we also considered unsuitable for home life, but mainly because they were so noisy! We housed them in the country at a state game farm and visited them between bouts of coping with the other animals still in our apartment. They were rather like human babies, quiet enough when being fed or petted, but bawling for no good reason, except perhaps boredom, as soon as they were left alone. In a perfectly comfortable cage in the back of the station wagon they would start their pitiful chorus which they could keep up for miles on end. If we came to a toll station on the highway, we would turn the radio up, hoping to drown their cries and avoid explanations. And when the noise got too much for us, we had one sure way of quieting them. We would give them each a paper cup of ice cream, which they would lick up with delight—including the cup if we didn't snatch it away in time.

Their staple diet was bread and milk, which we fed them on large picnic plates. They snorted and snuffled as they ate, just like little pigs, so that before the food was finished it would be all mixed up with disintegrating paper plates. Feeling that this might not be good for them, we decided we would have to provide more durable dishes, so early one morning we stopped at a supermarket on the way from our motel to the game farm. I was the first and only customer at that hour and when the man saw what I had bought—two aluminum pie plates, a quart of milk and a loaf of bread—he murmured something about baking pies so early in the day. When I said I just wanted to feed a couple of bears, the conversation came to an abrupt end. He apparently thought it was too early in the morning for such silly jokes!

Both the bears were perfectly happy when we let them amble around in the open, but each had a different technique. The light brown cub just wanted to be by itself and would promptly climb the nearest tree, sometimes falling asleep in its branches. The dark brown cub was just the opposite. It was most anxious not to lose sight of us and was particularly attached to Bill. This made it difficult to photograph because, just as Bill had it in focus, the little cub would suddenly sight—or more probably scent him and come trotting over to stand on its hind legs and clasp its master fondly round the calf. Bill would bend down, disengage the bear and walk quickly away, with the little creature meekly following. At a sufficient distance, Bill would turn around suddenly and focus once more, but as soon as the bear saw him standing still, off it would waddle for the protection of those towering legs. (Bill is six feet five.)

Much easier traveling companions were the baby beavers. Their family pond was in a highly inaccessible spot miles from any road, so we transported the mother and her three kits to another pond for part of the time we were working with them. Those little beavers were so soft and friendly and had such a sweet musky scent that we loved to hold them in our arms and stroke them. When the time came to return them to their home pond, Bill led the way across country up and down the rough slopes of the valley. He carried the mother beaver in a sack, along with some of the camera gear. I followed with more equipment, and Susan brought up the rear with the three little ones. Arrived at the edge of their pond, we all sat down to catch our breath, then opened the sack and let the mother go first. She made straight for the water and dived out of sight without one look behind her. The babies, although they, too, were obviously delighted to be in the water again, made no attempt to follow their mother. Instead, they stayed in the shallows, and as we moved along the edge they swam after us, making little squeals which we could only interpret as reluctance to part from us.

Taking leave of our young animals, once we were ready to return them to their home bases, had often been hard, but when Bill finally shouldered the camera equipment and the three of us turned our backs on the baby beavers, that was perhaps the saddest good-by of all.

THE END

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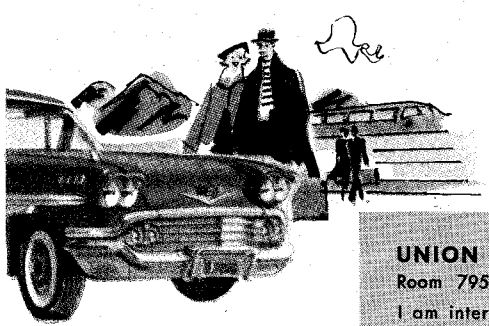

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Orbit Flight (Continued from Page 44)

appeared at Colonel Jones' quarters and was admitted by the Air Police guard. Byrd stayed five minutes. When he left, Colonel Jones put through a call to Christine, at Edwards. You were not supposed to tell your wife these things. And you could never find a pilot who admitted he had. But they all did. And no serious sabotage had yet been traced to this sort of revelation.

When Christine came on the wire, George said, "Hi, honey. How are you?"

"Oh, darling! I'm fine! How are you?"

"I'm fine," he said. "Reach over and get a grip on the sofa or something."

When her voice came again it was altered. The brightness and the lilt were gone. "All right. I've got my grip."

"This is classified, of course. Even though the newspapers have been predicting it for weeks. But I'm going tomorrow morning. Or rather—going and coming. I'll be down at Edwards for breakfast. You got any of that buttermilk-pancake batter around?"

He heard her take a breath. Then she said, "I sure do, sweetheart. Ride that beast now. Keep a firm hand on him."

"I will. See you soon." He paused. "I love you, Chris. You know that."

When a woman dresses to please her husband, her watch is probably fast.

FRANK G. MCINNIS

"I know it," she said. "And I love you. You'll never know how much."

It was five o'clock in the morning and just beginning to be light when Colonel Jones arrived at the X-15 launch area. General Byrd and Doctor Stewart, the flight surgeon, were with him. A ready room of sorts had been improvised inside the firing blockhouse. It was equipped with a portable grill, a cot, locker for the space suit, and a small refrigerator. None of them had spoken much driving out from Cocoa Beach. Colonel Jones had not slept well. He felt tight and witchy and scared—the way he'd always felt in Korea before a tough strike.

The flight surgeon said, "I've got a juicy little T-bone in the cooler, colonel. How do you like it? Medium rare?"

"Skip it," Jones said curtly. "Not hungry."

"Coffee?"

"Yes. Coffee. Black." He turned to General Byrd. "How's the count-down coming, sir?"

"They've been at it since midnight. It looks all right. We're only about forty minutes behind."

Coffee was brought and he drank it. He lit a cigarette. It tasted bad. He stubbed it out. The flight surgeon said, "On the blast-off, colonel, suck in your gut as tight as you can after you feel the bird begin to rise. It will help you tolerate the G loads."

He nodded.

The flight surgeon said, "As you know, the worst acceleration will be after you fire the third stage at high altitude. We calculate about ten G's—which would make you weigh about sixteen hundred pounds. But it could go higher, and you could black out. So it would be better to use the automatic cutoff circuit ——"

"Knock it off!" Jones said harshly. "I know the flight plan. Just let me alone, will you!"

"Sorry, colonel."

"Skip it!"

He knew about the third stage. If he goofed with the third stage he'd cause the X-15B to veer crazily into outer space, then plunge back in at 17,000 miles an hour and dissolve in fiery dust, like a meteor. Those monster boosters would lift him a hundred miles high and level him on course. At that point it was up to his own brain and fingers—working the tiny controls at the ends of the contoured arm rests. He had to light off the third-stage power—the Aerojet bottles and the X-15B's own main engine. It must be done with great precision, taking into account his exact speed, altitude and flight path.

Jones said, "How much longer, General Byrd?"

"About forty minutes," General Byrd said. "I guess you'd better get taped and suited."

He went to the bathroom. Then he stripped to his shorts and lay down on the cot, and the flight surgeon taped him brutally tight across the back and abdomen with wide white adhesive. He got into the aluminized suit and the plastic helmet, leaving the visored face plate open. He laced his high-top boots. When he stood up he felt as if his body were in a vise. His legs, untaped, felt oddly loose and limber. On the wall of the blockhouse, the public-address system said, "T minus thirty. Calling Colonel Jones. Please go to the plane as soon as you're ready, colonel."

The red warning light was glowing on its tall pole when they reached the launch pad. The many-platformed test stand rose like a skyscraper above them. All night it had been lit by floodlights and covered with men. Now, as the three officers stepped out of the elevator high up on the stand, next to the cockpit of the X-15B, the area was almost deserted. The sun had not yet risen, but there was a glow like hot iron coming from below the rim of the ocean. The sea glowed like mother-of-pearl in the predawn, and westward, over the Indian River, a delicate brown haze hung low. Jones looked around him deliberately, trying not to miss any detail. The place seemed incredibly beautiful and precious. He felt slightly sick at his stomach. In another half hour, he could very easily be dead.

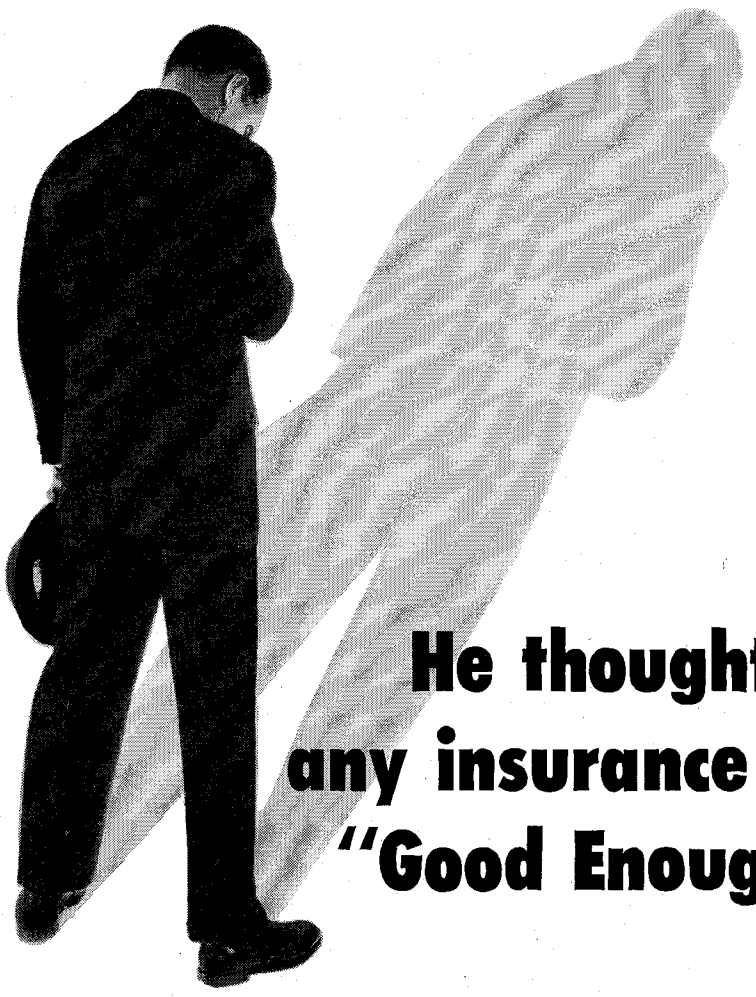
He crawled into the contoured seat of the X-15B—lay down in it, actually, with his feet above him, and General Byrd helped him with the straps. Byrd went over the straps with slow care. Then he said, "That does it, colonel. You can close your face plate now and pressurize your cockpit. I'm taking off in a few minutes for Edwards in a jet. But you'll beat me in." The general thrust his hand into the cockpit and Jones gripped it.

He closed his face plate at once and went on oxygen. The heavy nickel-steel lid closed slowly over his head and locked shut. He turned on the nitrogen gas which would pressurize the cockpit during the flight. He could not breathe nitrogen, of course. It was an inert gas. Its use kept his external body pressure normal—and prevented any chance of explosion. Jones turned his G-suit up to the highest notch—an added precaution against blackout—and spoke into his helmet mike. "X-15 to Ground Control. How do you read me?"

"Fine, colonel. You ready to sound off your preflight check?"

"All set."

"O.K. Take her slow and careful. We'll double-check you down here."



He thought any insurance was "Good Enough"

He bought his home back in 1948. A friend said to him at the time, "Be sure and talk with an independent agent before you buy insurance." But he supposed that any insurance was good enough, and he ignored his friend's advice.

Last month his house burned. That was when he discovered the shocking truth. *His insurance covered only the 1948 value of his house!* His friend's home is fully insured—for its *present* value. Why? Because a local independent agent has periodically pointed out that the value of property changes—that rebuilding a house today would cost twice as much as in 1948.

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He went over the items. The cockpit had been prechecked. He found nothing wrong which would necessitate calling a hold.

"T minus five minutes," the ground controller said. "All personnel take cover. T minus five."

Jones heard a grinding sound—saw the steel tower moving slowly away from the plane. Then he could see nothing but blue sky above him through the double-paned windshield. His heart was thudding. He felt it in his throat. And his mouth was very dry.

"One thing, Colonel Jones," Ground Control said. "We've got a man assigned to do nothing but watch for booster malfunctions—as you know. He won't say a word unless it's a matter of life or death. But if he sees a booster start to go sour—he'll give the ejection order. He'll say: 'Eject now!' And he'll say it plenty loud. Don't wait—even a second—if you hear that order. Punch the button and get out."

"Roger," Jones said. A powerful ejection mechanism had been rigged which would sling the cockpit upward and outward—as a capsule—and there would be time for a parachute to blossom and let him down safely. Or so it was claimed. It would be touch and go.

"T minus two minutes," the ground controller's voice said. "I'm starting the firing sequencer now. All hands stand by for lift-off."

Jones shoved his head back hard against the contoured rest. He pressed his body tightly in the seat and made sure his fingers were positioned properly on the finger-tip controls.

"T minus thirty seconds."

Fifteen stories below him, the maze of cooling nozzles hurled a white blast of water into the flame buckets. Jones heard nothing inside his space helmet. Then the two Atlas boosters lit with a shattering roar. He felt the cockpit vibrate like a monster tuning fork. The sound knifed through steel and plastic and lay like a hot blade on his eardrums—and then the X-15B began to rise, slowly—then rapidly—and the sound fell behind and was lost.

The first stage fell free at forty miles high. The second stage fired at once. The automatic guidance system caused the rocket plane to bend over toward the horizontal. At no time was he subjected to any worse acceleration force than he'd been used to in jet fighters. The instruments were functioning nicely, and he thought: *It's a ball, after all.*

Then the second stage burned out. He was 500,000 feet above the earth, moving 9000 miles an hour. His flight path was on a true horizontal, and his direction was perfect. With a flip of his fingers he set the automatic cut-off device, and triggered his third-stage rockets: all the Aerojets and his internal power.

He sagged back in his seat. Invisible pressure fell on him. The flesh crawled away from his teeth and gums, and the lids of his eyes rippled and left his eyes hopelessly open. He tried to cry out, but acceleration forces had paralyzed his throat muscles. Finally he lost consciousness and rode along peacefully while the radars on Cape Canaveral followed his rush, tracking his speed with their precision instruments: 10,000 . . . 12,000 . . . 14,000 . . . 17,000 miles an hour.

He did not see the Florida coast recede behind him or Grand Bahama Island coming up, a golden mote on the dark sea—and then the Aerojets burned out and the automatic cut-off device stop-cocked his internal power and the X-15B coasted into orbit at terrific speed.

On San Salvador Island, a man at a radar console said crisply, "Third-stage firing complete. Rocket plane running at 500,000 feet. It looks fine from here."

Colonel Jones did not hear San Salvador radio. He did not hear Mayaguana control when it called him. He lay in the cockpit—floated in it, really—held by the straps. He was weightless and he was unconscious.

"Grand Turk control," a voice cried out excitedly. "The X-15B is over this station now. He's moving almost too fast to track. Colonel Jones. Hello, Colonel Jones! Do you hear me, sir?"

Colonel Jones floated in the dark. Somewhere in the dark, a voice was calling his name. Insistently. Had been calling for a long time. Gradually he came out of the dark. He moved in the straps and winked his eyes. The instruments came into focus, and he could see out through the windshield. He looked out on one of the strangest sights ever seen by human eyes: a hundred miles below him, luminous blue, streaked with curving white cloud strings, was the Caribbean. To the left was the Atlantic Ocean, covered with the cottony mass of an offshore front. To his right he could just make out the bulge of South America curving over the rim of the world, dark and green, and before him, low down, was the naked blinding sun.

He took a quick breath. The motion of his diaphragm lifted his weightless body in the straps. The straps restrained it. A voice spoke, close and warm, in his helmet, "Dominican Republic control. I have the X-15B now. He seems to be doing fine. Estimate his speed a little over 17,000 miles an hour."

Jones looked at his space panel and checked the ground report. It was satisfyingly accurate. Then the next station was calling him, Mayaguëz control, on Puerto Rico. They were worried now. He was more than a thousand miles from Canaveral and he had not replied. The voice of the Mayaguëz controller was not jubilant, as the last voices had been. It was a voice of doubt and waning hope. "I have the X-15B. On course. On altitude. But no pilot report. Colonel Jones. Calling Colonel Jones; calling Colonel Jones."

Inside his space helmet, Colonel Jones smiled. He took a deep breath and spoke over the radio, "Hiyah, Mayaguëz control? How's the weather down there, son?"

There was a moment of pure silence. Then he heard Mayaguëz drop his formal radio procedure and shout crazily, furiously, "I've got him! I've got him! The colonel! Oh man, oh man! He's O.K., everybody! He's fine! He's fine and he's going over me like a bat out of hell!"

Jones could not see General Byrd at this moment. General Byrd was standing in the launch blockhouse at Cape Canaveral, listening to the stations reporting by radio. When Jones' voice came over the speakers, Byrd stiffened. He listened. He heard Mayaguëz' yell of triumph. A small smile played on his lips.

The sun was moving. It was separating from the rim of the world. South America was moving past on the right, dark green, with a bright maze of quicksilver threads where the mighty Amazon broke into multiple channels before it met the ocean.

Radar ships on the down-range stretch of ocean leading to Ascension Island began to call in, giving position readings of the X-15B. Jones hated to take his eyes away from the panorama which spread out below him to check his gauges. He passed close to Ascension, made radio contact, and slanted toward the African coast. The sun was overhead now. It made ink-black shadows in the cockpit, edged with almost incandescent brightness. He'd been warned not to look at the sun directly—even with the coated windshield to protect him. Its fierce glare would not be softened by air. It could conceivably burn the retinas of his eyes and cause permanent blindness if stared at for more than a few seconds.

Then the sun passed overhead and was behind him and he began to make out a low bronze line ahead on the edge of the dark sea—Africa. He would slice across the southern tip and plunge out over the Indian Ocean: five thousand miles and roughly eighteen minutes from Australia. Night would fall over that lonely arc of the globe and he would make his re-entry in total darkness.

A voice said cheerfully, "Hello, Colonel Jones. We have you now. This is Johannesburg control. You look good to us. On course. On altitude. And your orbital speed is holding nicely at 17,000."

"Thanks, Joburg. I'm on the beam, looks like."

He was over Africa—a vast bronze plain in the low westering sun. The sky ahead was iron black. The bronze plain flowed out of sight behind him and then, quite suddenly, he was in the middle of night. He was well out over the Indian Ocean and there was no light except the delicate, peppery designs of the distant stars and the steady searchlight stare of the big ones. He could not see the moon at all, for a moment. Then he twisted and caught sight of it, white and clean as snow, low down on the southern horizon.

An eerie feeling crept over him. Not fear. He'd been through so much in the past minutes that his fear threshold was worn out. He had gone past fear and wonder and exultation in these last minutes, and now he had an utterly strange and unexpected feeling: warm, eager, like a young kid lover looking at his sweetheart over an ice-cream soda. For it had come to him suddenly that this giant, silent dark was not for stalking and bombing and fiery death-bringing. It was for love. It was for sharing among all the frightened, angry, stubborn people down there: not just in America or England or Japan or wherever—but in every nation on that turning globe beneath him. It was the earth itself which was home, once you'd left it for the star-blazing dark, and all the people of the earth were dear and close, were brothers. This, he saw—not improved TV or better world-mapping or all those other trivial things—was the gift of space. This was the hope.

Please, God, he thought, *let the Russians come out. Let them know it too. Let the whole world know it.*

Presently a voice spoke remotely in his headset. "This is Perth control. Calling Colonel Jones. We have you on long-range radar, colonel. We place you a thousand miles off the coast of Australia. Do you read us?"

"I read you weakly," Jones said.

"Hello, X-15B. Say again."

He reached for the gain control and his weightless fingers flew painfully into the radio. His body floated awkwardly after his reaching hand, but was snubbed by the straps. He twisted the gain control and raised his transmitter volume. "X-15B to Perth. Better now?"

"Much better, colonel. Now mark this. You'll begin your re-entry as you pass our north coast line. Suggest you check your mission profile and prepare to fire retro-rocket."

He steeled himself. This was it. Re-entry. The deal where you had to go exactly by the book—if you hoped to stay alive. A space bird followed the inexorable law of the conservation of energy. Every ounce of power which the plane took on from those roaring rockets had to be accounted for. None of it was lost. It was merely changed into speed and altitude, and later, when the X-15B settled back toward the earth, into heat from the air's friction.

Jones used the controls cautiously—a short spurt of peroxide steam under the nose. The nose came up lazily. He let it rise until it was pointed straight out into space. He was now moving belly-first in the vacuum. The belly rocket was exactly opposed to his direction of motion.

He spoke into his mike, trying to keep his voice calm. "Hello, Perth control. This is Jones. I've rotated. I'm ready for firing instructions."

"Roger, Colonel Jones. We have you on radar. You are nicely on profile. We will give you a countdown from five to one. Fire retro-rockets when you hear the hack. Got that?"

"Roger," Jones said. "Standing by to fire retro-rockets."

He fixed his eyes on the red button under his right hand, put his finger on it lightly, and waited. Maybe half a minute passed. Then Perth control spoke matter-of-factly over the radio: "Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . *hack!*"

He pressed the red button.

There was no sound. He was in the utter silence of space, where there is no air to carry sound. Even the flare of the belly rocket was lost in the airless vacuum. The only reaction was a feeble back pressure which caused his weightless body to move forward in the straps. His speed had decayed slightly. Not a great deal—but enough to start the X-15B settling down for its first skip off the upper atmosphere.

"Very good, colonel," Perth radio said, coming in weakly now, with the increasing range. "You are on profile. Prepare to enter the atmosphere in about five minutes."

"Thanks, Perth. Jones out."

Gratefully, he used the space controls to drop the nose back to normal. When he could see the horizon again his breathing steadied out. It was quite a strain for an air pilot to go slamming along broadside in outer space—a maneuver which would rip him to flaming bits in the atmosphere at high speed. He was passing north of Australia, heading for the island of New Guinea. And now, very gradually, he was losing his own weightlessness as the X-15B settled into the high thin air. The (*Continued on Page 122*)

Old Earth

By Herbert Merrill

The earth and I have come to be
A mutually dependent pair.
He holds me up and, as for me,
I scratch his back with my plowshare.

We jog along from year to year,
Summer to snow without an end,
But lately I begin to fear
Old age is troubling my friend.

He cannot bear my weight so well:
I totter down the garden rows.
Oh, he is failing, I can tell,
And I shall miss him when he goes.

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(*Continued from Page 120*) temperature on the outer skin had begun to rise.

A voice said, "X-15B from New Guinea control. Do you read?"

"Loud and clear, New Guinea. Go ahead."

"You're coming down into the air, colonel. We track you below 300,000 feet. Got the nose elevated?"

"Roger. Nose up."

"Trim?"

"Trim O.K."

"Good. Better get ready for a little heat."

From ahead, in the sky, something streaked at him like a huge bullet, and he ducked. In a moment, four more flashed by—great luminous shapes driving fearsomely at him, head-on through the dark. *Saucers*, he thought. *Saucers from space.*

His mind reeled. "New Guinea! I'm under attack! Big white missiles!"

New Guinea radio had a slight chuckle in his voice. "No sweat, colonel. Noctilucent clouds. Made of space dust. Normal at your present altitude. We've been following 'em on radar for hours."

Then a fearsome thing began to happen. The nose of the X-15B, which had been invisible in the dark, began, delicately, to glow. It had been predicted. Jones had been ready for it—he'd thought. Except that when it happened, his whole body went rigid and he ducked his face to the instruments, fighting down the quick irrational fear that clawed at his mind. He wasn't weightless now. Gently—but tense in every nerve—he babied the stick back. He felt the streaking plane mush on down for several seconds. Then the stubby wings bit the thin air and the X-15B rose sluggishly for its first "skip."

Fire, his mind whispered. *Fire. Fire. Burning.*

The instruments, for a second or so, became merely maddening, meaningless little needles as panic fought with reason in his head. Then a voice said sharply, "Hello, X-15! Eniwetok! You all right? We have you in sight—and you seem to be on fire!"

It might have been all right if Eniwetok control hadn't called him. He might have kept his head down, as Laning had taught him, and flown the X-15B exactly like the simulator at Edwards. But now he looked out—and was instantly blind. The ceramic nose was white-hot. It glared straight into his face like a searchlight.

He panicked. He grabbed for the eject handle. Maybe the panic saved him. His gloved hand missed the handle—and then, in the back of his brain, a tough, curt voice said, *Steady down, jerk. Play it cool. Get on the gauges.*

Laning's voice. Laning's curt, tough voice—like a hard slap in the face. He gritted his teeth and stared at the instruments, and now they made sense. He saw what had happened. His first skip had been very short. While he'd been pressing the panic button, the X-15B had bounced shallowly off the top of the air blanket—and then plunged back in again—and he hadn't co-ordinated with his stick. The plane hadn't skipped. It had penetrated—and the heat of friction was now trying to turn it into a flaming meteor.

> The main thing you should try to save for your old age is you.
>
> JACK HERBERT

He eased back on the stick. A blood-red warning light glowed. The air-conditioning system was overloaded. His body, inside the aluminized suit, was hot and wet as rubber. But the nose was coming up. The X-15 was rising back out of the thermal thicket—the savage friction was lessening.

"Hello, X-15," a voice said. "This is Midway control. Are you all right, colonel?"

He didn't answer Midway. He'd had every bit he could handle. There was nothing left over for yacking with ground stations. He hunched down, staring at the instruments. *It's just like the simulator*, he thought. *It's no problem. No problem. Just like the simulator.* He was riding the ragged edge. If something else happened—even a small thing ——

Hawaii called him. He did not answer Hawaii.

Many minutes passed. Very gradually, the viselike tension left him. He felt cooler. The skips were smoother. They were spaced right, the way they should be. The hypersonic speed was dropping. And then, because human curiosity can be stronger even than fear, he raised his eyes and looked out. The nose no longer glowed. He was much lower than he'd realized, almost down to jet level. The sea ahead was dark, but as he looked he saw a faint pink smudge on the far horizon—dawn. The same dawn he'd left about ninety minutes ago, in Florida. And then, like a long bright finger on the rim of the sea, he saw the California coast.

A voice said, "No transmission from the X-15. Nothing passing Midway or Hawaii. We have him on radar. He's inbound. But we can't raise him."

A second voice said, "Very well, chase. This is Edwards control. Colonel Jones may be unconscious. Try to snare the X-15 with your wings."

"Right, Edwards. Understand. We'll try to bring him in piggie-back, if we can."

Jones knew he should call them instantly. They thought he was unconscious or dead. They thought the X-15B was going to pass over Edwards with a helpless or dead pilot and crash in the Nevada desert. He should call them now—but he didn't.

This was too good a chance to miss. He let the X-15B continue on course and watched for the chase planes. They could overtake him easily now. He was flying subsonic below 40,000 feet. And then he picked them up—two Lockheed F-104's curving in on his right wing like bright bullets. The slim fighters reduced power and fanned out on either side, preparatory to shoving their stubby razor-blade wings under the jutting wings of the X-15—as had once been done sucessfully to save a crippled jet pilot over Korea.

Jones snapped suddenly erect in his seat. He lifted his right glove to his space helmet and tipped the chase planes a little close-in Marine-type salute. And he spoke formally into his mike, "X-15B to Edwards control. This is Colonel Jones. Request permission to land on the lake."

Nothing happened for a second. Then one of the F-104 pilots let out a Texas yippeee, pulled out ahead, pushed his nose down and booted in his afterburner. Jones saw the bright blast, saw the little fighter begin to slow roll, saw him going away, rolling, and laughed out loud.

From the ground a worried voice said, "Colonel Jones! You all right, sir? You in control?"

"You bet I'm in control," he said. "I'm in the pattern. Heat up the coffee. I'm coming down to land."

He banked over the knoll where his house was, crossed the Los Angeles highway and blew off the ventral fin as he lined up for final approach. He came low over the dunes at two hundred, to be on the safe side, and greased the X-15B onto the dry lake. It skidded for two miles across the hard white surface, yawed tiredly to the left, and stopped. Out of the distance, cars began to race toward him: jeeps, ambulances, fire trucks—looking like a stock-car scramble in the luminous predawn.

He hit the canopy release and felt the cockpit give up its pressure of inert nitrogen gas. He shoved his face plate open and felt the cool morning air on his face. Air. A kind of miracle. Just air. He looked up at the sky. It was getting bright overhead, and it was the color of a robin's egg, not midnight black. He breathed deeply, smelling the desert. They'd be here in a minute, all of them: Christine, maybe Laning, the generals—and he'd be glad to see them. Very glad. He had many things to say to them, urgent, important. But he was glad they'd given him this minute alone. The earth was quite a place to get back to, once a man had left it. A man was grateful for a little time by himself, just himself—before he started talking to anybody, even the woman he loved.

The Ugly American (Continued from Page 49)

ambassador to Sarkhan. It was an assignment that pleased him deeply. He knew that the Sarkhan Government was new, inexperienced, and shaky, and that the 20,000,000 Sarkhanese were restless. He knew that the Communists in Sarkhan were strong, competent and well organized; he had not the slightest doubt that they would attempt a coup against the government. MacWhite had enormous knowledge of Marxism and Leninism, and the Titoist and Maoist versions of the faith; he was a recognized expert on Soviet theory and practice.

Ambassador MacWhite prepared for his new assignment with a thoroughness in the best traditions of missionary faith. He learned the Sarkhanese language in fifteen weeks of intense concentration. He read every book he could find on Sarkhanese history and political life. He talked to anthropologists, sociologists, political scientists, diplomats and businessmen who had visited Sarkhan in the last several years. He read the reports of his predecessor, Louis Sears.

Haidho, the capital city of Sarkhan, rests on a high plateau which overlooks the Pacific. The forest presses in around the buildings with a heavy green persistence. Most of the public buildings and almost all of the private homes are made of a light yellow volcanic stone, which the tropical climate and the constant jungle rainfall cover with a light green patina.

When MacWhite first saw the place, he found the effect subtle, subterranean, almost a vision of a city seen under the sea. Haidho was hot, but neither Gilbert nor his wife Molly was dismayed. They were prepared to endure the heat of the tropics, and neither they nor their boys had ever complained of hardships.

After six weeks, MacWhite hardly noticed the climate. He was absorbed in his job, drawing his lines of battle against the Communists—shrewdly, patiently, after endless consultations with native leaders and, he thought, with a certainty of victory.

The planning had been in absolute secrecy; only three members of the United States Embassy staff knew about the swift, ruthless campaign which soon would take place. To achieve maximum security, MacWhite held all his secret discussions in the privacy of his residence.

Ambassador MacWhite was enthusiastic about the battle. He did not underestimate the strength of the Communists in Sarkhan, but neither did he underestimate his own strengths and capabilities. In fact, he regarded his anticipated combat with the Communists as the capstone of his career. He saw it as a battle in which the shrewdness of the businessman, the tactical ingenuity of the military man, and the intelligent persistence of the diplomat would be combined to win a victory.

This afternoon he meant to cement another fragment into the wall of his strategy against the Communists. He was waiting in the embassy for the Hon. Li Pang. Mr. Li was a representative of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Ambassador MacWhite had invited Li to come to Sarkhan to meet the local Chinese leaders. Most of the Chinese in Sarkhan had lived there for five generations. They considered themselves native Sarkhanese and highly patriotic. In a way which was baffling to the Occidental mind, they also considered themselves patriotic Chinese and saw no conflict in this dual loyalty.

Li and MacWhite were old friends. Both were businessmen; and although they had left business for quite different reasons, they both left rich. They were both soldiers—and, by coincidence, both were Episcopalians. They understood each other. MacWhite expected that Li would help enlist the local Chinese in the battle against native Communists. When he was sure of this, MacWhite would be ready to move.

As he looked out of the window of the embassy residence, Ambassador MacWhite was aware that Donald and Roger were in the room behind him. Somehow the small pitter-patter noises that they were making were a comfort to him. Donald and Roger were elderly Chinese. Apparently the only English words they knew were the names given them by their American employers and a few household terms. They had been trusted servants of the embassy since an American ambassador to Sarkhan had hired them in 1939. They worked with an efficiency, dedication and kindliness that touched Ambassador MacWhite. They often helped Molly with the boys. They were excellent cooks and superb butlers. To MacWhite they typified the decent Asian, representing to him the honor and morality taught by Confucius.

Ambassador MacWhite turned and walked toward the stairs as Mr. Li approached. "Your Excellency, I have prepared a pitcher of very dry and cold martinis in your honor," MacWhite said, smiling.

"Your Excellency, I am prepared to drink the entire pitcher," Li said and smiled back. "Did I ever tell you, Ambassador MacWhite, the story of the woman who got stuck in the lavatory on the thirty-fourth floor of New York's finest hotel, and who lived on martinis because they were the only things that could be (*Continued on Page 124*)

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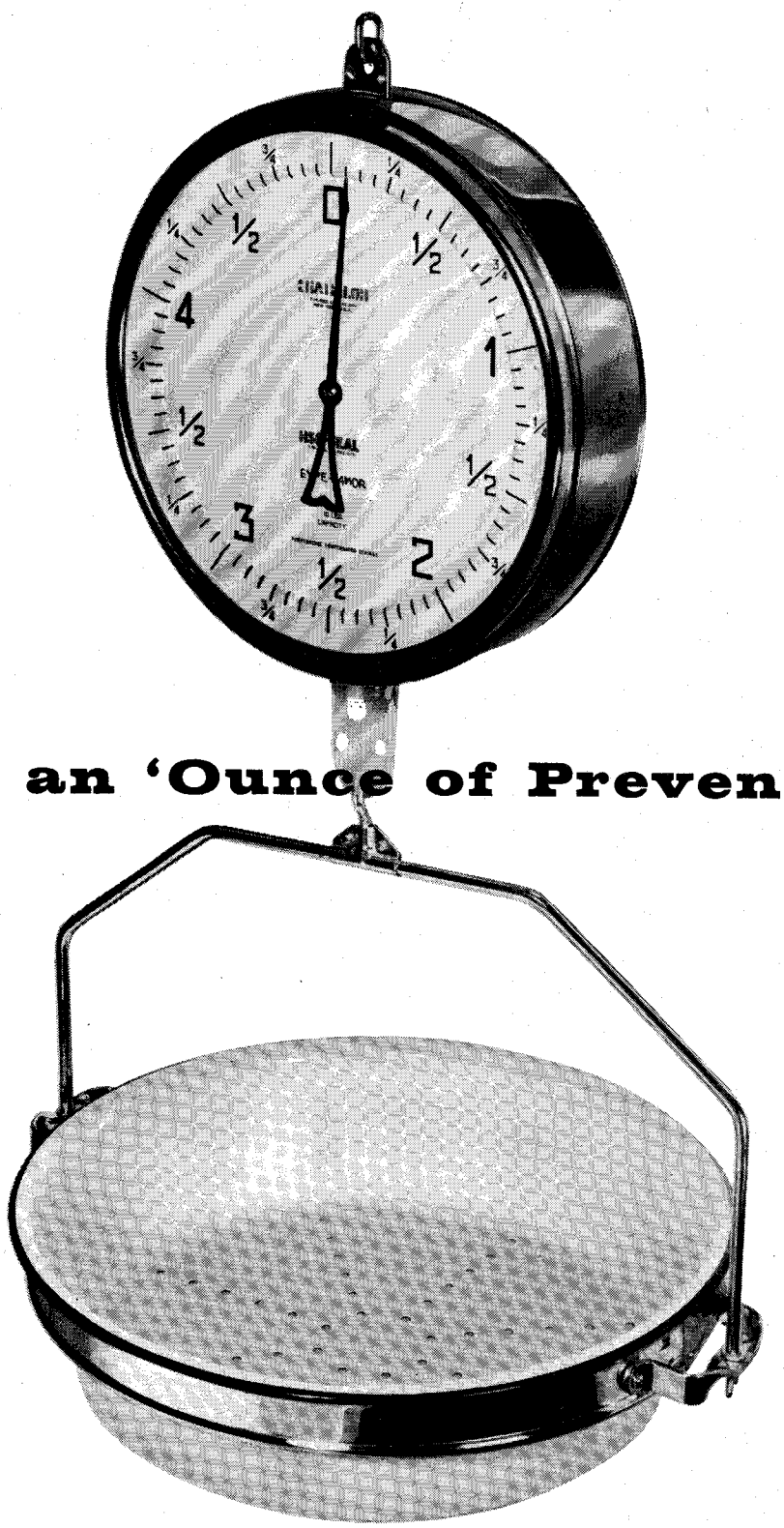

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(*Continued from Page 122*) siphoned in through the keyhole?"

Ambassador MacWhite laughed and filled two extremely large and cold glasses. They drank and talked quietly for ten minutes. In another half hour Molly would join them and they would have a long and pleasant dinner. Before Molly came down, MacWhite had to talk to Li. When Li had finished another story, MacWhite spoke seriously.

"Li, I have been frank with you, and you have, I think, been frank with me," MacWhite said. "I should like to discuss with you a subject which I think is of the utmost importance."

"If it's anything I can do for you, Gilbert, you may be sure of it," Li said.

MacWhite paused while Donald filled their glasses with martinis; then he spoke. "The problem is simple, Li. With your military background, you'll understand it quickly," MacWhite said. "It's a matter of strategic intelligence. I should like to know which of the Chinese leaders here are sympathetic to the Communists. I have an absolutely flawless plan for getting them out of the country ——"

Li did not stop smiling, but in some subtle, quick way his entire expression changed. He was still smiling, he was still sipping the martini, he was still poised. But his eyes had gone icy hard, and he was looking over MacWhite's shoulder at the Chinese servants, Donald and Roger, who were standing at the sideboard about fifteen feet away. Li laughed softly, but MacWhite was aware of a warning in the laugh. The entire mood of the conversation had changed. MacWhite, a sensitive person, knew that he was in trouble.

"Now please understand me, Li, I would not use this information to hurt any good Chinese in Sarkhan," MacWhite said. "It would be for my ears only, but I think you can see that it would be critical in the coming struggle against the Communists in this country."

"I am aware of that, Gilbert," Li said. "I can see at once the importance of the question."

"But somehow it disturbs you?"

Li finished his martini in a long slow steady sip, and put the empty glass on the table. He lighted a cigarette, inhaled deeply and ground the cigarette out in the ash tray. When he looked up, his face was utterly foreign to MacWhite. For the first time in his life MacWhite saw a completely furious Oriental. He was shaken.

"Gilbert, you are a fool. A great fool," Li said. "I am speaking softly so that only you will hear my voice. But to discuss matters of such importance with servants in the room ——"

MacWhite interrupted. "Donald and Roger are trusted. They don't understand a word of English—and they're on the other side of the room behind the pantry screen."

"No one, Gilbert, is to be trusted, whether he is an old servant or not," Li said; "whether he is next to you or in the basement."

From the white marks around Li's nose and mouth, MacWhite knew that he was not joking.

"Let me reassure you, Li," MacWhite said. "Neither Donald nor Roger can understand a word of English. Before I hired them I had their credentials checked with the Sarkhan National Police authorities. My predecessor vouched for their integrity and honesty. In 1941, these men buried the embassy valuables when the Japs came. After the war they came back and returned them. That silver service over there is one of the things they saved."

When Li spoke, his voice was still flat and cold. "Gilbert, I must say it again. I have just seen you do a foolish thing."

There was nothing that Li could have said that would have been more offensive to MacWhite. Li was accusing MacWhite of being neither tough-minded nor security-conscious, characteristics on which he prided himself. In fact, although he would not tell Li this, MacWhite had laid elaborate traps to see if Donald and Roger spoke only Chinese. He had often called peremptory commands to them in English; since their strides never broke and their faces never changed expression, he had been satisfied that they knew no English. He also was certain that they could not write. He had never seen either of them with a pen or pencil in his hand, nor had either ever sent a letter from the house.

MacWhite scowled, his face reflecting his thoughts. *These two Chinese are my friends. They have served America for many years. During the war they risked their lives for us.*

The expression on Li's face did not change in the slightest. He walked up to the bar, picked up the pitcher of martinis and refilled MacWhite's glass and his own. Then he sat down and faced MacWhite.

"You are a clever man, Gilbert," Li said. "Now, if you wanted information from the American Embassy, where would be the perfect place to have your spy?"

"As the ambassador's secretary."

"And next?"

"As his valet," said MacWhite with reluctance.

"And after that?"

"As his switchboard operator."

"Would your spy be a suspicious character, or someone who would earn his boss's trust and confidence?"

MacWhite looked up sharply. For the first time he felt a flash of doubt, a tiny gnaw of anxiety. All of these positions in his embassy and many more—the translators, the messengers, the chauffeurs, the clerks—all were filled by Asians. And he suddenly realized that in every United States Embassy in the world—and in all the USIA offices, the military-assistance missions, the economic missions—these vulnerable positions were held by aliens. Automatically, but with panic, he began to analyze how he had allowed this to happen in his embassy.

"How much time do we have before Molly will join us?" Li asked softly.

"Almost twenty minutes," MacWhite answered.

Li leaned back in his chair and roared a command in Chinese. Donald and Roger came trotting forward. Donald looked quickly about the room for the martini pitcher, picked it up and splashed gin and the barest suggestion of vermouth into it. He quietly filled the glasses. Li finished half of the fresh martini, placed the glass on the coffee table and stood up. Something about his posture, some slight menace in his face, caused both Donald and Ambassador MacWhite to watch him closely. As he stood up, Li changed. The smile fell away from his face, his body tensed as if under some enormous strain. Although Li was six inches shorter than Donald, the servant drew back sharply as if he had been threatened. Speaking in Sarkhanese, Li ordered Roger to leave the room.

Then, with eyes that were as hard as bits of chilled steel, Li turned to Donald. He spoke in Chinese, slowly; MacWhite was able to follow the conversation with no difficulty.

"The American ambassador tells me that things are being stolen from this embassy," Li said in a low, tight voice. "A valuable wrist watch is missing. Four bottles of Scotch whisky are missing. The ambassador is determined to find the person that stole these things, and we know, you cunning scum, that you are the thief."

Donald protested shrilly. He had never stolen anything, he wailed, and he looked beseechingly at MacWhite. Li stepped forward and slapped Donald across the mouth.

MacWhite was shocked. Li's fingers left four red marks on Donald's cheek. Donald's old and kindly face was twisted in surprise, his mouth open.

Li turned to MacWhite as if nothing had happened and spoke distinctly in English. "He denies stealing the whisky and watch," Li said, "but he is lying. Once we establish that he has stolen them, we can ask him about the typewriter and the briefcase. Those are what we really want."

MacWhite nodded, going along with Li's deception, but he was angry. Also, he was startled by the change in Li, who had always struck him as Anglicized, as open and straightforward. Li knew American jokes, English ballads, Irish dialects. He was as American as a tractor salesman, but now he looked menacing, hooded, tight with cruelty. Every word Li spoke was like a whiplash.

MacWhite had seen interrogations before. During the war he had earned a reputation as a skillful interrogator himself, but he had seen nothing like this. It was not so much an interrogation as the deliberate destruction of a person. What Li did was like a physical assault aimed at crushing Donald. It was all MacWhite could do to keep from interrupting.

With exquisite detail Li was telling Donald what the informal penalties for lying were. He told of a Sarkhanese police sergeant who specialized in gouging out eyes, a police corporal who had maimed a common thief for life. He told these stories as if they were commonplace, ordinary and well known; and this gave them an awful authenticity.

"Now, Donald, you know the penalties of lying," Li said quietly. "I have warned you; so tell me the truth. That's all—just the simple truth. When you have done that, you can go." His voice ended soothingly, but then changed into a commanding harsh tenor. "You say you come from Moukung," Li went on. "That is in Western Szechwan province. Did you ever hear of Peng Teh-huai? Answer quickly, at once."

Donald hesitated and licked his lips. "Yes, I have heard of him," Donald said.

(*Continued on Page 126*)

The Perfect Squelch

Howard was a notable example of a sanctimonious hypocrite. He talked incessantly of loving his fellow man and posed as an almost saintly civic figure in public. Privately, he ran a sweatshop business and cheated and swindled to add to the sizable fortune he had inherited.

Due to his wealth he was one of a small select group who owned rustic lodges on an isolated island. This retreat was restful and pleasant—except for Howard. He no sooner arrived than the place boomed and reverberated with his dogmatic opinions and his godlier-than-thou pronouncements. He finally got around, in his lofty manner, to criticizing the old motor launch which was the only ferry to and from the island.

"Why, the engine almost broke down twice on my way over," he complained.

"You took the launch?" one of his hearers said mildly. "We thought perhaps you had walked over."

E. W. McNerney

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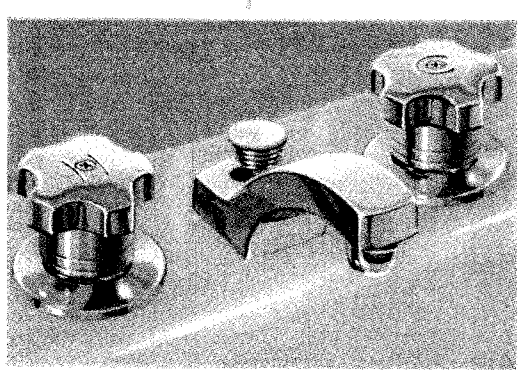

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(*Continued from Page 124*) "Did you march with Peng and his Communists to Shensi in 1934?" Li asked.

"No, I did not."

"Where were you in 1934? You have been to school. You speak Chinese with an educated accent. But you are the son of a pig peasant in Szechwan, and there is nothing so poor as a pig peasant in that province. How did you get the money to go to school?" Li's voice was heavy with loathing.

Donald flushed with anger. "Even a pig peasant's son can go to school ——" he began.

Li cut in sharply, "If he is given money by the Communists to go through school?"

"I did not say that. I was trying to say ——"

"You were trying to lie. You have told Ambassador MacWhite that you could not write, but already you confess that you went to school in Moukung."

Donald's eyes blinked a quick involuntary tic of surprise.

Li abruptly changed the questioning and began to interrogate Donald about his family. He never allowed Donald to finish an answer. Whenever Donald hesitated, Li supplied the answer; and each of Li's answers damned Donald. Li insulted Donald and teased him about being a Communist; then he suggested that any honest Chinese should properly be a Communist, interpreted Donald's silence as agreement and attacked him on that. He ridiculed Donald's family ancestors and threatened that Donald's children would be hounded to death by Chiang's agents. Donald's answers became more tense, more confusing, more protective. MacWhite had a first suspicion that part of what Li had concluded might be right.

Then abruptly Li looked terribly tired. He seemed to shrink in size, to become more harmless. His voice became pleading. He seemed to wish the interrogation were over.

"Help us all out, Donald," Li said quietly. "Tell us where the whisky and wrist watch are. That's all we want. Then you can go."

Donald straightened, seemed to grow in strength as Li weakened. MacWhite felt his confidence in Donald return, and knew a flash of admiration for the courage of the old man. Donald was even smiling slightly.

"I know nothing of the wrist watch or the whisky," he said easily. "But I know that the typewriter and briefcase were not stolen. They are both in Ambassador MacWhite's study. I saw them there."

Li wheeled, as quick and sharp as a mongoose, as terrible as a tiger about to kill. "Who said anything about a typewriter or briefcase, Donald?" he screamed. "Who? Where did you hear that?"

Donald's face was stricken.

"You heard that because I mentioned it in English to Ambassador MacWhite," Li said, and now he was speaking in English. "You understand English. And for months you have been overhearing what the ambassador says as you serve martinis and pick up trays and clear cigarette butts away." He put his face close to Donald's, and his intensity was so awful, his presence so menacing, that Donald went rigid.

"Yes, I lied," Donald said in English. It was not flawless pronunciation, but it was English, and his voice held both horror and humiliation. "I did it only because the Communists hold my children in Moukung. They will kill them if I do not supply them with information."

"And you have told the Communists of Ambassador MacWhite's plans to smash them in Sarkhan," Li said, and this time it was not a question.

Donald nodded dumbly.

"You may leave the room, but do not leave the house," Li said. "We will want to talk to you later."

Donald left, and MacWhite watched him go. MacWhite knew that his careful work and his cunning strategy were wasted. He knew that he, the Hon. Gilbert MacWhite, had made a terrible mistake. Somewhere in his carefully trained mind, in his rigorous background, in his missionary zeal, there was a flaw. He did not know where it was or how it got there or even how to remove it. But he knew that it was there, and he hated Li for showing it to him. But he was too tough-minded and analytical to remain stunned.

He looked up slowly. Li was standing at the window, gazing at the countryside of Sarkhan, up at the snow-white clouds of the Sarkhanese sky. He swung around and faced MacWhite.

"I am sorry, Gilbert," he said softly. "It is not an easy thing to be cruel to an old man. Nor is it an easy thing to put doubts into a man as skilled and dedicated as you. But it was necessary. Necessary things are not always right. This was very, very bad."

They were both standing there quietly, looking out over the landscape, when Molly came down the stairs in a simple, expensive dress from Fifth Avenue and gaily called for a martini.

MacWhite had learned long ago that crying over spilled milk is a kind of luxury, and he never let himself afford it. He knew he had made a mistake, and he knew that it was a mistake both of judgment and of information. For two days he sat quietly in his office, analyzing his errors, the nature of his problem and the alternatives open to him.

He recognized that he did not know enough about the Asian personality and the way Asians played politics. There was a strain of coldness, an element of finality about the whole thing that he had never encountered before. Politics in Asia was played for total stakes.

On the evening of the second day MacWhite sent a cable to the State Department.

REQUEST PERMISSION TRAVEL PHILIPPINES AND VIETNAM TO STUDY FIRSTHAND THEIR HANDLING INTERNAL COMMUNIST PROBLEM. AM CONVINCED MY FULLEST EFFECTIVENESS HINGES ON BROAD KNOWLEDGE ASIAN PROBLEMS. HAVE ALREADY MADE ONE SERIOUS MISTAKE AND WISH MAKE NO MORE. GEORGE SWIFT FULLY COMPETENT TO SERVE IN MY ABSENCE. HAVE CHECKED WITH SARKHAN FOREIGN OFFICE AND TRIP HAS THEIR SUPPORT.

Twelve hours later the State Department replied that the proposed trips were approved.

The first person MacWhite saw in the Philippines was Ramón Magsaysay. As the Minister of National Defense, Magsaysay had led the long and fatiguing battle against the Communist-dominated Huks in the Philippines. Now, as President, he led a unified government that efficiently ruled the huge archipelago.

Magsaysay and MacWhite talked long and earnestly, and MacWhite's notes on the conversation became the substance of a long—and well-ignored—report that was sent to the State Department. But there was one point which Magsaysay made that MacWhite did not have to put in writing and never forgot.

"The simple fact is, Mr. Ambassador, that average Americans, in their natural state, if you will excuse the phrase, are the best ambassadors a country can have," Magsaysay said. "They are not suspicious; they are eager to share their skills; they are generous—but something happens to most Americans when they go abroad. Many of them are not average; they are second-raters. Many of them, against their own judgment, feel that they must live up to their commissaries and big cars and cocktail parties. But get an unaffected American, sir, and you have an asset. And if you get one, treasure him; keep him out of the cocktail circuit, away from bureaucrats, and let him work in his own way."

"Do you know any around?" MacWhite asked wryly. "I could use a few on my own staff."

"I do," Magsaysay said. "The Ragtime Kid—Colonel Hillandale. He can do anything. But I hope you don't steal him from here."

MacWhite noted the name.

"What else would you do if you were I?" MacWhite asked.

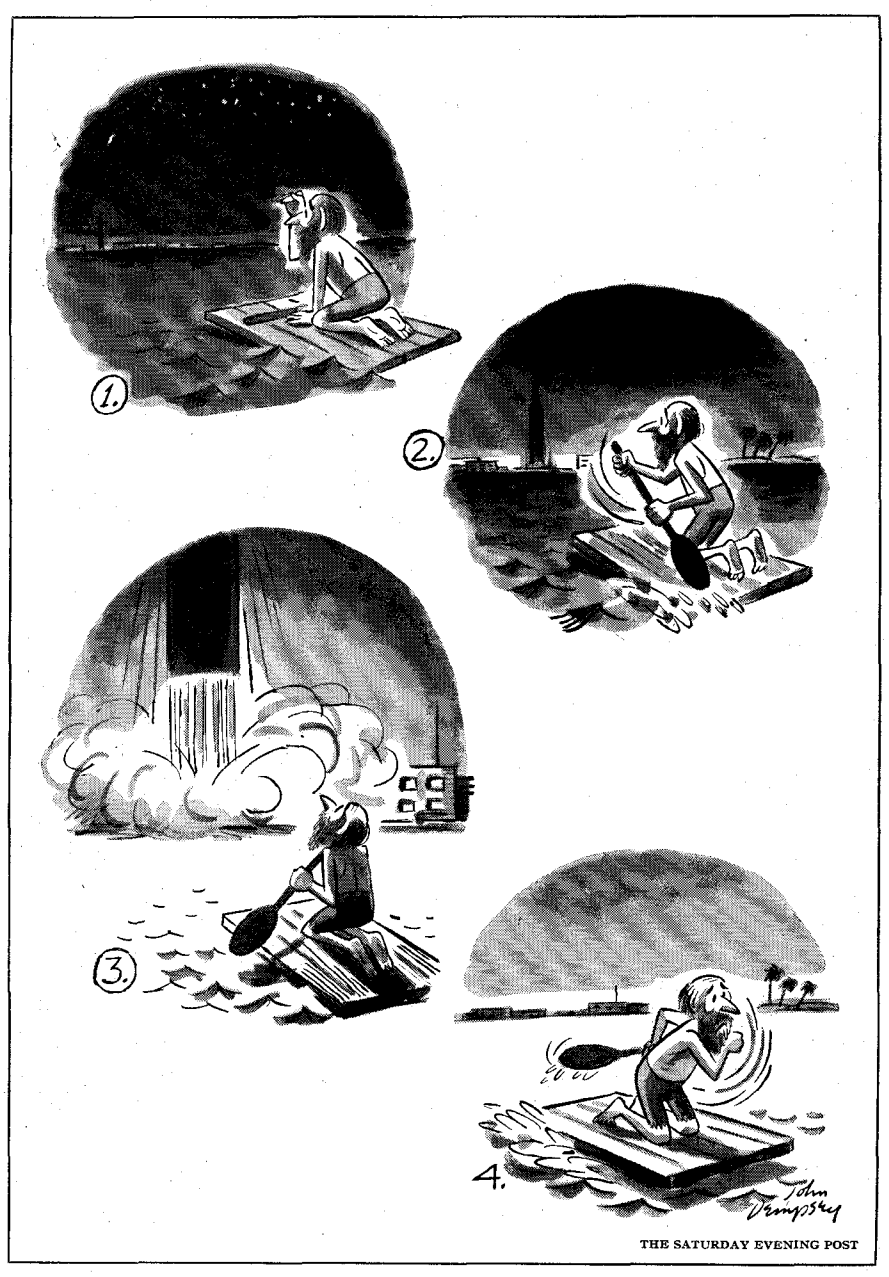
"I'd go up to Vietnam and take a look at the fighting around Dienbienphu," Magsaysay said without hesitating. "I know you're a diplomat and that warfare is not supposed to be your game; but you'll discover out here that statesmanship, diplomacy, economics and warfare can't be separated. And if you keep your eyes and ears open, you'll start to see some of the connections between them. It's not something you can learn from textbooks. It's a feel for the thing."

In the Air Force there is a man with the improbable name of Edwin B. Hillandale. The "B" stands for Barnum. Colonel Hillandale is one of those happy, uninhibited people who can dance and drink all night and then show up for work at eight, fresh and rested. However, the colonel seldom dances and drinks all night. About two in the morning he usually joins the orchestra in a jam session, playing his harmonica close to the mike, improvising like Satchmo himself. When he plays with a good combo, it sounds like a concerto for jazz band and harmonica.

But jazz is not the colonel's only pleasure. He enjoys eating, and he loves to be with people. Any kind of people.

In 1952 Colonel Hillandale was sent to Manila as liaison officer to something or other. The Philippines fascinated him. He ate his meals in Filipino restaurants, washing down quantities of *adobo* and *pancit* and rice with a brand of Filipino rum which cost two pesos a pint. He embraced everything Filipino—he even attended the university in his spare hours to study Tagalog.

Colonel Hillandale became Manila's own private character. The politicians and the eggheads fondly called him Don Edwin; the taxi drivers and the *balut* vendors and the waiters called him the *Americano Ilustrado*, and the musicians referred to him as The Ragtime Kid. The counselor up (*Continued on Page 128*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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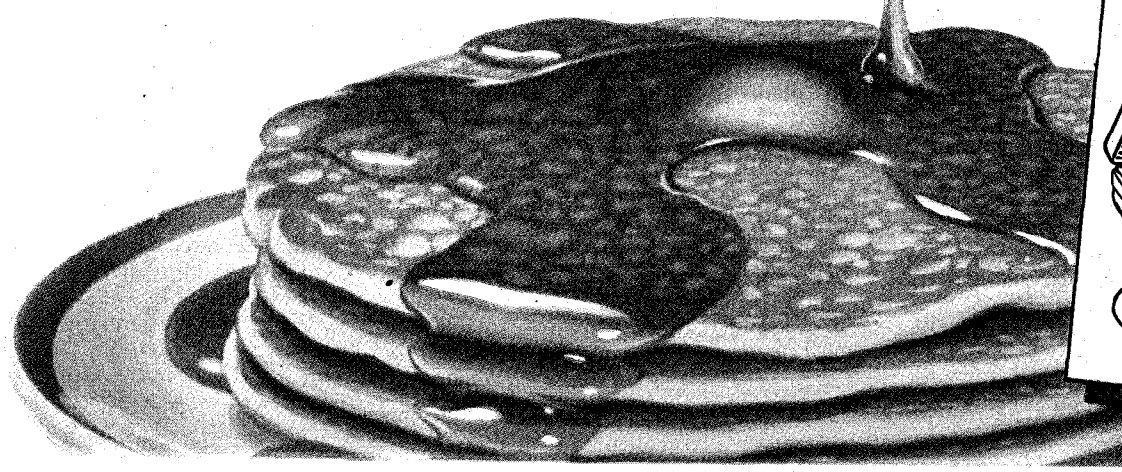

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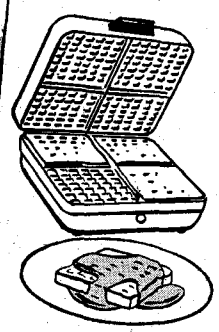

Beat 2 eggs slightly; add 1 cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons of MAZOLA® Corn Oil. Use 10 slices of bread, dipping each quickly into above mixture. Coat both sides. Bake in preheated waffle iron until golden brown. Serve with KARO Syrup. Makes 5 servings.

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(*Continued from Page 126*) at the American Embassy always spoke of him as "that screwball."

But within six months the screwball was eating breakfast with Magsaysay, and he soon became Magsaysay's unofficial adviser.

In the summer of 1953, Magsaysay was campaigning for the presidential election. He barnstormed the Philippine archipelago and was greeted with enthusiasm everywhere he went. Everywhere except in one province north of Manila. Here the Communist propagandists had done too good a job. The Reds had persuaded the populace that Americans were rich, bloated snobs, and that anyone who associated with them—as did Magsaysay—couldn't understand the problems of the Filipino. The political experts predicted that Magsaysay would lose the province.

One Saturday Magsaysay's friend, Colonel Hillandale, went to this province. When he arrived in the capital about half past eleven, the people of Cuenco saw something they had never in their lives seen before. A tall, slender United States Air Force colonel with red hair and a big nose drove into town on a red motorcycle whose gas tank had painted on it in black lettering, THE RAGTIME KID. He chugged up the main street and stopped at the most crowded intersection. He parked his cycle and smoothed out his uniform; then he sat down in the street—on the curb. After waving and smiling at everyone, he took out his harmonica and began to play favorite Filipino tunes in a loud and merry way—the first few stanzas in the classical manner, and the last two or three in a jazzed-up style. Within fifteen minutes a crowd of two hundred people surrounded the colonel. They enjoyed the music, but they were suspicious of this man who represented the rich Americans.

Colonel Hillandale began playing Planting Rice is Never Fun. After going through a chorus he stopped, looked around at the crowd, and said in Tagalog, "Come on, join in." In a thin tenor he sang a few words; then, jamming the harmonica up to his mouth, he played as loud and sweet as he could. The crowd began to sing—two hundred Filipinos standing in a tightly packed circle singing their heads off and pushing to get a look at this strange man.

At twelve o'clock the church bells sounded the Angelus. The Ragtime Kid put his harmonica in his pocket and stood up.

"Oh, no. The party isn't over. I just came home to get my itching powder."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, I sure am starving," he said. "I'd sure like some *adobo* and *pancit*."

The Filipinos looked at each other shyly.

The Ragtime Kid in colonel's uniform let his eyes go around the circle. "I'm hoping someone here will invite me to lunch. I'm broke."

"You don't have any money?" said one of the Filipinos.

The colonel put his hands in his pockets, dragged out his wallet, opened it and showed that it was empty. He thrust his other hand into his side pocket and pulled out some change.

"Sixty centavos."

"But Americans are rich."

"Not me."

"You're fooling."

The colonel was still speaking in Tagalog. "We have poor people in America just like you have in the Philippines."

"But you're a colonel in the American Air Force. I know that you get about two thousand pesos a month—even more."

"That's right. But I have big expenses. I have a wife and three children back in America. How much does a pint of rum cost here?"

"Two pesos."

"In America it costs six pesos or more."

"Honest?"

"Yes. And how much rent do you pay a month for your house?"

"Forty pesos."

"Mine in America costs two hundred and forty pesos—and it's a very small house. I can't get any for less."

"It seems impossible."

The crowd stood silent. "This is undignified," said the colonel quietly. "Never before have I met Filipinos who would turn down a hungry man."

One of the Filipinos thrust through the crowd. "You will eat at my house!"

"No, come to my house!"

"I own a restaurant on the corner; you will come with me."

And that's where the colonel went, with about ten Filipinos. They ate *adobo* and *pancit* and rice, and they washed it down with beer and Filipino rum; and they sang many songs to the accompaniment of The Ragtime Kid's harmonica. And when lunch was through, the Filipinos invited him to come up again next Saturday, which he did. And the next Saturday after that. And the next Saturday after that too.

And so, after a while, no one in that area believed any more that all Americans were rich and bloated snobs. After all, their Ragtime Kid who played sweet music on his mouth organ was one of them, and he was a colonel in the United States Air Force.

The Communists in the hills and barrios objected, but the other Filipinos outshouted them. They said, "Do not tell us lies. We have eaten and got drunk and made music with an American. And we like him."

And 95 per cent of the inhabitants of that province voted for Magsaysay and his pro-American platform in the 1953 elections.

Perhaps it wasn't The Ragtime Kid who swung them; but if that's too easy an answer, there is no other.

TO BE CONTINUED

Silent Weapon of the Cold War (Continued from Page 31)

Russian Sputniks and second was the recession. For several months after the original Sputniks roared into space, the American press concentrated its attention almost exclusively upon military innovations, notably earth satellites and guided missiles. Washington was the chief source of this verbal outpouring, as it is of most news and comment nowadays. The administration and congressional committees consulted hundreds of scientists and other specialists working on the arms race. Nuclear physicists and spacemen got more public attention than ever before. Because the arms race also affects many kinds of vested interests, platoons of press agents and lobbyists helped Washington correspondents to keep the news flood flowing.

But then, after months of this, the uproar over Sputniks and space weapons subsided almost as abruptly as it started. Now the recession dominated every news channel, as it brought to Washington a prolonged parade of economists and financial experts to advise the President and Congress about means for dealing with it. These experts sharply disagreed about almost everything connected with the recession. Some predicted that it would last for years. Others insisted that it was almost over before most people had noticed it. Some argued that big tax cuts would cure it. Others prescribed massive additional taxes. Some urged the Government to spend its way out of the recession by piling up ever-growing deficits. Others recommended wholesale Government economies. With the November elections coming, both political parties naturally were looking for vote-catching projects.

But it was inflation which most sharply divided the economists. The only unanimous agreement was that inflation has cut away more than half the purchasing power of the dollar since 1939, and whittles off more of the dollar's real value every year. That could not be disputed, although almost everything else about inflation was left in doubt. Some economists detected danger of further inflation in almost every one of the projects proposed to tide over the recession. They even warned that more inflation already is inevitable, because of the mounting demands of the arms race. But other economists pooh-poohed these warnings, and insisted that budget deficits could safely be multiplied, and should be.

The man caught in the middle of this crossfire among disputing economists was President Eisenhower, who does not pretend to be a financial expert. Disagreement among his advisers may have confused him as much as it did the rest of us, but no President of the United States can afford to admit being confused. He must keep on making the big decisions which nobody else can make for him. Moreover, under the American form of government the President's decisions do not necessarily settle issues, especially in financial controversies. Congress holds "the power of the purse," and can upset plans made in the White House.

So Mr. Eisenhower has done what any President could be expected to do in this situation. He has tried to give equal attention to the controversies about inflation and about the arms race. He has stopped, looked and listened. While he has been compelled to recognize that, under existing conditions, there is no immediate hope of balanced Federal budgets, he has vigorously opposed proposals to speed up the arms race recklessly without regard to inflationary effects. He has heeded the warnings of some of his most respected advisers that inflation could become one of the greatest threats to the security and well-being of our country. (*Continued on Page 130*)

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(*Continued from Page 128*) But when Washington's news spotlight shifted so abruptly from weapons scientists to economists not one of the controversies about the arms race had been definitely settled. They only got shoved into the news background by the recession. On the surface it looked as if the recession had compelled the American Government to concentrate upon domestic affairs rather than world affairs. Some commentators even detected a return to "isolationism." It was already apparent, even before the Middle East exploded again, that the men in Moscow were not going to let us off that easy.

Almost unnoticed by the American press and public, the nature of the Soviet-American conflict had been undergoing a profound change. The cold war, which had featured the arms race ever since Russia exploded her first atom bomb in 1949, has taken on a new aspect in 1958, or more accurately, revived an old one. While American eyes were still fixed on the arms race, Soviet leaders quietly stepped up economic warfare. The Sputniks dramatized the fact that the arms race was more or less stalemated, at least temporarily, because both superpowers possess the means to destroy each other. But not until the recession monopolized American attention did anybody in Washington publicly recognize that Moscow's main attention had shifted from the arms race to economic warfare.

This shift has been no surprise to Americans familiar with Bolshevik policy. Even before the Russian revolution the father of Soviet Communism, V. I. Lenin, predicted that economic warfare would do much more than armed force to promote Communist world-wide revolution. Ever since they seized power in 1917, Russia's Bolshevik leaders have been carefully studying economic weapons, among which inflation ranks tops. Having utilized runaway inflation to achieve their original victory in Russia, the Bolsheviks have found it equally useful in all subsequent conquests. In fact, Communists never have succeeded in entrenching themselves anywhere without the help of large doses of inflation.

As a reporter in Russia, I first learned what great importance Soviet leaders attach to economic warfare. Almost every morning, for years, it was my painful duty to read Soviet newspapers, which rarely let a day pass without boasts of the superiority of their economic system. Even the Russian grammar I used in Moscow based its lessons upon the great American depression of the 1930's. In my efforts to learn the Russian language I had to read over and over again about how life was becoming more joyous every day for Soviet citizens while millions of Americans were allegedly living on the verge of starvation in slum cities they had built of tar paper and packing cases. That grammar was prepared for Soviet citizens studying English, not for Americans living in Russia. Its propaganda became a sad joke for us, as we watched our Soviet acquaintances frantically scrambling to supply themselves with the barest necessities.

Nevertheless, during those prewar years in Russia I decided that the Kremlin's professed faith in economic warfare was not just propaganda or wishful thinking. The Soviet creed is fashioned upon the basic belief that Communism will sooner or later stand triumphant upon the ruins of rival economic systems which have been bankrupted by a combination of their own financial irresponsibility and unrelenting Soviet pressures against them. Time and again during the forty-odd years of Soviet rule in Russia, Moscow has reasserted its faith in economic warfare. As long ago as May, 1921, Lenin told an assembly of foreign Communists: "Today we Russians exercise our main influence on the international revolution by our economic policy. . . . It is to this arena that the struggle has been shifted on a world scale. If we solve this problem of economics, we shall win on an international scale, decisively and permanently." Two years later, in a speech entitled The Prospects of World Revolution, Lenin declared: "Our best forces are working on the stabilization of the ruble (Russian money), and we attach decisive importance to it. If we succeed in stabilizing the ruble for a long period, and then permanently, we shall have won."

Just before Lenin died the Soviet Government did stabilize its currency by redeeming outstanding paper rubles at the rate of 50 billion for one gold ruble. Those paper rubles once had been equal to gold rubles, and the appalling rate of conversion revealed dramatically how completely the savings of thrifty Russians had been wiped out by inflation. The Czarist government, by adopting wildly inflationary measures to pay for World War I, had started the ruble on its road to ruin before the Bolsheviks seized power. The Bolsheviks merely continued to print worthless paper money until they had won their civil war and established themselves in power. But then Bolshevik economists, having watched the effects of runaway inflation in its most virulent forms, were determined to stabilize their own currency.

The most thorough study of the Soviet financial system with which I am familiar was made by an English economist, L. E. Hubbard. In his book Soviet Money and Finance, which has attracted much less attention than it deserves, Mr. Hubbard wrote: "The path travelled by the ruble since 1935 has shown a remarkable convergence toward orthodox capitalist principles. . . . Soviet economic theory may soon be considered reactionary by the advanced advocates of social credit schemes and the manipulation of currency in western countries." By an interesting coincidence the Hubbard book was published in the same year, 1936, as a book by a far more famous English economist, John Maynard Keynes. Soon after the first world war, in 1919, Mr. Keynes had attracted world-wide attention by a book entitled The Economic Consequences of the Peace. In that 1919 book Mr. Keynes wrote:

> Lenin is said to have declared that the best way to destroy the capitalist system was to debauch the currency. By a continuing process of inflation governments can confiscate, secretly and unobserved, an important part of the wealth of their citizens. By this method they not only confiscate, but they confiscate arbitrarily. . . . Lenin certainly was right. There is no subtler, no surer means of overturning the existing basis of society than to debauch the currency. The process engages all the hidden forces of economic law on the side of destruction, and does it in a manner which not one man in a million can diagnose.

That is what Mr. Keynes wrote in 1919, but by 1936 he had changed many of his ideas about currency manipulation. He had decided that under certain conditions capitalist governments were obligated to debauch their currency in a controlled manner. But Soviet economists, who had written with respectful admiration of the 1919 Keynes book, still preferred its ideas to the comparatively radical Keynes ideas of 1936. And ever since 1936, so far as their own system is concerned, Soviet economists have stubbornly clung to such old-fashioned notions as balanced budgets and sound money.

Even in today's topsy-turvy world, it is hard to believe that "orthodox capitalist principles" could command more respectful attention in Moscow than in a number of western countries. But there is evidence to prove it. In overcoming the tremendous destruction of the German invasion and the enormous costs of World War II, the Soviet Government has labored persistently toward a stable currency and "reactionary" notions of a sound economy. Almost every economic measure employed by the Kremlin since the war has been anti-inflationary inside Russia and throughout the closed Soviet economic system. At the same time Moscow has hailed inflation in non-Communist countries as evidence of the superiority of the Soviet economic system, and its eventual triumph through economic warfare.

Although the Kremlin's faith in economic warfare thus goes back to the earliest days of the Soviet regime, this subject has seldom interested Americans. Economic subjects are played up in our popular press only when something happens to make them look like news. What brought economic warfare back into the news recently was a speech by the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, Allen Dulles. In one of his rare public statements the C.I.A. chief pointed out that the Soviet Government had stepped up economic pressures throughout the world even before the Sputniks signalized what looked like a military stalemate. So from here on out, Mr. Dulles predicted, the cold war would probably be fought mainly with economic weapons. The American press reported Mr. Dulles' remarks as fresh and exciting news, although he probably did not consider his idea new. The C.I.A. director is supposed to have several thousand secret agents working under him all around the globe, but he didn't get material for that speech from secret agents. He got it from stoop-shouldered analysts sitting in libraries reading and studying Soviet publications, just as we correspondents in Moscow did a quarter of a century ago. As the Dulles speech revealed, Soviet publications are expressing precisely the same confidence in economic warfare today as they did in the 1930's.

Meanwhile, however, the Bolsheviks have extended their economic experiments to several additional countries, thanks to opportunities provided for them by World War II. They have learned a lot about how to control inflation inside their own system and how to turn it loose on their enemies. And Moscow's enemies often have played directly into Bolshevik hands. It is generally agreed that the conquest of China has been Soviet Communism's major victory since the war. But it has not been widely understood that runaway inflation probably contributed more than anything else to the overthrow of Gen. Chiang Kai-shek's nationalist government.

After Japan's defeat in 1945, General Chiang returned in triumph to his capital, Nanking, hopeful for the future. But Chiang and his associates apparently had little or no understanding of economic principles, and ignored the necessity of currency reforms to end the economic chaos caused by a generation of warfare. The (*Continued on Page 132*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Min, a helpful and obedient wife, went to work when her husband fell sick. Later her penniless husband decided to recoup by robbing a bank. Min dutifully waited outside the bank as he commanded. Police arrested both of them.

"I was just standing there as he told me to do," Min argued upon trial. "There is an ancient principle of law that a wife is presumed not guilty if she obeys her husband in such things because he is her lord and master. Any crime that she commits is under his coercion."

"Min is being a bit old-fashioned," the prosecutor replied. "Actually, she conspired with her husband to rob a bank. As for being forced to help him, she had weeks to escape from his coercion by calling any number of cops."

If you passed judgment, would you penalize the wife for helping her husband?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Yes. A jury including nine women found Min guilty. It agreed with the current legal theory that husbands no longer dominate wives and, indeed, are more likely to be coerced by their wives than the other way around.

Based upon a 1956 Federal decision.

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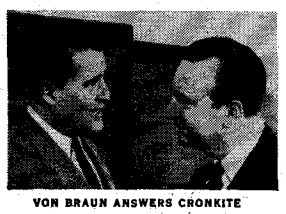

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(*Continued from Page 130*) ensuing runaway inflation wiped out all sound money values, and sapped the will of China's most substantial men and women to resist Communism. It demoralized even American business communities in China. When Red Armies entered Shanghai they were openly greeted by the Shanghai American Chamber of Commerce in the belief that they could not possibly be more dangerous to business interests than Chiang's inflation had been. Those Americans, like their Chinese counterparts, soon discovered how wrong they were. But then it was too late.

Japan's postwar history presents such a remarkable contrast to China's that it has inspired the sardonic comment that Japan was lucky enough to lose the war, but China was unlucky enough to win it. In 1945, defeated Japan was as completely bankrupt as China was. Economic chaos would have resulted if the Japanese Government, backed by the military occupation, had not fought inflation vigorously. The Japanese thus never were even threatened with such economic anarchy as existed in China for several years before the 1949 Communist takeover. And one reason why the Chinese Communists were given so much time to entrench themselves was that they promptly terminated the shattering effects of runaway inflation. Years passed before the Chinese people fully realized the terrible price they had paid for this temporary relief.

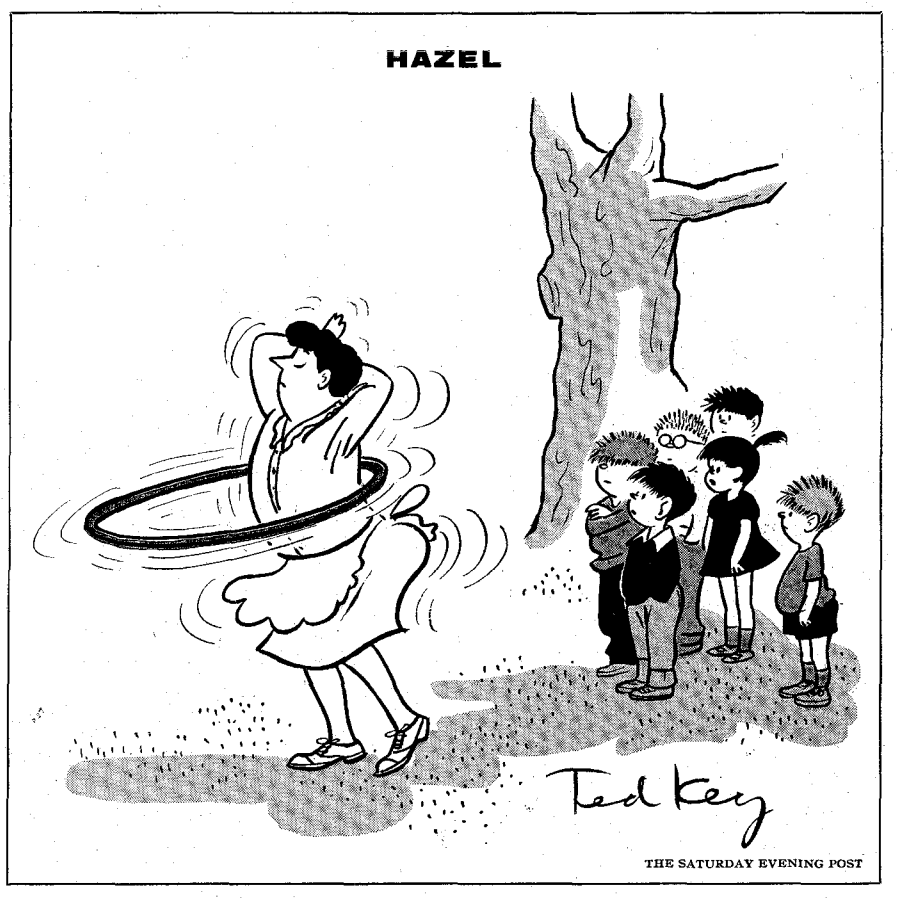
In Europe, Russia and the West have waged economic warfare in many different forms since 1945. West Germany provided the most humiliating defeat for the Soviets. For three years after the war Moscow got just what it wanted in Germany—economic paralysis—by vetoing all proposed anti-inflationary measures. But in 1948 Washington, London and Paris decided to override Soviet vetoes and to create an economically united West Germany with a sound new currency. In an effort to checkmate this move Moscow clamped down the Berlin blockade, but the airlift broke the blockade. As a result, West Germany made one of the most spectacular economic comebacks on record. The Berlin blockade usually has been pictured as a political and propaganda contest, but its primary importance was economic. It was perhaps the most decisive postwar battle in economic warfare.

Another striking example of what economic warfare can accomplish was shown by postwar developments in Austria and Hungary. These two nations, once twin seats of a mighty empire, emerged from World War II in a terrible mess. Both served as battlegrounds for some of the war's most savage fighting, which wrecked, among other things, both capital cities, Vienna and Budapest. When I revisited these two countries shortly after Germany's surrender, they were a sorry sight. Neither had been very prosperous even between world wars, and now both were bankrupt, having been bled white by occupying armies.

In those dark days of 1945 it seemed to me that the Hungarians were facing the future much more cheerfully than their Austrian neighbors. I couldn't decide whether they were more gallant or just more ignorant of what they were up against. The Hungarians apparently also mystified the Russians, so much so that in 1945 Moscow permitted the only genuinely free election ever held in a country controlled by the Red Army. That election proved to be a humiliating defeat for Hungarian Communists, with moderate non-Communists winning an overwhelming majority of the votes. Soviet strategists apparently accepted this defeat placidly, but actually they resorted immediately to economic warfare in Hungary.

When I went back to Budapest in 1946, the Russians had unleashed the wildest currency inflation on record. That this could easily have been prevented was proved in Austria, which has experienced no runaway inflation since World War II. By wartime agreements Allied Control Councils were set up in both Austria and Hungary in which the Western powers were supposed to have equal rights with Russia. But there was one big difference. In Hungary the Red Army was the only effective military force, whereas Allied troops in Austria were at least equal to the Russians. So in Hungary the Russians contemptuously ignored American and British efforts to establish the same anti-inflationary measures which were being imposed at that time in Austria.

For example, at Budapest University I found that the professors and clerical staff—mostly Catholics and anti-Communist—were being paid only in paper money while janitors and other manual workers were paid in food and clothing which no amount of paper money would then buy. Two distinguished scientists told me they were keeping their families alive only by bartering their last possessions. One of them had just exchanged his last bed sheet for food, the other said he was "eating" his wedding ring. While I was in Budapest the American mission advertised for a few English-speaking jeep drivers, offering a dollar a day. That amounted to a colossal fortune in pengö, and the hundreds of applicants included prominent lawyers, doctors and businessmen, a composer of light opera and two formerly wealthy landowners.



The Hungarian inflation was deliberately manipulated so as to demoralize the middle-class Hungarians who had dared to vote against Communism. This was done by keeping the printing presses running at full speed day and night turning out more worthless paper money. The Hungarian unit of currency, the pengö, which had been worth about twenty cents before the war, suddenly took off into the stratosphere. The day I arrived in Budapest in 1946 a friend in the American mission advised me, "Don't change more than a dollar at a time. Today the dollar brings ten billion pengö, a billion more than it did yesterday, and nobody knows what it will bring tomorrow." The next day the exchange rate was fourteen billion, and a week later thirty-three billion. So I was getting thirty-three billion pengö for the same dollar which would have bought only five pengö a few years before.

That wild inflation was aimed at certain groups of Hungarians as deliberately as guns aimed in battles. It wiped out the savings of the country's most solid citizens, the thrifty and hard-working middle class. Then the Russian-dominated government distinguished between white-collar and manual workers.

After this runaway inflation had served the Russian purpose, the Russians finally agreed to introduce the same anti-inflationary measures which had prevented runaway inflation in Austria. Meanwhile, however, the Soviets had so demoralized Hungarian non-Communists that Communists had easily taken over. So the West lost its Hungarian battle in economic warfare, but at the same time it won the battle in Austria. The contrast is striking, for today Austria is one of the most stable countries in Europe, despite having fewer natural resources than Hungary. Austrian non-Communists never were submitted to the demoralizing effects of runaway inflation.

It has taken some time for most Americans to appreciate how important economic warfare has been and will continue to be in the world-wide conflict with the Soviets. How well are we prepared to wage this kind of warfare? That question reminds me of a conversation which took place a quarter of a century ago when Dictator Joseph Stalin had his first meeting with an American diplomat, Ambassador William C. Bullitt. Shortly after the United States resumed diplomatic relations with Russia, the Soviet dictator invited the American ambassador to the Kremlin. This was a most unusual gesture, because Stalin at that time almost never received foreign diplomats. Mr. Bullitt told the small group of American correspondents working in Moscow about Stalin's invitation, and said if we would wait for him at the embassy he would give us an immediate off-the-record report of what happened. We had to wait a long time, because Stalin kept Mr. Bullitt talking for several hours. That conversation really was an interview, with Stalin asking most of the questions.

Stalin's chief interest was President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and he became increasingly fascinated by Mr. Bullitt's description of how the American presidency works. The ambassador spent a good part of the afternoon explaining the American system of checks and balances. He told how the President not only must devise a program acceptable to Congress and the Supreme Court, but also must face vigorous and continuous opposition of a rival political party, and bear in mind the political fortunes of his own party's members. It was apparent from Stalin's questions that he had never before fully understood basic American governmental principles. Finally he shook his head and commented, "You have greatly increased my respect for President Roosevelt. Speaking frankly, it seems to me that your form of government imposes almost impossible demands upon the President." After a moment's thought he added, "But it seems to work for you."

Although President Roosevelt's problems in 1934 were big enough to astonish Stalin, they seem very simple compared with President Eisenhower's today. During the intervening quarter of a century the American Government has almost incredibly expanded its activities, at home and abroad. Decisions made in Washington today have immediate and far-reaching reactions in every corner of the globe. These multiplied responsibilities have imposed tremendous new stresses and strains upon our Government, and particularly upon our economy.

Meanwhile, however, the Soviet Government also has added enormously to its own stresses and strains. It has assumed responsibility for hundreds of millions of people outside its borders, just as the United States has done. It has challenged Washington to an all-out arms race with the most costly weapons in history, and at the same time has proclaimed economic warfare against the non-Soviet world. Moscow has done all this during a period when two hundred million Soviet Russian citizens, better educated, are demanding more than the bare necessities.

Today Russia and the United States are much more openly in conflict than they were in 1934, but so long as the arms race remains stalemated the outcome obviously depends upon other factors. The Soviet Government's faith in economic warfare is clearly stronger than ever. How can Moscow's self-confidence be explained? One explanation is that Soviet strategists rely upon their enemies to fall into an economic trap. Financial irresponsibility in the United States would be just what would suit Moscow best. If the Russians can force the pace of American spending to the point where inflation gets out of control, they can forget about such weapons as intercontinental missiles. For the ability of Americans to wage economic warfare on even terms will depend upon whether the American Government and people can guard against further serious inflation in our own economy. The entire non-Communist world depends, as never before, upon the solidity of the American economic and financial structure.

THE END

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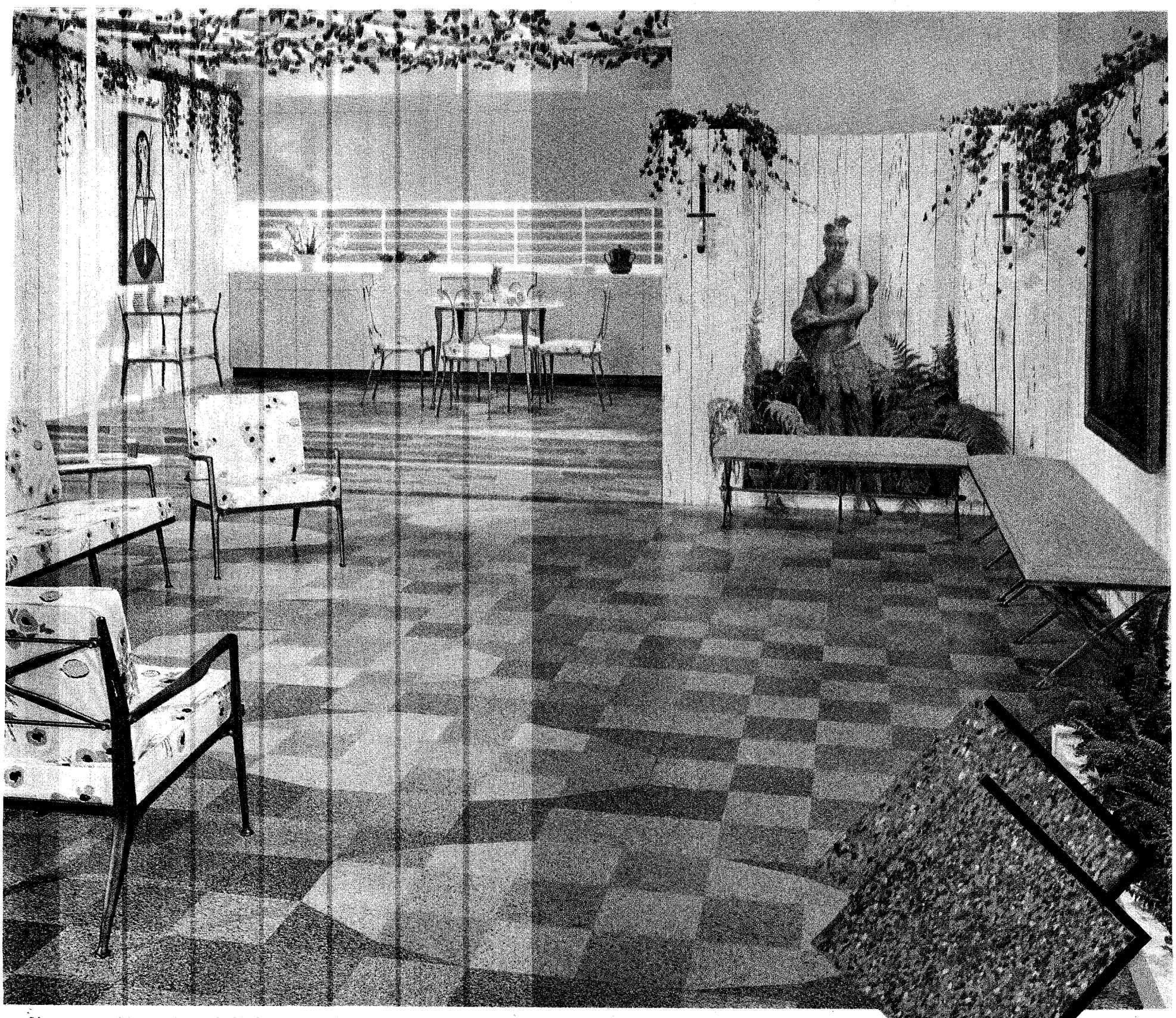

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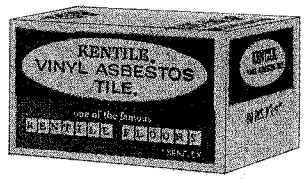

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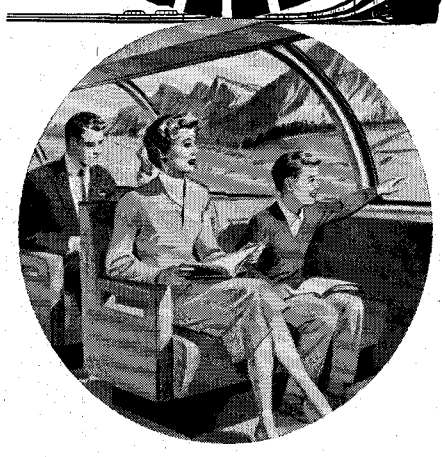

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Tales of the Authors

Living-room scene in Joseph Bell's house.

Grandma Gertrude Schweitzer.

When the current trend set in toward cracking down on colleges for violating athlete-recruiting codes, **Joseph Bell** realized that for years he had sat around press boxes listening to **Don Faurot,** famed football coach and now athletic director of the University of Missouri, decry the lax ethics of college sports and discuss what should be done about the situation. So out of this ready-made research naturally evolved the Faurot-Bell article on page 36. Bell, now a Chicago free-lancer, is a product of Missouri's School of Journalism, a pioneer in its field currently celebrating its 50th anniversary.

Gertrude Schweitzer, who writes about a tomboy on page 40, says she used to be one, and maybe she still is, since she's the lady in the baseballish pose in the picture. "A couple of years ago my husband gave me a first-baseman's mitt for Mother's Day and I use it religiously (pun intended) at church picnics." First baseman Schweitzer lives in White Plains, N.Y., and she has three grandsons. The oldest is two and a half.

Author **Rita Vandivert** relates on page 38 how she and her photographer husband, while working on a book about wild animals, shared their twelfth-floor New York apartment with wildlife, like opossums, baby wildcats and young bears. Later, when their guests were returned to the woods, the Vandiverts and their daughter Susan found themselves very lonesome, but at last report things were looking up—they've got a small orphan porcupine, which gnaws human feet and fingers and has become widely known as "the prickly people eater." Mr. and Mrs. V. fell in love with each other when they met as European war correspondents in World War II.

Sidney Shalett, while working on his page 42 article about the lively market in recordings of unusual music, sounds and noises, received at his home daily deliveries of these offbeat platters from record companies. While he played them and took notes, painters were redecorating the house; and finally one of them got mad and quit. He said there was too much furniture to move, but Shalett feels sure it was a record of the love calls of tomcats that finally broke his spirit.

Robert Daley, son of sports columnist Arthur Daley of The New York Times, wrote his first novel when he was twelve, but at thirteen he destroyed it because it was childish. Now, at twenty-eight, his first published fiction is the novelette on page 26, but he has authored many magazine articles, specializing on travel. In 1953 he traveled to Europe, married Mlle. Peggy Ernest of Nice, and they traveled to his home town, New York. Now they have two daughters. "Our home life is mostly saving up enough money to go someplace else."

Good Night, Sweet Demon

Roland in a ghoulish mood.

In Philadelphia many people are sad because a fiendishly horrible ghoul recently left town. This fearful creep, named Roland (accent on second syllable), introduced and often interrupted the horror movies on station WCAU-TV; he had delightful habits, like keeping his wife, My Dear, staked inside a coffin. Well, right after Roland was featured in a Post article on August sixteenth (TV's MIDNIGHT MADNESS by **Roul Tunley**) he was offered the job of haunting WABC-TV's Shock Theater films in New York. He took it. Roland, actually a gentle young fellow named John Zacherle, uses his own name in his new post, but he is as appalling as ever, and he says, "I hope with my new fiendishness to effect a better understanding between men and monsters." Among his Philadelphia mourners are thousands of teenagers—several children of Post editors are bitterly accusing this magazine of bringing about the loss of their cool ghoul.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Case of the Greedy Grandpa"

Author Erle Stanley Gardner brings you the peerless Perry Mason in a new mystery adventure.

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